

SCHOOLHOUSE GALLERIES

Contemporary Fine Art and Photography



©Amy Arbus Two Girls with Plaid Dresses







No matter what your colors, we've got your rings.





Ross Coppelman, Goldsmith

DISTINCTIVE BANDS FOR EVERY CEREMONY

MARC JACOBS





163 MERCER STREET NEW YORK NY 212 343 1490
385 BLEECKER STREET NEW YORK NY 212 924 6126 WWW.MARCJACOBS.COM
125 MAIDEN LANE SAN FRANCISCO CA 415 362 6500



SELF PORTRAIT WITH CHARLOTTE RAMPLING

BY JUERGEN TELLER

BERTA WALKER GALLERY - 2004 15th ANNIVERSARY SEASON

Presenting the History of American Art as seen through the eyes of Provincetown



Selina Trieff, Blue Goat, 2004, 20" x 24"



Brenda Horowitz, Nauset Inlet & 2 Red Houses, 2003, acrylic on canvas, 36" x 40"



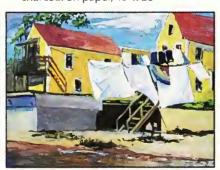
Marsden Hartley, #1 Drei Tor Spitze, 1934, lithograph 14" x 17" (PAAM Benefit Auction)



Dimitri Hazdi, *Untitled*, 2003, stoneware sculpture (unique) 26" high



Romolo Del Deo, Camera dei pensieri, 2004, charcoal on paper, 40" x 26"



Nancy Whorf, *Merry Meeting House*, 2003, oil on panel, 36" x 48"

JUNE 11 – JULY 4

SELINA TRIEFF: Miniatures and Animalscapes BRENDA HOROWITZ: Miniatures and Landscapes MINIATURES TO HELP MAXIMIZE OUR

PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION AND MUSEUM 15th Anniversary Celebration Exhibition and Silent Auction to benefit the PAAM's Capital and Endowment Campaign. Donations from Berta Walker Gallery Private Collection and individual artists.

JULY 3

Gala 15th Anniversary Celebration

RECEPTION AND SILENT AUCTION FESTIVITIES TO BENEFIT PAAM'S CAPITAL CAMPAIGN Saturday, July 3, 6:00-9:00 PM. Admission: \$15 donation to PAAM. Music coordinated by John Thomas. Silent Auction will close at 8:45 pm.

JULY 9 - JULY 25

NANCY WHORF paintings ROMOLO DEL DEO bronze sculpture DIMITRI HADZI stoneware sculpture



Polly Burnell, *Plein Air Painter*, ceramic, 6.5" x 6.5"



Arthur Cohen, *Provincetown November 2000*, oil on panel, 11" x 14"



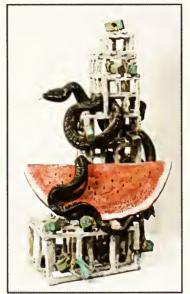
Elspeth Halvorsen, *Bridge*, 2003, box construction 17" x 17"



Peter Watts, Above the Ponds, 2003, oil on canvas, 24" x 26"

JULY 30 - AUGUST 15 NEW! to Berta Walker Gallery POLLY BURNELL mixed media **ARTHUR COHEN paintings**

PETER WATTS paintings



Thom McCanna, September 2003, mixed media & stoneware, 29"x19"x14"



Sky Power, Ikage #41, 2001, oil on masonite, 24" x 24"



Paul Resika, Red and Yellow, 2002, oil on canvas, 20" x 16"

AUGUST 20 - SEPTEMBER 5

ELSPETH HALVORSEN constructions THOM MC CANNA stoneware SKY POWER paintings

PAUL RESIKA paintings **BLAIR RESIKA photographs** VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN & PAUL RESIKA collaborations



Varujan Boghosian & Paul Resika Collaboration, Star, 2003, mixed media,

SEPTEMBER 10 – OCTOBER 3

NANCY CRAIG paintings ANNE MAC ADAM paintings INTRODUCTIONS: MARTY DAVIS mixed media **BILL FITTS prints** MAXINE SCHAFFER installation sculpture

Receptions for the Artists: 7 - 9 pm day of opening



Shadow Sculpture, 8' tall



Blair Resika, Paul Resika & "Summer" **B&W Photograph**



Anne MacAdam, The Wave, 2003, oil on canvas, 42" x 50"

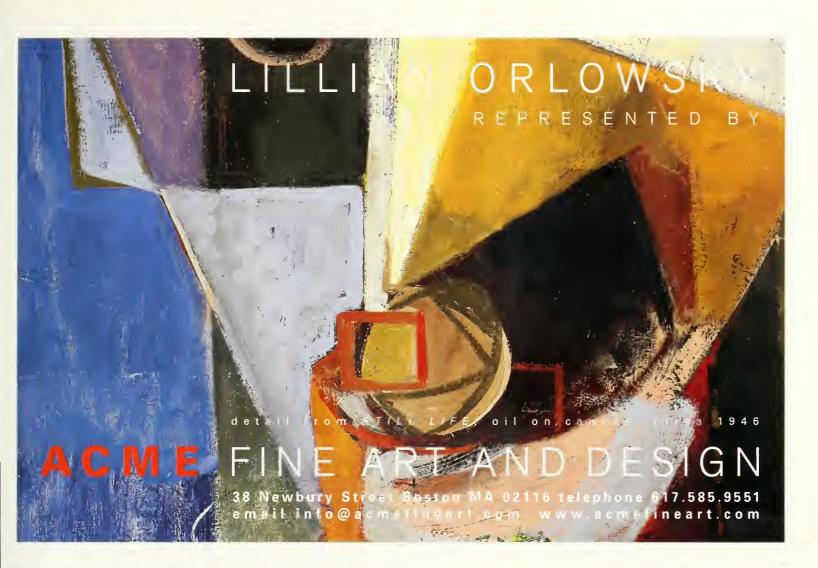




Nancy Craig, Red Pears, 2004, oil on canvas, 24" x 24"

208 Bradford Street Provincetown 508.487.6411 www.bertawalker.com BERTA WALKER GALLERY - 2004 15th ANNIVERSARY SEASON





ERNDEN FINE ART GALLERY

Specializing in Modern and Contemporary Paintings, Photography and Sculpture



Takahiro Maruno Untitled Triptych etching on Rives archival paper



Joanne Dugan Water Meditation #5, Provincetown Limited edition gelatin silver print



Linn Meyers *Untitled* ink on Mylar

397 COMMERCIAL STREET PROVINCETOWN MA 02657 508.487.6700 888.304.ARTS email: erndengallery@att.net

www.ernden.com

exhibition

catalog

illustration

interior

exterior

design solutions for any project

LIPTON SUNDERLAND SMITH 76 SHORE ROAD NORTH TRURO 508,487,6031

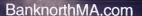
It's nice knowing showing support can enrich lives. Banknorth is proud to support Provincetown Arts '04.



Banknorth

Massachusetts

It's nice knowing®





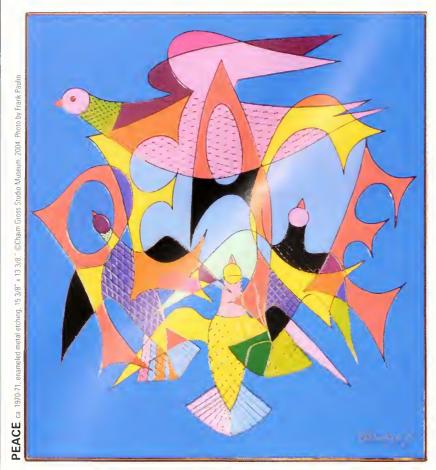
800 747-7000

It's nice knowing® is the registered service mark of Banknorth Group, Inc. A division of Banknorth, N.A. Member FDIC.



00 eron Watson Tianmiao Geoffrey Goodman

Ethan Cohen / ArtHaus
P.O.Box 2004
64 Depot Road
Truro, Ma 02666
Tel: 508-349-1011
Cell: 914-806-3760
email: EthanCohen@ecfa.com
open by appointment July & August





The

526 LaGuardia Place, New York, NY 10012 212.529.4906

MAURICE FREEDMAN



Cape Museum of Fine Arts Aug 14 - Sept 19

Reception Fri. Aug 27, 5-7 Dennis, MA **508-385-4477**

Julie Heller Gallery Aug 20-26

Reception Fri. Aug 20, 7:30-11 Provincetown, MA ■ 508-487-2169

Greenhut Galleries July 1-31

Reception Thurs. July 1, 5-7 Portland, Maine **888-772-2693**

American Modernist (1904-1985)

6... paintings that deserve to go straight into any history of American painting in this century. —JOHN RUSSELL New York Times, 1982

JULIE HELLER GALLERY

SPECIALIZING IN EARLY AND CONTEMPORARY **PROVINCETOWN ART**

BAROOSHIAN

BAUMBACH ' **BROWN BROWNE BURLIUK BUSA CLYMER CHAFFEE** W.M.CHASE **De GROOT DeMARTINI DICKINSON** DIEHL **FREEDMAN GARLOCK GELB GRANT HAWTHORNE** HEINZ HENSCHE **HOFMANN HONDIUS KAPLAN KNATHS** LANE* **LAZZELL LEIGHTON** L'ENGLE LINDENMUTH **LOEB MALICOAT MARANTZ MARS** McKAIN **MERINOFF* MOFFETT MOTHERWELL** MULLER MURPHY NORDFELDT **PALMER PHILLIPS*** ROSS SIMON **SQUIRE STERNE TWORKOV WARTHEN** WALKOWITZ WEINRICH WILSON* **WHORF ZORACH** and others



CHARLES HAWTHORNE MRS MOORE



MILTON AVERY FLIGHT



MICHAEL COSTELLO TYPEWRITER

NEW WORK BY:

* Estate Representation

BASILE, BEHNKEN, BRUCE, CAMERON, CLOBRIDGE, COLONNA-ROMANO, COSTELLO, DORMAN, EDDY, **EVANS, FRIEDMAN, GAMET, GIAMMARINO, GOETZ,** HALLIDAY, IRWIN, KNIGHT, LANGER, LOBER, MITTENTHAL, MURPHY, SCHEELE, WARD, WEBB.

2 GOSNOLD STREET PROVINCETOWN MA 02657

508 - 487 - 2169

(Across from Adams Pharmacy Town Landing on the Beach) www.juliehellergallery.com





John Grillo

oil on canvas

1954

JOHN GRILLO

"A Retrospective 1947 - 2004"

OPENING RECEPTION

Saturday, July 3 from 6–8 p.m. On view through July 16

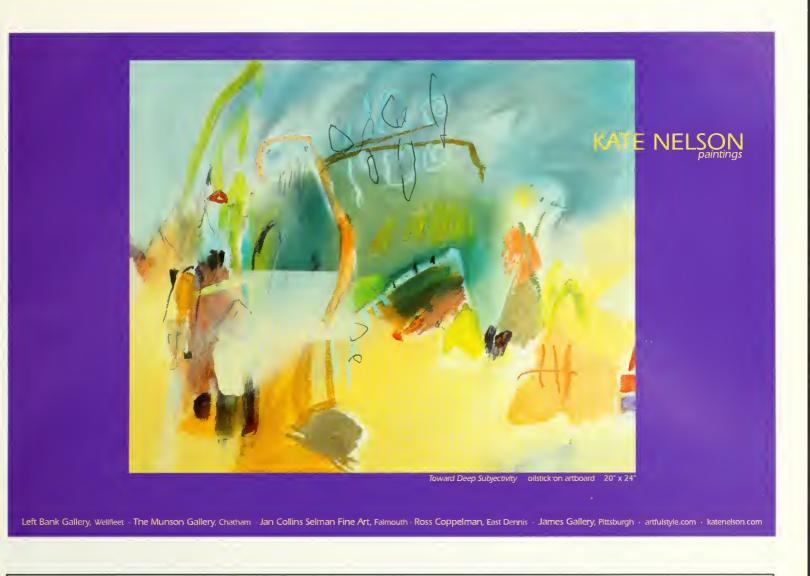
2004 SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

July 17

Mae Bertoni "Master Watercolorist"

July 31

Tomie dePaola "White Paintings"



"Cottages" 48x48 oil

Michael McGuire

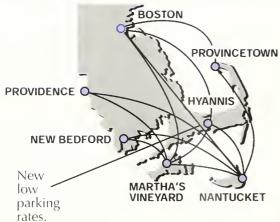
Gallery & Studio

465 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657 508.487.0091 www.michaelmcguire.net

For the fastest way to the Cape & Islands,



ask a native.



The locals will tell you Cape Air is the way to go. Be here in minutes with more flights all year round, and money-saving joint fares with major carriers through Logan. Visit us online and call for reservations.

Your wings for the Cape & Islands.

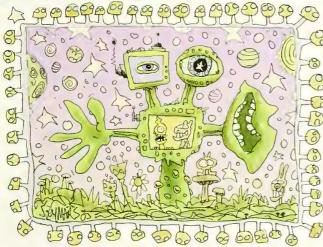
1-800-352-0714 • (508) 771-6944 • www.flycapeair.com

Try our summer service to Nantucket.













283F COMMERCIAL STREET PROVINCETOR DE 508.487.4200 JOEYMARS.COM





NORA SPEYER FLOWERS in the WOODS

The landscape paintings of New York artist, Nora Speyer place value on the seamless and soulful experience between viewer and painting. These lush environments lure us to the other side of her world. Her mature understanding of the painted surface and unique pictorial imagery is a major contribution to art of the 20th century. The subjects of Speyer's impasto paintings are the Wellfleet woods of Cape Cod - the location of her summer home since 1966.

Her work is included among the permanent collections of the Corcoran Gallery; the National Academy of Design; the Philadelphia Museum of Art; the Carnegie Museum of Art and The Nelson Rockefeller Collection.

> "Nora Speyer's canvases are richly evocative with peculiarly impacted primordial textures." -Donald Kuspit, ArtForum

CherryStoneGallery 70 East Commercial Street

Wellfleet, MA 02667 508.349.3026 www.cherrystonegallery.com

Tuesday - Sunday 12 - 5 and by appointment







Cottage you interior design with lasting integrity. Choosing what works best from diverse sources and styles, we strive to create environments that offer personal sanctuary as well as a comfort and delight for visitors.

Our design process revolves around our clients' desires, lifestyles and cherished possessions.

We bring the experience of projects successfully completed throughout the country, a dedication to realizing dreams, plus hundreds of resources and a wealth of creativity to each assignment we undertake.

Whatever the size of your project, we will take the time to meet with you, understand your goals and give you more information on our services.



508.487.7770 277 commercial street provincetown 508.945.2926 593 main street chatham cottagehomeinteriors.com

PASSIONS GALLERY Art To Fall In Love With





A superior collection of exclusively figurative contemporary art, featuring artists of regional acclaim and global stature.



336 Commercial Street (508) 487-5740

Summer Schedule 2004

July 2 - Judy Francesconi, Charles Kreiner & Michael Alfano

> July 23 - Eric Kluin & Robert Kernaghan

> > July 30 - Noel

August 6 - Jia Lu

August 13 - Colette Hébert

August 20 - Fred Szabries & Robert Kernaghan

August 27 - Bernard Stanley Hoyes



Provincetown, Ma 02657 (800) 211-8915

www.passionsgallery.com





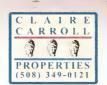
HARVEY DODD

Provincetown's Outdoor Café

328 Commercial Street

Marketing Wellfleet Watercolors, Truro Ocean front, Truro Bay front, Pamet River and Herring River Views, and National Seashore Properties The Pearls of Cape Cod



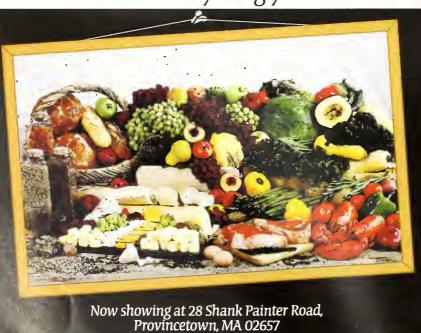


10 Main Street, Wellfleet, MA 02667 • At the Entrance to Wellfleet & Truro 508-349-0121 • clairecarroll@netzero.net

www.realtor.com/capecod/clairecarrollproperties www.wellfleettrurovacations.com



Everything you need at the prices you deserve!



Always Exhibiting Great Taste!

Our perishable departments are a must see.

- The freshest produce
- The finest Angus and Choice beef available
- Improved seafood department with sushi and local variety.
- · A corner deli featuring quality meats, cheeses and salads.
- Fresh baked goods
- New and improved fried chicken program
 - -New England's best!
- On Site Pharmacy
- And most importantly, a customer focused team that is committed to serving you better!

Visit our other locations:

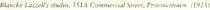
Rt. 28 & 170 Clay Pond Road, Bourne, MA • 485A Station Ave, So. Yarmouth, MA • 71 Quaker Meeting House Road, Sandwich, MA Old South Wharf, Nantucket, MA

Blanche Lazzell

The Life and Work of an American Modernist

Edited by Robert Bridges, Kristina Olson, and Janet Snyder







Coming soon from the West Virginia University Press

Blanche Lazzell went from Maidsville, West Virginia, to the leading edge of twentieth century American art. A member of the prominent art communities of Paris and Provincetown during the '20s and '30s, Lazzell was always on the fringe of important developments in the modern art world.

Order before July 31 and receive a 20% discount off the retail price of \$75.

ISBN 0-937058-84-X August 2004 Large-format (9"x12") hardcover 368 pages with nearly 200 full-color illustrations and more than 50 color plates



Call toll free 1-866-998-7737 (WVU PRESS) and mention this ad to pre-order at this special discount. Or send a check for \$66.00 (postage paid) postmarked by July 31 to: West Virginia University Press

P.O. Box 6295

Morgantown, WV 26506

(Orders placed in West Virginia must include an additional \$4.50 for sales tax.)

For more information or to place an order at the regular price after July 31, visit our Web site www.wvupress.com



The publication of Blanche Lazzell: The Life and Work of an American Modernist has heen made possible through a grant from the West Virginia Humanities Council, a state affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities

PERFECTING THE ART OF HOSPITALITY



"The most luxurious accommodations in town are at The Brass Key." THE NEW YORK TIMES

BRASS KEY
GUESTHOUSE

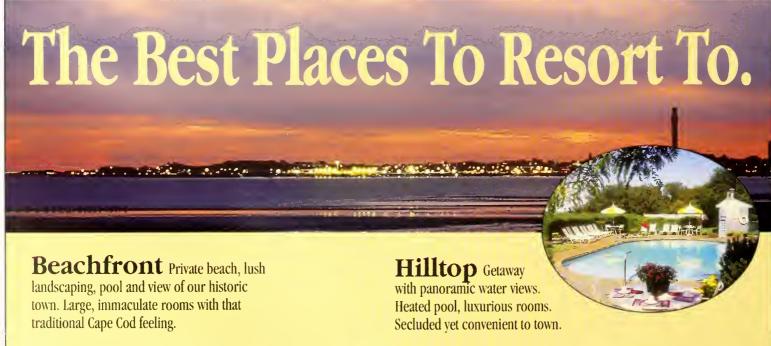
800.842.9858 www.brasskey.com



"A lavishly decorated outpost atop the West End with extravagant ocean views and gorgeous grounds." The New York Times



800.276.7088 www.landsendinn.com



Best Western Tides Beachfront

837 Commercial Street, Provincetown, MA (508) 487-1045



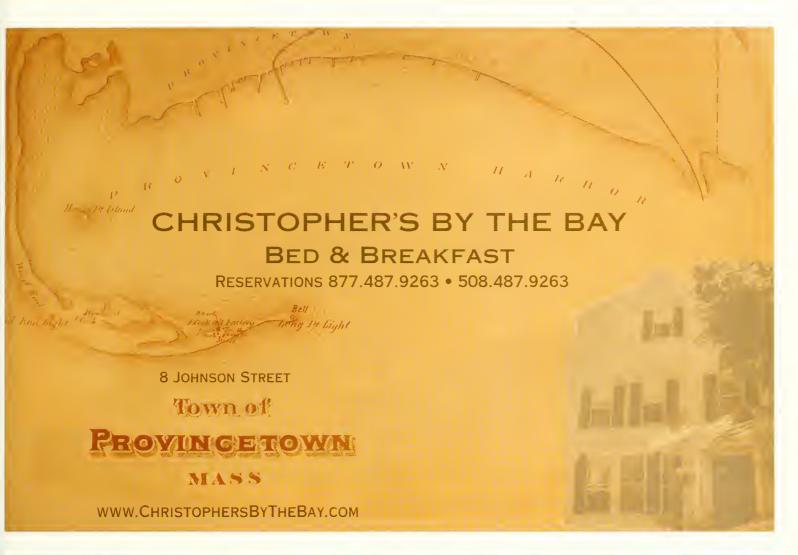
Best Western Chateau Motor Inn

105 Bradford Street West, Provincetown, MA (508) 487-1286

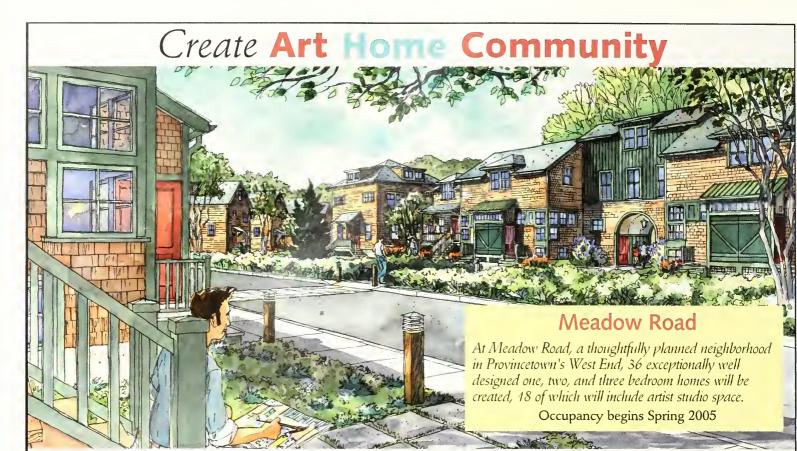


Smoke-free for your health and enjoyment

For toll-free reservations, call 1(800)528-1234. http://www.bwprovincetown.com







Market rate homes from \$425,000 to \$700,000. Non-residential artist studios from \$55,000 to \$70,000. For floor plans and additional information, contact Jim Pipilas at 508.487.2426 ext. 4# or jpipilas@chrgroup.net.

Affordable homes from \$92,500 to \$127,500 are available to qualifying applicants through lottery process. Contact Khristine Hopkins at 508.487.2426 ext. 3#.

Community Housing Resource, Inc. PO Box 1015 Provincetown, MA 02657 www.chrgroup.net

CHR gratefully acknowledges the Fine Arts Work Center for its support of this development.

THOMAS D. BROWN REAL ESTATE ASSOCIATES



"Let us share with you why we live here on the Outer Cape—and wouldn't live anywhere else!"

300 Route 6, Truro, Ma 02666 (508) 487-1112 2700 Route 6, Wellfleet, Ma 02667 (508) 349-1200 374 Commercial St., Provincetown, Ma 02657 (508) 487-2990 www.thomasdbrown.com

RAY J. NOLIN III



COMMISSIONS IN OIL

Portrait

Landscape

Full Portraits

Still Life

Gouache

Pastel

Charcoal

PURE ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISTIC
MONOPRINTS AND GHOSTS
AND MANY COLLAGES

call 508.487.3394



HILDA NEILY GALLERY





plein air paintings by **Hilda Neily** contemporary paintings by **Cid Bolduc •** photography by **M.M. Battelle**

432 Commercial Street, Provincetown MA 508-487-6300 • 508-487-0144 • 727-743-6393 www.hildaneilygallery.com

BOB CIPRIANI NEW PAINTINGS



TRANSITIONS 2

JULY 31-AUGUST 13, 2004 ARTIST RECEPTION: SATURDAY, JULY 31, 6-8PM

25 COMMERCIAL STREET WELLFLEET MA 02667 508-349-9451 www.leftbankgallery.com



Provincelands, Acrylic on Canvas 48x36



Luo Fahui



Bao Lede



Ming Jing



Hai Rihan

tao water art gallery

1989 Route 6A, W. Barnstable • 508.375.0428 • E-mail: info@taowatergallery.com • www.taowatergallery.com

TED FRANKLIN Fine Custom Cabinetry

CUSTOM BUILT CABINETS KITCHENS ENTERTAINMENT CENTERS FURNITURE





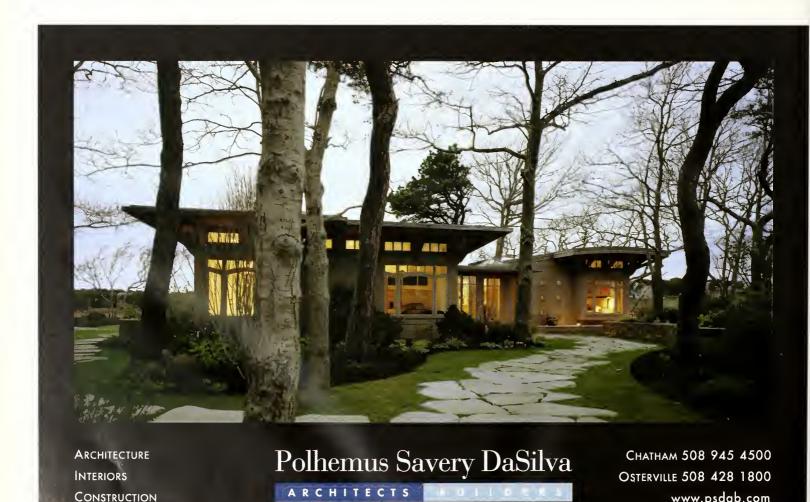


CONTRACTORS ARCHITECTS HOMEOWNERS

tel/fax 508.487.8046

email: tfcustomcabinets@aol.com

www.psdab.com



FOR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS TO PROVINCETOWN ARTS 2004. WE THANK THESE SUPPORTERS

The Renee and Chaim Gross Foundation Cherie Mittenthal and LauraThornton

Mary Abell

Andrea and Robert Adeson

Leonard Alberts, MD

Dennis Allee

Elizabeth Correia and Anna Panetta Martin Michaelson and Anne Taylor

Connie and David Armstrong

Robert Augustyn

Katharine Bachman

Will Barnet

Arthur and Ellen Berger

David Bergholz

Marilyn and Barnett Berliner

Edward Bloom Jeanne Bultman Madelyn Carney Barbara Cheresh Carmen Cicero

Janet Deegan and Constance Cervone Molly Malone Cook and Mary Oliver

Dennis Costin and Ernie Bynum

Jeffrey Coyne Alexandra Cromwell

Ann D'Ercole Howard G. Davis, III

Annie Dillard Tony Doniger Robert Duffy Mona Dukess

Julian and Christine Dupont

Timothy Dyk Jane Eccles George Economou Wendy Everett Patrick A. Falco Robert Fischel

Dolly Fiterman

Frank Foley Paul Folkman Robert Foster

Marie-Jane Frueh Tamson Gardner Shirley R. Glasser

Fay and Dennis Greenwald

Andre Gregory Brian Hart

Roger Skillings and Heidi Jon Schmidt

Robert Henry

Wendy Hinden and Mary Paquin

Larry Hyer

Tony and Susan Jackett Leslie and Robert Jackson Elizabeth Gillette Jackson

William Jones Marianne Karmel Honey Black Kay

Jack and Marilyn Kearney

Gene Kelly Thomas Kersten David Kirchner Paul M. Koch Lore Kramer

Jacqueline Kroschwitz

Stanley Kunitz

Harriet and Dick Larsen

Mark Lavine

Robert Robin Leaver Joan Lebold Cohen

Awards for Provincetown Arts

1998 BEST AMERICAN MOVIE WRITING 1996 AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE AWARDS: SPECIAL MENTION FOR DESIGN IN 1995 1995

PUSHCART PRIZE XX: BEST OF THE SMALL PRESSES AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE AWARDS: FIRST PLACE FOR EDITORIAL CONTENT 1994

1994 EDITOR'S CHOICE IV: ESSAYS FROM THE U.S. SMALL PRESS 1978-92

1994 NOTABLE ESSAYS OF 1993 1993 AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE AWARDS: FIRST PLACE FOR EDITORIAL CONTENT

1993 BEST AMERICAN POETRY 1993 PUSHCART PRIZE XVIII: BEST OF THE SMALL PRESSES

1992 AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE AWARDS: FIRST PLACE FOR EDITORIAL CONTENT & DESIGN

1991 BEST AMERICAN POETRY NOTABLE ESSAYS OF 1990 1991

PRINT CERTIFICATE OF DESIGN EXCELLENCE

1989 1988 BEST AMERICAN ESSAYS

1986-99 OVER 100 PUSHCART NOMINATIONS FOR FICTION, NON-FICTION, AND POETRY

2002 DISTINGUISHED SHORT STORIES OF 2001

2003 BEST AMERICAN POETRY

PUSHCART PRIZE XXIX: BEST OF THE SMALL PRESSES

J. Michael Lennon Ann Marie Levine Robert Jav Lifton

Jon and Mary Lind Adlin Loud

Chris and Sally Lutz Arien Mack

Norman and Norris Mailer

Gary Marotta

Cultural Council Massachusetts

Hilary Masters

Amy Larson and Matthew Chafee

Richard McCann James McClennen Maureen McCov

Joan and Richard McD Miller Rich and Debbie McKown

Dermot Meagher Albert Merola

Stephanie and Nicholas Meyer

Leonore Meyer Larry Millhofer Mary Moore

Edward and Sarah Morrison

Jeannie Motherwell Julian Moynahan Sally Munson Margaret Murphy

Paul Murphy and Ricky Godinez

Donald Allan Nelson and Neal M. Balkowitsch

Maury Newburger Brooke Newman J. Paul Newman Joe Novak Richard Olson

Mrs. Emilie Oppenheim Johniene Papandreas Denise and Dean Pappas

Tammy Pastor April Paul Florence Phillips

Renate Ponsold Motherwell

Julian Popko Ellen Poss

Richard and Valorie Rand Susan Rand Brown Stephen Rand, MD Dennis Rhodes

Mairead Hickey and Robert Violetta

William M. Robins, Ph.D. Harvey and Andrea Rosenthal

Nancy Rubens Kristin Russell

Martha Rhodes

Mary Bayes Ryan

Harvey S. Shipley Miller

Magda Salvesen

Sandy Schafer and Bernard Lacasse

Robert Schewior Mira Schor Reisa Schor Jason Shinder Pat Shultz Fay Shutzer Mark Silva

Ellen Sinclair and Miguel Junger

Stephen Smith

Patricia and Thomas Spencer Michael Sperber, M.D. Joyce and William Tager Raymond Tedeschi

Patricia Todisco Kai Underwood Domingue Vasseur Donald Vaughan Jay Veevers Maureen Vokey Sally Walker Patricia Ward

Carol Warshawsky Barbara and AL Wasserman

Nancy Webb Robin S. Weiss Claire Willis

Richard and Judith Wurtman Dr. and Mrs. Elton Yasuna Howard and Rosyln Zinn



FUNDING PROVIDED IN PART BY





PROVINCETOWN ARTS 2004

ON THE COVER: Paul Resika Photograph by Blair Resika

Buzz	35
EDITOR'S LETTER	39
BREGIORESSWIF SAINSERS	
Paul Resika	41
John Yau	41
"I Would Like to Meet Lillian Orlowsky": A Conversation	46
Susan Rand Brown	40
The Eye of the Beholder: The Art of Tabitha Vevers	51
Lise Motherwell, Ph.D.	31
The Love of Touching: A Conversation	- 55
Jim Peters and Jon R. Friedman	33
The Visual Artists in Winter Residence:	57
10 Fellows from the Fine Arts Work Center	37
Christopher Busa	
Blanche Lazzell: The Provincetown Print	66
David Acton	00
Mars and Squire	70
Tony Vevers	
Childe Hassam in Provincetown	71
Amy Ellis	
Whitney Biennial 2004: Almost American	72
Marc Strauss	/ 2
John Grillo: Homo Ludens	75
Christopher Busa	/ 3
Maurice Freedman: The Dying Art of Slow Looking	76
Mary Sherman	70
Sid Grossman's Escape to Provincetown	79
Larry Collins	//
A Sweeper-Up After Artists	82
By Irving Sandler	- 02
Reviewed by Budd Hopkins	
Ellen Langer: Confidence Is an Encumbrance	84
Christopher Busa	_ 04
Hilda Neily	86
John Clayton	00
Tuscany: Inside the Light	87
By Joel Meyerowitz and Maggie Barrett	0,
Reviewed by Arturo Vivante	
Berta Walker Gallery: 15th Anniversary	88
Andre Van Der Wende	00
Auction Overview	90
James Bakker	
T.J. Walton: True Cool	91
Heidi Jon Schmidt	
My Sister, Elise Asher	94
Robert Asher	
Robert Cipriani	_ 95
Margaret Carroll-Bergman	_ , ,
Margaret Carron Bergman	
ARTAIN	
Artist Statements	96
NEODING GUIDE	
The M-Word: A Personal Case for Marriage Rather Than Civil Union	101
Andrew Sullivan	
thin th dimin an	
LUCCING BUIDS	
Where to Stay	103

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION	
Message Stick	106
Laine Cunningham	400
Nine Letters from Norman Mailer, 1963-1966	109
POETRY	
A Selection by Susan Mitchell	114
Cyrus Cassells, Christina Davis, Christopher Dunn, Robert Fernandez, Josey Foo, Erika Kluthe, Anne Marie Macari, Gerald Stern, Jason Shinder, Brian Teare	
THEATER	
Eugene O'Neill in Provincetown: Beyond the Horizon	_ 123
Leona Rust Egan Peter Donnelly	125
Kate Wolf	123
The Good, the Bad, and the Dolce Vita	126
MICKEY KNOX	
Reviewed by J. Michael Lennon	
Thoreau's Afternoon Walk: Mind and Brain at Walden Michael Sperber, M.D.	129
AUTHORS	
What Narcissism Means to Me	132
Tony Hoagland	
Reviewed by Jason Shinder	124
Secret Frequencies: A New York Education JOHN SKOYLES	134
Reviewed by M.G. Stephens	
A Short History of Boston	135
Robert Allison	
Reviewed by Ted Widner	
All the Shah's Men: An American Coup and	
the Roots of Middle East Terror	137
STEPHEN KINZER	
Reviewed by Robert Allison Bride of Catastrophe	139
Heidi Jon Schmidt	_ 139
Reviewed by Christopher Busa	
Mother Quiet	141
Martha Rhodes	
Reviewed by Robert Strong	
Growing the Story: An Interview with Fred Leebron Sherry Ellis	142
Red House: Being a Mostly Accurate Account of New England's	
Oldest Continuously Lived-In House	146
SARAH MESSER	
Reviewed by Paulette Beete Night of a Thousand Blossoms	146
Frank X. Gaspar	140
Reviewed by Robert Strong	
Vesuvius at Home: An Interview with Jean Valentine	148
Robert Leleux	
COMMERCIAL STREET	
Local Habitation	150
Cindy Coble	
At Wit's End: An Off-Season Glimpse of P'town's	
Winter Writing Fellows	152
Ted Siefer	
DINING GHIDE	

Where to Dine

PROVINCETOWN A R T S

A publication of Provincetown Arts Press, Inc., a non-profit press for artists and poets

FOUNDER & EDITOR
CHRISTOPHER BUSA

PUBLISHER
MARGARET CARROLL-BERGMAN

ART DIRECTOR IRENE LIPTON



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

CHRISTOPHER BUSA
ALEXANDRA CROMWELL
PAUL ENDICH
ANNE-MARIE LEVINE
BERNE LIPTON
DAVID COWAN

BOARD OF ADVISORS

CHARLES BERGMAN MARY ABELL STEPHEN BORKOWSKI MARGARET BERGMAN ANTHONY DONIGER, ESQ KAREN FINLEY SEYMOUR KELLER BILL JENSEN STANLEY KUNITZ FRED LEEBRON JENNIFER LIESE ANN WILSON LLOYD GAIL MAZUR RICHARD McCANN MIRA SCHOR SUSAN MITCHELL PHILLIP H. WILLKIE JOHN SKOYLES

Published annually in mid-summer since 1985, *Provincetown Arts* focuses broadly on artists, performers, and writers who inhabit or visit the tip of Cape Cod, and seeks to stimulate creative activity and enhance public awareness of the cultural life of the nation's oldest continuous art colony. Drawing upon a century-long tradition rich in art, theater, and writing, *Provincetown Arts* publishes essays, fiction, interviews, journals, performance pieces, poetry, profiles, reporting, reviews, and visual features, with a view toward demonstrating that a community of artists, functioning outside the urban centers, is a utopian dream with an ongoing vitality.

© 2004 by Provincetown Arts, Inc.

All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part expressly forbidden without permission from the publisher.

Most of *Provincetown Arts* is freelance written. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and will be considered between October and January. Enclose SASE for writer's guidelines. The best guide for content and length is a study of past issues.

Member: Council of Literary Magazines and Presses

Address all correspondence to: Provincetown Arts
650 Commercial Street, Provincetown, MA 02657
Tel: (508) 487-3167 • Fax: (508) 487-3559
E-mail: cbusa@comcast.net
www.provincetownarts.org

Subscriptions are \$10 per annual issue Back issues available • Order form on page 160 New advertisers: please request media kit

Provincetown Arts is indexed in the American Humanities Index.

PRINTED IN USA

NATIONAL AND CANADA DISTRIBUTION: Ingram Periodicals, Nashville, TN

ISSN: 1053-5012 ISBN: 0-944854-46-X

ARCHITECTURE INTERIOR DESIGN CONSTRUCTION



Work with one company to design and build your home.



508 • 349 • 7672

www.archstudioltd.com P.O. Box 488 • 489 Route 6, South Wellfleet, MA 02663



ART

SUSAN BAKER celebrates her 20th season as the living Moses of the Susan Baker Memorial Museum. The work pictured here is one of her recent hybrid works, part-painting, part-sculpture. In October at the French Library in Boston she will exhibit original paintings featured in her travel book on French architecture, *Following Proust*.

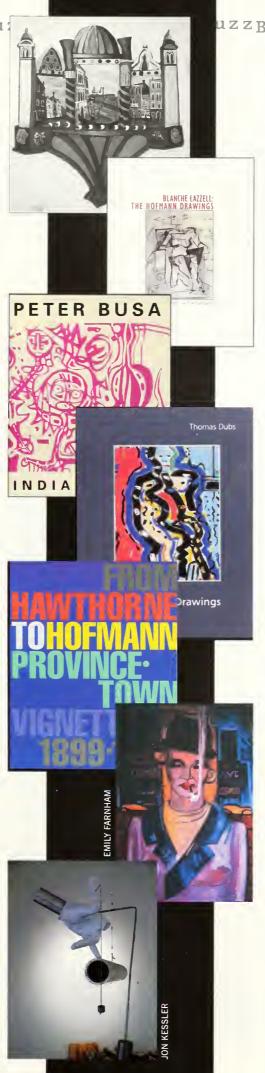
ROBERT BRIDGES and KRISTINA OLSON. curators of the exhibition Blanche Lazzell: The Hofmann Years, have assembled a fascinating monograph documenting the exhibition held last April at West Virginia University. Lazzell, a quintessential Provincetown artist, featured in David Acton's essay in this issue, was born in West Virginia. Lazzell was 59 during the summer of 1937 when she enrolled in Hofmann's Provincetown class. Her esteemed teacher was two years younger than she. When she was younger Lazzell traveled to France to seek out the best artists she could learn from, including Leger, Lhote, and Gleizes; but the summer with Hofmann was her own mature validation as an artist seeking to keep growing in her ripe years. She saw that her fluffy petunias, which she grew in small boxes on the street side of her waterfront studio, contain the form of the universe within their "delicate petals-all that tension movement and countermovement Hofmann talks about. And how powerless one feels in the face of that-yes in the calm beautiful face of a petunia."

PETER BUSA, WILLIAM FREED, LILIAN ORLOWSKY, KENNETH STUBBS each had solo shows in Boston at Acme Fine Art. Peter Busa: Indian Space Paintings was curated by Ned Jalbert, a noted collector of Native American ethnographic material and the author of Mocotuagan: the Story of the Crooked Knife. Gallery directors Jim Bennette and David Cowan's fall schedule also included Provincetown Painters, highlighting a rare early work of Stuart Davis, "Graveyard on the Dunes," a Truro landscape by Hans Hofmann and three woodblock prints by Agnes Weinrich. Contemporary painters included Don Beal, Rose Basile, Noa Hall, Martha Hall, Myrna Harrison, Tony Vevers, and Peter Watts.

ETHAN COHEN, whose New York gallery made a name for itself by showcasing important living Chinese artists, has opened a gallery in Truro this summer, ArtHaus, offering exhibits and lectures by a blend of international artists and local stars, including Jon Kessler, Jim Peters, Leslie Jackson, Maryalice Johnston, and Bob Bailey.

LARRY COLLINS, former curator of vintage photography at the Schoolhouse Center, has opened a new gallery in the West End offering exceptionally well-chosen images of historical value, including original prints by Diane Arbus, Robert Mapplethorpe, Bruce Davidson, Sid Grossman (subject of an article in this issue), Minor White, Ruth Orkin, James Bidgood, George Seeley, and Allen Ginsberg.

THOMAS DUBS's "Garage Drawings,



Provincetown 1993" were exhibited this spring in Zurich, where the artist endures the winter before he returns to his studio-garage to do his best work.

RAYMOND ELMAN, who co-founded this magazine in 1985, has since made over 100 paintings of notable talents. His portrait of Alan Dugan was recently selected for the National Portrait Gallery Collection in Washington.

EMILY FARNHAM, artist, teacher, and author of a biography of Charles Demuth and a book on the classroom teaching of Hans Hofmann died this year at the age of 92. For her last years she lived in the East End at the White Dory.

BOB HARRISON has arranged to leave a million-dollar endowment to the Provincetown Art Association and Museum. Harrison and his now deceased partner, Hal Goodstein, ran a guest house, Hargood House, ran an advertising firm, Hargood Associates, and served for years on the Chamber of Commerce and the board of the Art Association. Chris McCarthy, director, is delighted by the bequest, especially coming at a time of major expansion of the buildings and storage vault. With museumquality safeguards, the Art Association will be able to borrow paintings for exhibits that were not possible in the past. Plus having an endowment makes the venerable institution eligible for new categories of support. The way to show gratitude is to grow and prosper.

CHARLES HAWTHORNE and HANS HOFMANN bookends for an exhibition this year at Hollis Taggart Galleries in New York. Between these two great teachers who had contact with more students over 75 years than all other teachers in the area combined, the exhibition includes Marsden Hartley, Mercedes Matter, and Arthur Carles, whose careers intertwined with an interesting interlude in Gloucester during the summer of 1934.

ANGELO IPPOLITO, who did his time in P-town in showing at the Sun Gallery during the second-generation abstract expressionist '50, had a fine show this winter in New York at David Findlay Jr. Fine Art, with a catalogue preface by Irving Sandler who was present during the artist's time in Provincetown. Sandler writes, "In a conversation with me in 1957, he readily acknowledged his debt to the first generation Abstract Expressionists." Ippolito said Pollock swooped down like a bomber from the sky and de Kooning came trudging forward like a foot soldier. Even when he worked at Ciro's as a waiter during the '50s, Ippolito could combine the furious impulse of Italian futurism with the tonal serenity of Morandi. He died too

JOYCE JOHNSON, founder and first director of Castle Hill Center for the Arts in Truro, is honored by the organization on the occasion of her 75th birthday in July. Her long commitment to art and life on the Lower Cape is evidence of passion controlled by love. An exhibit

of sculpture by students of Johnson, now notable in their own right, includes Anna Poor, Joan Peirera, Elsa Tarantal, Romolo Del Deo, Heather Blume, and Peggy Pritchett. Cherie Mittenthal, the present director, has vastly expanded attendance at summer workshops by attracting Cape residents as well as those from out-of-state destinations.

LESTER JOHNSON's prints from 1939 to 1991 were documented in an impressive catalogue raisonne produced by the Albert Merola Gallery in Provincetown with a valuable documentary narrative by James Balla. Impressive and valuable because the documentation achieves scholarly standards casually, simply by paying devoted attention to the images at hand.

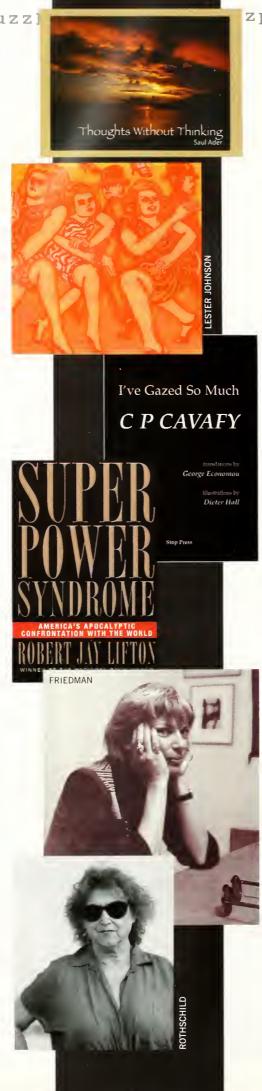
KOMAR & MELAMID, who sit in this year's Distinguished Artists and Writers Chair at Castle Hill Center for the Arts in Truro, will give a public lecture August 28 at Provincetown Town Hall. Before they left Russia for America in the '70s, they had initiated SOTS, a Soviet kin of Western Pop Art. Notoriously subversive, they can be killingly funny.

ELLEN LEBOW was detained this winter in Haiti but returned to tell about it in some marvelous scratchboard drawings on exhibit this summer at Rice/Polak Gallery in Provincetown.

ROBERT JAY LIFTON, author most recently of Superpower Syndrome: America's Apocalyptic Confrontation with the World, convened his 38th year of meeting of the Wellfleet Seminars last fall to discuss the country's identity crisis posed by our own military might. Norman Birnbaum, editor of the Nation, agreed with Lifton that "the pursuit of absolute security is the most terrifying and self-defeating component in the present national psyche."

IRENE LIPTON, the designer of *Province-town Arts* is branching out and starting a design company with lifetime collaborator, **PHIL SMITH**, and **JOHN SUNDERLAND**, designer of buildings and museums here and in Europe. Smith, an artist, master carpenter, and photographer, recently won first prize at the Springtime juried show at the Schoolhouse Center for the Arts. The name of this dynamic trio is Blue Tide Designers. Blue Tide's most recent project is the redesign of the famous Life Cafe in the East Village (featured in the Broadway play *Rent*), where each designer got to showcase his special set of skills.

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD was a strong artist who functioned and flourished in the man's world of the abstract expressionists. A founding member of Long Point Gallery, she used her power in the art world to create a foundation supporting the legacies of deceased veterans of the culture wars. This year her foundation gave \$250,000 \to 21 projects, including support for work by Nell Blaine, Norman Bluhm, Peter Grippe, Reuben Kadish, Esphyr Slobodkina, George Sugarman, and Hale Woodruff.



WRITING

SAUL ADER, Provincetown's Thoreau reborn as a mystical psychiatrist, has new pages for meditation, *Thoughts without Thinking*, self-published just like Walt Whitman's second volume that appeared not long after the invention of photography. On page 31, Ader says, "As civilization evolves it seems normal becomes not so natural."

CONSTANCE BLACK is constant in her lifelong search for moral direction, pure as a Puritan as neutral as the absence of color, as blind as justice. Now the artist has published a book of her poems, devastating for mature revelations available only to those with fading eyesight. Home was blind, Milton went blind, Beethoven became deaf, Ezra Pound went crazy, but Black keep he eyes and ears active into advancing age, saying in one poem, "I am / A senior citizen now, sur rounded with / That aura of what has been."

GEORGE ECONOMOU's fresh translations of *C. P. Cavafy, I've Gazed So Much* (Stop Press 2003), are terse, trenchant, and tantalizing as fresh, crusty bread.

STEPHEN POLICOFF's novel, *Beautiful Some* where Else, the first chapter of which appeared in *Provincetown Arts* in 2001, was published this yea by Carroll and Graf, New York.

THEATER

SVEA FRASIER, who lives in Wellesley and summers in Provincetown, seems the heroic voice in a new book documenting the battle of Catholics for the soul of their church. Keep the Faith, Change the Church, written by James E. Mulle and Charles Kenney. Voice of the Faithful is the name of the movement begun as a way for the laity to address the august authority of Catholic priests. There were quarrels when questions were asked, denials, requests for more information, but no action resulted from complaints of abuse. Like private social organizations, the church in America can function as its own tribunal, outside the law with the blessing of judges.

ABBY FRIEDMAN, the remarkable partne of B.H. Friedman, the writer who lived during the '70s in the East End House now occupied b Norman Mailer, was remembered this winter a the Century Association in New York. She was a mom like no other and her son Jackson, named after the artist whose biography was written by the father, was quoted in the East Hampton Star a saying, "She faced every step with courage and candor, facing every challenge with insight tha created light." Abby and B.H. helped the World Center grow in its fugitive years. After the pot loc dinner Fridays at the Work Center, mostly beans rice, and iceberg lettuce, there were the Saturday soirees at the Friendman's when the navy bean were salted with caviar, the lobster, scallops, and schrimp all naked without shells, and, outside or the deck, the tide was high and the moon was full

SPALDING GRAY took his valuable life away from us, but he came to Provincetown 30 years ago to do a winter performance piece for a small

crowd crammed into the present Hudson D. Walker Gallery. Gray sat at a stark long table with two full glasses of water. Across from him were an empty chair and the other glass. He invited members of the audience to come forward and be interviewed by him-he called the piece "Interviewing the Audience." Conrad Malicoat sipped water with Gray and here is his report: "I heard about Spalding Gray's demise with poignant regret and remorse. His evening at the Work Center back in the '70s was an encounter with a unique man. Eschewing personal aggrandizement, he was centered on the divestment of inner barriers forged in life's early and ensuing time. Communion was a game he was committed to and which he accomplished by his defenseless relationships with others. Sitting behind a pitcher of water in the middle of the table, he began a long openly public dialogue with his selves, some sitting invisibly around the table and others visible in the audience. He disremembered he audience and there was communion, release, and relief. He invited he audience to be interviewed and bear their brunt. I volunteered. Our dialog is hard to recount. He asked me if I was a passionate man and I confessed I was, not want-

JIM JARMUSCH received the "Filmmaker on the Edge" award from the Provincetown International Film Festival, which took place over four days in June. This year is the 20th anniversary of the release of Jamusch's underground classic, Stranger than Paradise. His new film, Coffee and Cigarettes, is just released.

ing to spoil a great evening."

WARREN LEFKOWITZ, a Provincetown innkeeper who has a passion for the motion of traveling at sea, where the destination he is seeking is in the ship itself. In the off-season he took six sailing voyages, from the largest to the most elegant, finding them different: "There were a few familiar faces on board for the maiden voyage of the QM2, which had been sold out for two yearslay and John from Chester restaurant and the owners of City Video. The QM2 makes the Titanic look small. For me, the ship was too big. Not enough privacy. In March I sailed on the Seabourn Legend from St. Thomas to Lisbon, taking 11 days to on a six-star ship where each person on the ship's staff knew your name by the second day."

JOHN BUFFALO MAILER had a run-in with fame this winter when the New York Times published a feature about his editorship of High Times magazine. Buffalo is the under-30 son of Norman and Norris Mailer, a combination Arkansas cowboy and Brooklyn Jew, talented writer, actor, and producer. He was criticized for condoning an atmosphere where recreational use of laughing tobacco is OK. He knows that a good lawn will always have a dandelion or two, and the weed should be celebrated for its occasional presence rather than ridiculed for its existence. He replied in a letter to the Times: "I don't think you read the January '04 issue of High Times, our first, which Richard Stratton, Annie Nocenti, and I are working to create. We are trying to do something new with High Times.



For the past 40 years, every treatment of marijuana, pro or con, has been polarizing. We would like to become a cutting edge to explore unanswered questions that have become close to toxic in American life: abortion, gay rights, corporate welfare, terrorism, prisons, entertainments, responsibilities, liberties, fashion, fiction, and foreign policy."

VICTOR POWELL, Provincetown's only remaining sandal maker, shod the feet of Archbishop Sean Patrick O'Malley, as shown in this photo taken as the Archbishop enters the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston. Powell replaced the straps and put new leather on the soles of the sandals, originally made in Provincetown by Kim Rilleau two decades ago. The sandals, possessing ancient utility, reflect the simplicity of the archbishop's Franciscan order.

PAUL PRESSMAN, who passed away last fall, was a psychiatrist who kept the East End sane by personal example of neighborly behavior. He joins his other colleagues in mental health that lived in the neighborhood, including Buddy Meyer, William Goldfarb, and Norman Zinberg. Pressman grew up in the Bronx. His father, a professional magician, was also a dentist. Somehow the son developed an exceptional talent for treating emotionally disturbed children.

BOB SEAY, director of WOMR Radio Provincetown (92.9 FM) is beaming these days, having just moved from the cramped quarters on Center Street to the huge historic upper floor of the Schoolhouse Center, smack on Commercial Street in the great building where Provincetown schoolchildren learned during the final years of the 18th century. A prior schoolhouse existed on Long Point when the town had a settlement there. Fishing was king and to be closer to the king's treasure was crucial. The fisherman with the worst catch of the year was obliged to be the outpost's schoolmaster, stuck on a sandbar for the winter. So Seay beams with sweet victory of broadcasting our voices out beyond the seagulls that used to follow the fishing boats coming in with the day's catch.

BARBARA MAEBUSH STEVENS, when she retired from her post at the strawberry-shaped bullet-dented steel counter at the Provincetown Post Office, left the community. She was gone a year or two and returned with a book in her hands about her love for the community she knew before she retired. In the early days, when not at the P.O., she gave pointers on tennis to a group of women who are still around, such as Roslyn Garfield, Jan Kelly, Carol Demico, Riva Poor. They all like to play without their tops, as some of the men enjoyed on hot August afternoons when they took their t-shirts off. The Tennis Club issued a rule, Rule Number Nine: Women Are Not Encouraged to Play without Shirts," but there was no forbidding free movement. Today everything is different-Maebush, wearing her Indian headdress, would be threatened with arrest for playing topless. Undaunted, using her pen and laptop tomahawk, she ventures onto paper in a white

ouzz<u>BuzzbuzzbuzzbuzzbuzzBuzzbuzzbuzzbuzz</u>buzzBuzzbuzzBuzzbuzzbuz



CHBISHOP O'MALLEY WEARING VICTOR'S SANDA



world, published her first book last year, Chum & Culls: Poetry and Prose.

GUY STRAUSS, the Prospero of the Payomet Tent in Truro, opens with Edward Albee's Three Tall Women, starring April Shawahn and Robin Howard. The life of one woman, examined, proves why theater is an art we cannot do without. The New York Times described Payomet as one of the seven best summer theaters in Massachusetts. Comic Jimmy Tingle and performance artists Tim Miller return along with the Complete Works of William Shakespeare Unabridged. Seventeen-year old Mary Bergman returns for a second year as stage manager, joined by new interns, her younger sister Elizabeth, Annie Gruenwald, and Hazel Everett.

LINDA STURNER and JON ARTERTON have replaced Norris Church Mailer just as directors of the Provincetown Repertory Theater, located in the very building recently renovated for this purpose. A former car dealership and vast repair shop now houses the show cars that are the star characters of the town, as they strut before us. The cynics may say they signify nothing, but we beg

to differ and celebrate their willingness to present themselves on stage, taunting those in the audience to adore the act. The season opens with a Chain Play created by 30 American playwrights who contribute three-minute scenes. The concept of the play as a story told by the group around the campfire fuels Sturner's drive to return playwriting to Provincetown. The building will be heated in the winter from the energy stored from the summer.

JEFF ZINN and GIP HOPPE celebrate the 20th season of the Wellfleet Harbor Actors The ater. They are moving next year to a space to be erected next to the Wellfleet Post Office on Route Six. This year they have set up a big tent for chil dren's shows. Meanwhile, back at the harbor, Gip Hoppe opens the seasons with his rendition o Aristophanes The Birds, which he calls Cuckooland Hoppe hits on the ancient quarrel that is driver by a desire to either live with your neighbor or not and if not, then go live with the birds who have already gone off with sore throats. Hoppe is a hard comedian, making us think twice about who we are laughing at.



Editor's Letter

Provincetown Arts began its existence in August 1985 when we published our inaugural issue, a 24-page tabloid, the logo scribbled in blunt black magic marker. This year we are mindful that we were born in a community of especially vital painters; our feature artist, Paul Resika, is perhaps the quintessential living Provincetown painter. In John Yau's essay, Resika appears as he is, vastly sophisticated and casually brilliant. The articles that follow showcase the deceased artists who are alive today and the living artists who will still be alive for future generations, including Lillian Orlowsky, Tabitha Vevers, Jim Peters, Blanche Lazzell, Childe Hassam, John Grillo, Maurice Freedman, and Joel Meyerowitz. We include a survey of the 10 visual artists selected for current fellowships at the Fine Arts Work Center. The selection is eclectic and real at once. The eye has the power to see more than the mouth can say, but that does not leave us

After six years of a delightful partnership, Margaret Bergman, will cease as publisher of this magazine in order to devote more time to her family and to a book she is writing. Her steady hand helped us grow as we made the transition into a nonprofit organization working with a supportive board. She will stay on as a member of the Board of Advisors, helping Irene Lipton, our designer, and myself to carry forward the pleasure of producing this magazine.

(MRis

"All the king's horses and all the king's men..."

> ...help us put it together again!

Unlike Humpty Dumpty, the 7.5 ton belfry atop the Heritage

Museum was carefully removed to repair the roof of the building and keep it sealed from the elements. The belfry now rests on the lawn, along with the bell, crafted in 1835.

Your gifts and pledges are needed to restore this wonderful building and "put the pieces back together again" to create Provincetown's new Public Library. The Library embraces all of us – writers, artists, dreamers, scientists, entrepreneurs, fishermen, sailors, actors, teachers, students, townies and visitors alike.

We need your help to keep this project moving forward. Please send your gift or pledge (a promise to pay over several years) to:

The Provincetown Library Building Project 330 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657

For further information, call Library Director, Debra DeJonker-Berry at 508-487-7095 or visit us at www.ptwnlib.com or www.provincetowngiv.org





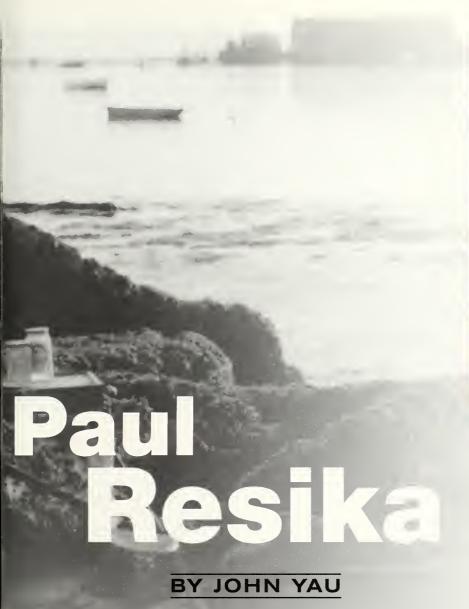




of opinions, all of which he expresses in a highly colorful, idiosyncratic language, Paul Resika might initially remind you of the fictional painter and rascal Gully Jimson. But, if after you've gotten over your initial shock from Resika's bluntness, and you really try to listen to him, your first impression will begin to fade away. For one thing, Paul is neither a scoundrel nor a schemer. Instead of Alec Guinness' artist as mangy dog and lovable outsider, imagine old-world gallantry mixed with a profound questioning of painting's welldocumented historical trajectory, and its relentless march toward abstraction. In both his work and conversation, Paul refuses to accept the canonical view of history that honors both Minimalism and Pop art. He's not trying to be contrary; it's that he can't help himself. That's Paul in a nutshell. Over the twenty-plus years that we have known each other, he has opened my eyes to many things, as well as gotten me to think and rethink my assumptions, particularly about painting. And this is something about our relationship that I treasure.

ULL OF STRONG CONVICTIONS AND A WHOLE SLEW

Paul is steeped in painting. Born in 1928, an only child, he was raised in a family that encouraged him to be an artist. His father, who was a Polish Jew, had a machine shop on 117th



Street. As a teenager, Paul had a studio above his father's shop. Here is where Clement Greenberg brought Leo Castelli to see the work of a precocious young artist. According to Castelli, it was either 1947 or '48. Paul remembers that it was the first time he had ever seen someone wearing a camel-hair coat. His mother, who was Russian, loved painting and, as Paul has said, "she got it." That love wore off

on Paul in a big way. When he was 12, he began taking art classes with Sol Wilson in a building on West 16th Street. Moses Soyer also taught art classes in the same building.

Paul could have continued taking classes with Wilson, but, in 1945, when he was 17, he began taking night classes with Hans Hofmann in New York. Still only in high school, he already knew where the action was. In 1947, having finished studying with Hofmann, he went to Provincetown for the first time, ostensibly to paint Hofmann's studio walls. That same year a jury, including Hofmann, Adolph Gottlieb,

FACING PAGE (TOP TO BOTTOM): ROCKS AND SEA, 1943, OIL ON CANVAS, 24 × 32 INCHES; THE SUBWAY, 1947, O/C, 38 × 47 INCHES; SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES, 1946-47, O/C, 36 × 30 INCHES.

THIS PAGE (TOP TO BOTTOM): FLOUR CARRIERS OF THE GIUDECCA, 1952, O/C, 83 \times 63 INCHES, PORTRAIT OF IDA (THE SPANISH GIRL), 1955, O/C, 14 \times 10 INCHES, THE MEADOW, 1961-62, O/C, 20 \times 30 INCHES.

PAUL RESIKA PAINTING THE PROVINCETOWN PIER, 1986, PHOTOGRAPH BY BLAIR RESIKA







and Boris Margo, selected work by Resika for *New Provincetown '47*, a group show at the Jacques Seligmann Gallery, New York. The other artists were Leatrice Rose, Larry Rivers, Wolf Kahn, Robert Goodnough, and Paul Georges. They were all young then, but Paul was the youngest. In 1948, Paul had his first one-person show at the George Dix Gallery. Here is where an already fascinating story becomes even more interesting. After this initial burst of attention, Paul didn't show again in New York until 1964. And the journey he took between these two exhibitions tells you a lot about Paul's character, both his willfulness and his independence.

Early in 1950, Paul moved to Paris. From Christmas 1950 to 1952, he lived in Venice, and began working like the old masters, particularly Tiepolo and Veronese. After that, he lived in Rome for a year. He tells me that after he got back from Europe, he painted "portrait commissions, trompe l'oeil works for people's houses, and lived in museums." This lasted until 1958, when he started painting outdoors, and has been doing so ever since. When I ask if I can see what he did after he got back from Europe, Paul shows me a small portrait of a woman's face, a softly glowing oval framed by a dark brown ground. And yet for all of its evident love of the old masters, the portrait seems strangely contemporary, which is to say it is neither sentimental nor nostalgic. Also, it anticipates Paul's lifelong preoccupation with light and its relationship to gravity and solid forms. Paul's preoccupation with the elemental world registers his shift from living in museums to being in the world. You might say that the shimmering light and rich color of Venice was beginning to take hold of his senses and imagination, but that it wasn't until after he was back in America that he could begin painting outdoors. It was the new world that he wanted, rather than the old.

"After I returned to New York, I lived on Washington Square North, near the Cedar Bar. All the artists who came over to my studio and saw these



CLEAR MORNING, 1994-95, O/C, 51 x 64 INCHES

paintings told me that I was crazy." It is easy to see why. In the middle of the Abstract Expressionist milieu, with Pop art and Minimalism on the rise, Paul was thinking of Venetian paintings. Having already studied with two teachers, Wilson and Hofmann, Paul set out to teach himself. Nothing, it seems, was to be rejected or ignored.

In our intense, meandering conversations, Paul has talked about his admiration for the late work of Andre Derain, hardly a fashionable point of view. He has talked about postwar painters such as de Kooning and Hofmann, as well as mentioned his dislike of the direction painting took after World War II. He particularly admires Gorky and de Kooning, both of whom were superb

draftsmen. And, almost without fail, he has mentioned little-known artists whom he admires and in some cases has known. When it comes to the artists Paul has known and met, one is tempted to think he must be making some of his life up, but he isn't. When we looked at the paintings he did in Venice, he mentioned that the only painter in New York who didn't put him down for what he was doing was Alfred Russell. Drawing a blank, I asked, "Who is Alfred Russell?"

Russell, Paul tells me, was an abstract painter who showed with de Kooning and Pollock. In the mid 1950s, at a symposium on the human figure that everyone attended, Russell denounced abstraction and the Art World. Soon he was persona non grata, and his name was expunged from the records. At the same time, what Paul didn't tell and perhaps didn't know, Russell was studying to get his doctorate in art history. Russell was a classicist who couldn't reconcile the ancient with the new.

Later, after doing some research, I learn not only that everything Paul told me about Russell was right and without exaggeration, but once again I became aware of the existence of another fascinating, if largely invisible chapter in art history. In 1955, Russell moved to Paris and began copying works by Poussin and Caravaggio among others. He returned to New York a few years later and taught in the MFA program at Brooklyn College until 1975, when he retired and moved to France.

Hanging around with Paul, you learn how complex the story of painting is, as well as how simplistically it has been told. Once you realize how many different painters came to question modernism, abstraction, and the art world in '50s and '60s, you want to know more about what is largely an untold story, one in which Paul Resika plays a crucial part.

Last summer, while we were both in Provincetown, LEFT: STANDING NUDE AND CHILD, 1968, O/C, 30 × 40 INCHES





I saw a painting in Paul's house that instantly held my attention. It was a small, spare, moody interior that synthesized both representational and abstract elements without siding with either. It was something that could have been done by Paul, but I knew it wasn't. Paul told me it was by Joseph De Martini (1896-1984), another artist I had never heard of before. A few days later, just before we had dinner at Bubala's by the Bay, he drove me to the Julie Heller Gallery to show me a painting of De Martini that he liked, a stark abstract interior with a schematic easel and table. As Resika pointed out that it shared something with the late paintings of Derain-their somberness and sense of isolation. A few weeks later-though, at the time, neither of us knew this would happen-his wife Blair gave him the painting for his 75th birthday.

Paul's passion for art is hardly confined to people he knew or knows. Recently, when I was at his studio on the upper West Side-William

Merrit Chase had his school in that building-I saw a beautiful drawing by David Burliuk (1882-1967) of Arshile Gorky. Considered the father of Russian Futurism, Burliuk, who wrote poetry as well as painted, also helped nurture the Russian futurist poet Vladimir Mayakovsky. After Burliuk immigrated to America, he became known for his portraits, although he painted in many genres, including still-life, landscape, and fantasy. In the latter case, he is comparable with a far better

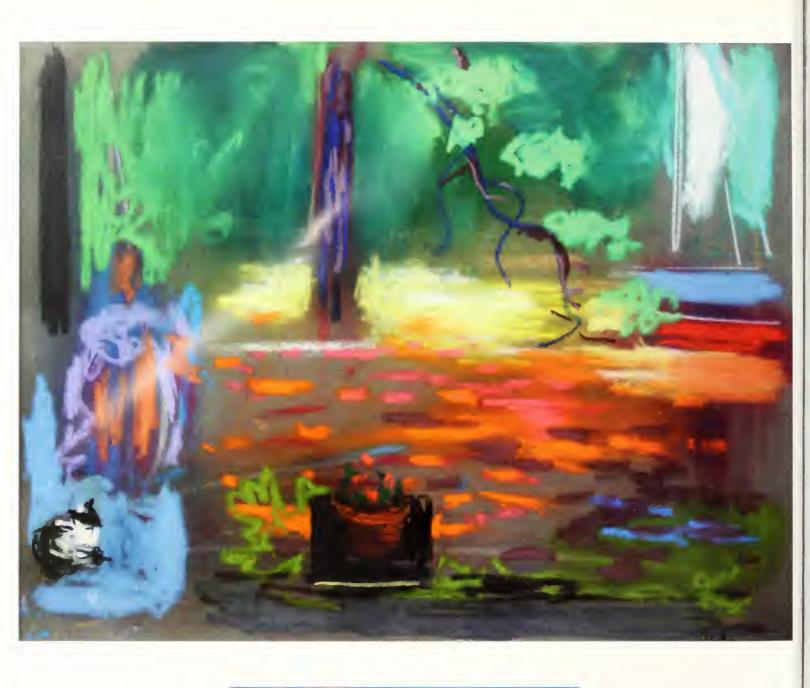
ABOVE: JULY, 2001, O/C, 52 x 60 INCHES

LEFT TO RIGHT: JOSEPH DE MARTINI, *UNTITLED*, OIL ON PANEL, 13 x 12 OIL ON PANEL, 13 x 12
INCHES; ALFRED RUSSELL, WAVE-CORPUSCULAR-MOVEMENT, 1951,
O/C, 44 x 30 INCHES;
DAVID BURLIUK,
PORTRAIT OF ARSHILE
GORKY, 1932, PENCIL,
PASTEL AND INK,
12 x 9 INCHES 12 x 9 INCHES









known Russian artist, Marc Chagall.

In the eyes of many, portraiture might seem like a retreat from modern art. In this regard, Burliuk shares something with Derain, who is primarily celebrated for his Fauvist paintings. In his later work, Derain sheds his high-key color and begins employing a somber palette to depict still-lifes and country scenes. And yet looking at Burliuk's portrait of Gorky, which Paul points out has been added to, possibly by Gorky himself, one realizes that many of the definitions of what is and isn't modern seem beside the point. Paul's feeling that Gorky might have made some "corrections" on Burliuk's portrait is borne out by the drawing. A few changes have been made after the drawing was ostensibly done. This level of visual acuity comes from seeing without preconceptions, something Paul does very well.

I mention De Martini and Derain because Paul belongs to a tradition that includes them. It is a tradition of



artists who, over the course of their career, have a deeply profound argument with the painting of their time. At the heart of their argument is their rejection of the model of progress, which is one of the overarching narratives applied to modern art. Ever since Manet and the birth of modernism, art has been understood as a series of progressive innovations that many theoreticians and critics believe culminated with Pollock's poured paintings (1947-1951). In constructing this narrative, these theoreticians help define painting as a repressive, evernarrowing field of possibilities.

Although Paul's love affair with Provincetown began in 1947, I think it truly started to blossom in 1984. That summer, he rented a house for six weeks on the East End of Provincetown. In November, he bought a house with a spectacular view of the harbor and ocean, and spent the following summer there, and pretty much every summer since. Is it simply a coin-

cidence that being in Provincetown for a long period of time coincides with a change in Paul's work? Or was it because he realized that Provincetown brought him into closer proximity with light and air, water, and reflection, the elemental world? For it is while he and his family are living in Provincetown that Resika starts painting the pier, its strong horizontal and vertical forms, in all kinds of light and weather.

For much of the 1990s, fishing boats were a recurring motif, their prone, truncated, interlocking bodies. When I think about the course that Paul has taken over the past twenty years, from the pier to the boats to his recent paintings of a woman alone, I see his real subject being the polymorphic nature of paint. It is in the paintings inspired by Provincetown that Paul really begins to take off. In his depictions of boats (flat, geometric forms) occupying an elemental world (water,

light), the viewer recognizes that the artist is reflecting on the relationship between materiality and immateriality, the solid world and the dissolving power of light and water. And, emerging out of this interaction is an increasingly erotic condition. The abstract ground in which Paul places the figure of the woman shifts between amniotic sea (paint) and vivid light. The ground has become a rich sustaining possibility, an eden of paint.

Filled with light and sensuality, Paul's paintings go against both the ironic and puritanical, self-serious currents of postwar painting. Like Puvis de Chavannes, an uncategorizable painter he admires, Paul synthesizes three very different strains of painting: the classical, the romantic, and the symbolic. His 1968 depiction of his wife Blair standing nude in the woods, holding their daughter Sonia, isn't a pastiche. Rather, this early painting signaled Paul's growing belief in a

domesticity that is edenic and rapturous. Instead of depicting what has happened since the expulsion from Eden, Paul focuses on a self-contained female figure that occupies an elemental world of colored light. In the recent paintings, the figure is reading. Nearby, there might be a tree, boat, cat, table, or vase of flowers. It is a hypnotic, dreamlike world as well as a place of lucidity and calm.

JOHN YAU is a poet who writes about art. This summer he will teach at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. He recently was appointed Assistant Professor of Critical Studies at Mason Gross School of the Arts, Rutgers University.

OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP: MORNING ON THE POND, 2003, PASTEL, 19.5 x 25.5 INCHES, BOTTOM: PINE BRANCH, MOON, SAIL, O/C, 60 x 52 INCHES, 2003-04; BELOW: NUDE, CATS, AND FLOWERS, 2003, O/C, 48 x 40 INCHES. UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED ALL IMAGES ARE BY PAUL RESIKA, COURTESY SALANDER O'REILLY GALLERIES, NYC AND BERTA WALKER GALLERY, PROVINCETOWN.



"I Would Like to Meet Lillian Orlovsky"





Provincetown" for the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, which included Fritz Bultman, Giogrio Cavallon, Robert De Niro, William Freed, Gerome Kamrowski, Lee Krasner, Allen Leepa, John Little, Mercedes Matter, George McNeil, and herself. A decade later, also for the museum, she curated "Hans Hofmann: Four Decades in Provincetown."

Orlowsky began this conversation for Provincetown Arts in her Brewster Street home during August 2003. At the time she was involved in editing catalog page proofs and consulting over the selection of paintings and drawings for a major retrospective exhibition of the work of her husband William Freed. This was the first time Freed's work had been exposed on this scale; apart from group shows, little had been shown since a 1981 PAAM retrospective. At the same time Orlowsky was also beginning to focus on her own solo show at ACME Fine Art in Boston.

Perhaps even Orlowsky's indomitable spirit had found its limit. Almost immediately after her own opening in October, just before her 89th birthday, she became ill, and was hospitalized during the fall and early winter of 2003-2004. We resumed our conversation over lunch in February 2004, on a rainy afternoon a few weeks after she came home to her large apartment on the Upper West Side of Manhattan. She and Freed moved there in 1965.

As in Provincetown, the phone rings constantly. Orlowsky has a wide circle of friends, mostly artists. Like painters Myrna Harrison, Robert Henry (who curated Freed's works on paper at PAAM as part of the 2003 retrospective), Haynes Ownby, Betty Bishop, Robert Fisher, and Paul Resika, many of Orlowsky's long-time friends were Hofmann students (or Hofmann alumni, as Robert Henry characterizes the link between the master teacher and those directly influenced by his teachings).

A conversation with Lillian Orlowsky extends beyond words. Her voice is musical, her gestures open and animated, her laughter abundant. Despite assertions of shyness, Orlowsky is a natural storyteller, with sharp self-deprecating wit.

SUSAN RAND BROWN: What drew you to Provincetown?

LILLIAN ORLOWSKY: I came to Provincetown in 1939 because I wanted to continue my studies with Hofmann. I started with him in New York in 1937. Because I was on the Easel Project of the WPA, I had to appear in Manhattan to submit work and collect my salary; I would commute back and forth and somehow was able to stay in Provincetown. The Hofmann school was on Miller Hill Road. Except for that one summer I was never a student of Hofmann in Provincetown; I used to visit the class a lot. I returned again in 1944 with Freed, two years after we were married. Our first rental together was in the West End, at the former home of the Center for Coastal Studies. We had the lower floor of the cottage in the wettest summer in history. We always kept the windows open, and never slept in a dry bed! We didn't have studios that summer. The next summer, we rented a single studio, #5, at Days Lumberyard, and rented a little cottage near the railroad tracks. The third summer, we got another studio, so now we



LILLIAN ORLOVSKY, STILL LIFE, LATE 1940S, OIL ON CANVAS, 36.5 x 28 INCHES, COURTESY ACME FINE ART, BOSTON OPPOSITE: LILLIAN ORLOVSKY AT DAY'S LUMERYARD STUDIOS, #5, 1950, PHOTOGRAPH BY MAURICE BERASON

had #3 and #5. Freed and I could never work together. George McNeil shared #3 with Freed. Freed was a morning guy, George was an afternoon guy. Finally, Freed got his own studio, #7, which was very large. We had these studios until 1959. In 1960 we began to build our own studios, and moved in right away. We started with Freed's studio, and lived there while we were building the house, from the ground up. Freed did everything but the plumbing, the electricity, and the foundation. Everybody lent us tools.

SRB: What do you mean, you couldn't work with Freed?

LO: He had his habits, and I had mine. He could concentrate with a lot of stuff around, and he stays still; me, I have to clean everything around. I broke his concentration. I kept moving back and forth, would take something else out, put it back. He knew exactly where everything was, even though I couldn't find it.

SRB: As a Hofmann student in New York and Provincetown, did you feel that Provincetown was on the cutting edge, receptive to new art movements?

LO: Oh no! We had big fights, trying to exhibit work at the Art Association. This was in the late '40s. We had to go through a jury, modern or representational, and if you'd be lucky enough to "pass" with an abstract work, they'd hang it on the floor, in back of the room, where you couldn't find it. They did everything they could to keep us out, not just to Hofmann's students, but to Davidson's students, Candell's students, Manso's. But then, other schools started to open, teaching abstract painting. The modern art movement became increasingly important. Too many abstract painters were coming in; they could no longer refuse our work.

SRB: The past two decades has brought major recognition for both you and Freed. The Art Association recognized Freed with a solo show in 1981. In 1984, shortly before he died, Freed was awarded a big grant from the Adolph and Esther Gottleib Foundation. Then came the Freed show at the Ingber Gallery in New York, which, because he died so unexpectedly, became a memorial tribute to his life and art. After that, didn't things accelerate for you, as your own work became the focus of interest?



LILLIAN ORLOVSKY, UNTITLED, C. 1952, OIL ON CANVAS, 24 x 30 INCHES, COURTESY ACME FINE ART, BOSTON: OPPOSITE PAGE: LILLIAN ORLOVSKY, 1990, PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY SIRK

LO: I need to express gratitude to Sally Nerber of the Cherrystone Gallery, who gave me a show in 1995, and to Haynes Ownby, who introduced me to Sally. I also want to express gratitude to Paul Resika, whom I have known for many years. There was a certain kinship and still is, with Hofmann students. Paul always reminds me how he and Freed would go home in the subway from the Hofmann school, and Freed would demonstrate to this kid-Paul, who must have been 18 or 19 at the time-what Hofmann was trying to tell him. Right after Freed died, Paul and his wife [Blair Resika, the vocalist] were living in a house without a studio, and Paul was complaining that to paint inside, he needed a studio. I said he could use Freed's. He was the only artist I ever allowed to work in Freed's studio on Brewster Street. Soon we were talking about Hofmann, and since both of us are Hofmannites, he suggested I do a show of Hofmann students; this took place in 1990. I restricted the work to 1935-1945 because after that Hofmann changed his approach to teaching; he taught the same thing, but differently. Previously, he would not critique any work unless it was from a subject he had set up, a still life or a

nude. When the G.I.'s came [after 1945, the Hofmann school was accredited to take students under the G.I. Bill], he allowed them to bring in work done in their studio. During the time Resika was using Freed's studio, he was looking around at Freed's work and my work, and at one point he said to me, "You should have a show at the Art Association." This happened in 1995. Resika curated that show, and he and [Varujan] Boghosian hung it. Everyone said they liked the show, which was very nice [voice rising], but me, I never like anything, so [laughter] it's okay.

SRB: Lillian, weren't you the one who introduced Freed to Hofmann's work and teaching?

LO: Yes, I went to Hofmann first. It was all through the WPA; we used to collect our checks, so we'd stand in line, and talk about art. We'd talk about controversy, and Hofmann was controversial. They were talking about him. I thought he was still in Germany. When I heard he was teaching in New York, I called him up. Soon I went up to the Hofmann School, at 52 West 9th Street, which was in a five-story brownstone with a wonderful studio on the top floor. This is the studio Hofmann used for his teaching. It was very exciting. I said to Freed, why don't you visit the class and see for yourself! He said he would join for just a month. Ha! it never worked out that way. The Hofmann controversy has lasted until today. This is one reason Resika and I thought we had to have a show at PAAM, presenting what we were doing then, and decades later. The exhibit consisted of painters whose work was abstract and became representational, painters who were representational and became abstract, and those whose work remained the same.

SRB: It was quite a coup for the Art Association to host the Hofmann show in 2000, and a tribute to you, who was asked to curate it. How did that come about?

LO: I met Robert Warshaw, trustee of the Hofmann Foundation, at a party at Berta Walker's. I mentioned that we should have a major show of Hofmann's works in Provincetown. I did not know if the Foundation was funding the arts at that time. I encouraged them; I seemed to have

been a catalyst. Hofmann wanted to donate a painting to the Art Association, and they refused it. What do you know! Ten years later, he decided to give 45 paintings to Berkeley, plus money to be used for maintenance. The selection committee can make mistakes. When you see a work, you may not think it is great at the moment, but you don't know what the future will bring. You can't be dogmatic.

SRB: You and Freed both exhibited in group shows at the James Gallery in New York. Were you also the director from 1959-62?

LO: I had a solo show at the James Gallery and was also included in numerous group shows there from 1955. Freed was involved there too. Never marry an artist! Unless you have the talent to say, "I'm it," you will always go with the husband. I remember Lee when I started with the Hofmann School, while on the WPA. When I came into the School, I was hoping to do as well as she had. Abstract work was a new experience for me, a revelation. When Lee married Jackson Pollock, she lost a lot of that quality she had, except when it came to promoting Jackson.

SRB: Where did you begin to study art?

LO: Freed and I met in 1932 or 1933 at a social club. Someone told me he was an artist. I walked up to him, and told him I was interested in the arts, and he suggested I go to the Educational Alliance, which is where I started. I lived all the way up in the Bronx, and the Alliance was on the Lower East Side. I started then, to draw. You would start with the cast as a subject, then figure drawing. We were drawing from a model, and in walks this woman, Louise Nevelson, who is drawing "moishe kapoire," upside down. The figure she drew did not look like what we were doing then, which was imitating the model. Other students were ridiculing this woman. I can still see that drawing in my head after more than 50 years. Nevelson had just come back from Europe; later I found out that she had studied with Leger and Hofmann in 1933. Her work excited me. We became kind of friendly in that sense. We belonged to a lot of organizations together, and later the James Gallery used to invite her to show. You could buy her work for \$350. I left the Alliance after that experience, and moved from school to school, trying to find one that would teach me to see that way. I went to the National Academy of Design, the American Artist School with Raphael Soyer, Moses Soyer and Anton Refregier. Then I started with Hofmann, while on the WPA. All this time, I was developing a relationship with Freed. I would go out sketching with him, get up at five o'clock in the morning and go to Coney Island. He'd do these watercolors, boat scenes, and I would do a boat scene.

SRB: Did you paint outside in Provincetown too?

LO: In the beginning, as well as now. While in the process of working, I still am shy about exposing my work.

SRB: Tell me about the WPA years.

LO: I got on the WPA, and then Freed got on WPA. He was in the Mural Division, working with Louis Schanker and then as assistant to George McNeil. I was also in the Mural Division, and then was switched to Easel, which was considered tops, because they gave you materials and a studio. Some of the modern painters who were working on the WPA came out of the Hofmann School. After the WPA was disbanded, the government decided to auction off the work they collected from the easel painters. The lot, which included several hundred or more paintings the government owned, was bought by a plumber. He thought he was going to take these paintings, and wrap them around his pipes for insulation. When he turned on the heat, the pipes gave off this odor. To get rid of the paintings, he dumped them at auction to someone on Canarsie Street, who was selling them for \$5 apiece. Then this guy sees a lot of people picking up this junk for five dollars, so he raises it to \$10-well, he was selling Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko. In 1966 the Art Students League gave an exhibition of some of the work this guy picked up-junk!-that was wrapped around the pipes.

SRB: What were some of your first experiences in seeing abstract work?

LO: We went to the Friday afternoon teas held at the Plaza Hotel once a month. Baroness Hilla Von Rebay was using Guggenheim's floor-through apartment, to show artists her private collection, and she would invite artists up to look at these paintings. It was she who was introducing semiabstract work when few were receptive to it. This was in the late '30s. She was showing what was called "insane art"-Kandinsky, Rudolph Bauer, Chagall. She had a forum and brought from the Guggenheim home some of these painters' works.



One of these was a beautiful Chagall that he had painted on a bed sheet. It was ridiculed! In those days, we used to fight about modern art. Von Rebay was the first person that I knew of who gave money, Guggenheim's money, to artists working in this way. During the tea parties she would walk around, asking are you an artist, are you an artist, and I said no, and ran away! This was a big mistake, since she was supporting artists.

SRB: What drew you to the new and the experi-

LO: When Freed and I first started to go together to exhibitions, there were very few modern galleries. The most moving part was going to the Museum of Modern Art in 1938-39, when Picasso's "Guernica" was first exhibited. The mural was in black, white, and gray. The pictorial impression is unforgettable. We do not need any additional words of explanation to describe what the subject was about. There were also representational works depicting the war, and you were not so moved. When I heard that Hofmann was teaching with the idea of Cubism, I tried it. Artists are always looking for new ways of expression. If you see you are repeating yourself, you look for a reason why. Hofmann gave me a reason why. When you went into class, everyone's drawing was different. At first, you did not understand that either.

SRB: Do you remember the first time Hofmann gave you an individual critique?

LO: Oh yes! He had a gentle way of saying, I like it, not so very much. You felt good, yet ready to kill yourself. We would make our drawings on Mondays, and on Tuesdays he would come to critique. He would walk around the room, to the students, and we would follow him. Fridays he would also come. So we had three days to make a new drawing or to work on the same drawing.

SRB: Was a subject set up in front of you?

LO: At that time, he would not criticize you otherwise. In the morning we had models, and in the afternoon we had the still-life. Only God could imitate it; nobody else could. In the evening, we would have the model again. The model took the same pose for the entire week. The still-life would stay the same for three months. Hofmann preferred that you work on drawing for a long time, and I said to Freed, everyone's painting, I want to paint too. I remember the first painting I did in class. I took a large canvas, which had a gesso ground, which made it an acrylic bed, and painted it on Monday. He came in on Tuesday, and said, "Oh I like it very much, save it." So I put it away, and started another one. He came in on Friday, looked at my work, and said, "Save it." So I said, "Mr. Hofmann"-I would never call him Hans, though others did-I said "Mr. Hofmann, I can't save every painting I begin, I want to be able to develop it." He said, "Save it." Well, I figured that I was going to prove to him that he's wrong. What a memory! He came in on Tuesday and he said, "Is this the same canvas that I saw Friday?" I was very proud, and I said,



ORLOVSKY AT DAY'S LUMERYARD STUDIOS, #5, 1945, PHOTOGRAPH BY MAURICE BERASON

"Yes!" He turned me around, and patted me on the back, and said, "You don't know what you destroyed." I couldn't bring what was lost back to life! Now, when I look at this canvas I saved, I am aware that I really captured something that was beyond my understanding. When I look at it today, I say, "not bad, not bad!"

SRB: There's a story about your involvement in Hofmann's grave site in Truro. Can you tell me what happened? Isn't he buried between his first wife Miz, and his second wife Renate?

LO: Hofmann designed that site very carefully, like a painting. The grave is on a slight slope. There is a six-foot upright marble monument. He marked out two rectangular planes, one for Miz and one for himself. When his second wife died—I don't know who buried her there—someone made a third little square and put two bushes between Hofmann and Miz. When I went there with Jeanne Bultman [wife of artist Fritz Bultman] the bushes were little trees, and you couldn't find the gravesite. That was not Hofmann's wish. Jeanne said, "I know the gardener, and I am going to call him up and tell him to take them right out." Which he did!

SRB: Please tell the wonderful story that begins, "I would like to meet Lillian Orlowsky."

LO: I was one of the sitters in the James Gallery in the mid-'50s. This couple came in and the woman said, "I would like to meet Lillian Orlowsky." I said, "When she comes in, I will let her know." And she said. "I really like her work. When she has a show, please let me know." Naturally, when Lillian had a show, I let the lady know. She came and bought a collage. Again she said, "I really would like to meet her." I said, "The next time she comes in, I will tell her for you." She never met her. A half century later, there I am on the Collection Committee, voting on work left by this couple to the estate of

the Judith Rothschild Foundation. Someone said one of them was mine. I said, "Are you sure? I don't remember it!" I looked and found my signature. There was my collage this woman bought, as well as work of other Provincetown artists of this period, including John Grillo, Edward Giobbi, and Dimitri Hadzi. I voted yes.

SRB: And the woman who bought your work never got to meet you?

LO: No, she never got to meet me, never.

SRB: ACME Fine Art in Boston recently exhibited some of your works on paper titled "Textile Design."

LO: In the late '40s and '50s I worked in textiles and fabrics with John Little, who had a drapery studio, and with Lowensteins. When I applied to Lowensteins for a job, the director said, where did you work, and I couldn't answer, because at this point I had not worked in the field. I spoke to one of the designers, and he said, "Tell him you worked for my studio for three months." I went back with the same design, to the same director, and now when he asked me where I'd worked, I told him in such and such a place. He asked how much I wanted and I said, "\$45 a week." He said, "Will you accept \$55?" I did designing and coloring of textiles; I enjoyed the work.

SRB: Drawings of your doll are part of a series you have been doing for quite awhile. Why a series? What do you see when you return to a subject over time?

LO: I have been working on drawings of my doll for a long period of time. I started doing sketches of the same doll, in the same position, same still life. It started very happy, free and joyful. I went to look back a year later, and I could not believe the

transformation. The last two drawings are angry, wild. When there is a series, you can see the transformation that takes place as the artist is working.

SRB: Lillian, you are constantly looking at art. What do you look for?

LO: I don't analyze a work unless I am curious and want to know why. I went to Montreal to see Picasso's so-called "erotic drawings." It was the best thing I ever did. I looked to see how he arrived at the figure, and the shapes, and the different images that he created with the forms. When you look at it, you don't see the erotica, you just see shapes and forms and movement. You use shapes—a square and a rectangle and an oval. You think, why doesn't mine look like that?

SRB: So for you it has been a lifelong search?

LO: Oh yes. It is everything you experience. That is why it is never boring, why you approach a work with a certain amount of enthusiasm. It's true, you can be annoyed. Sometimes you feel as though you don't have the means of expression or an image you respond to, but then you calm down, and look again, and say, why don't I try it this way.

Or the first stroke will tell you what to do with the next. The first color you put down. Your palette is your first image and impression. Let's say I put X number of colors down, that's the beginning of my painting. If you were trying to use only a little bit of pigment, Hofmann would look down at your palette and the first thing he would say, "You have a starving palette." Then he would take your tube and squeeze it.

SUSAN RAND BROWN, a native New Yorker now living and teaching in Connecticut, began writing about the arts in the late '70s, and is currently an Arts Correspondent for the Provincetown Banner. She has spent summers in her family's Provincetown home for over four decades.

The Eye of the Beholder

THE ART OF TABITHA VEVERS

BY LISE MOTHERWELL

abitha Vevers and I met in her studio on a cold, March afternoon. A spiral staircase leads to her balcony studio, which rises above the main floor of the loft

where she and her artist husband, Daniel Ranalli, live. Nora Jones plays on the CD player tucked into a corner close to jars of paint stacked neatly on handmade shelves. One can see over all other buildings in the area through a 17-foot skylight. As she looks out at the startling blue sky Vevers muses, "I realized late in my flying dream series that my primary view was looking out at sky and over the tops of buildings. It was a totally unconscious influence."

Vevers relaxes into a butterfly chair and I sit on a stool next to her worktable where some of her current paintings rest. Being in Vevers's studio reminds me of days I spent at her childhood home in Provincetown where her parents, Tony and Elspeth, still live. Their house was filled with creative activity. Elspeth might be sewing patterns from Indian bedspreads, building a bookcase, or printing photographs in her darkroom. Tony painted or prepared dinner so the air smelled of paint and frying linguica or roast chicken and garlic. Homemade items or found objects often decorated the place: a polished tree stump

coffee table, an inherited and now reupholstered Victorian claw-footed couch from when Rothko owned the place, plaster of Paris molds of the faces of Tabitha and her sister, Stephanie, and stones from an ocean beach. "If we didn't have it, we made it." Vevers recalls.

As teens, Tabitha, Stephanie, and I often went to the beach to create life-size nude sand sculptures. As the tide came in and washed away our creations, each of us, independently, dreamed of becoming an artist one day (I admired the work of David Smith and wanted to be a sculptor). One day Tony Vevers was patching a nearby concrete bulkhead. In a moment of spontaneity, he drew a nude in the finished cement repair. We

looked up and laughed with delight at the interplay between his work and ours. Sand or cement, clearly anything could become a canvas.

The resourceful use of materials is a strong



theme in Vevers's work. She studied at Yale, where she painted with large brushes in a loose, expressionistic style, which she ultimately found too masculine. Nor did she like canvas. "It felt like I was using someone else's materials." A turning point came when she was gallery sitting at the cooperative Bromfield Gallery in Boston. She found that some patrons would briefly look at her large paintings, pirouette, and leave the gallery. Vevers recalls, "I didn't want them to be able to do that. I wanted to entice people into a more intimate relationship with my work. Doing work that fits within the shoulder space of a single viewer is a way of having a one-on-one dialogue." Abstract Expressionism was a powerful way of reaching out to the viewer,

but Vevers wanted to pull the viewer in closer.

Experimenting with small, fine brushes, Vevers's paintings became more detailed and intimate, and the smaller scale freed her up to work with a

> range of materials including vellum, glass, tin, ivory, and wood. Oil is her favorite medium, but she loves playing with substrates because "I paint so tightly that to play with the materials I am painting on is a way of being loose, introducing the unexpected." By using materials that reference the content-for example a unicorn painted on ivory to reference its horn or a portrait scrimshawed into knife-shaped bone to reference a murder-Vevers adds another layer of meaning and connection to the work.

This intimacy between her art and the viewer is a consistent theme in Vevers's work. Her early icon paintings were narrative and figurative, and tended to be deeply personal and psychological. Her ultimate goal is "to make the invisible visible, to express something that doesn't quite have words, which you can't quite attach language to." Vevers tries to personalize the political. Issues such as AIDS (Dying without Meaning To) or rape (When We Talk about Rape) have moved her deeply, but she strives to bring forth the discrepancy between the way society perceives and portrays women and her own personal experience of being a woman. Vevers accom-

plishes this with a warm and quirky sense of humor that seduces the audience into becoming more engaged before they have a chance to react or walk away. Viewers often smile or chuckle at a painting before they fully grasp its import.

Vevers's desire to portray women differently began during her years at Yale when she realized that art history was taught from a male perspective. In the two survey course art history books commonly used at the time, "the number of female nudes depicted, outnumbered the number of women artists, five to one. I wanted to take back the female body, not as an object, but to portray it from a woman's perspective to counteract the male gaze that typifies so much of art



history." This led to a series called *Flesh Memories*, which are evocative of our early sand sculptures, in which Vevers painted the female figure literally from the inside out.

Vevers says about the paintings, "I wanted to push the flesh right up to the picture plane and have icons embedded within it so that the body would bear witness to a life lived." As we look at the surface of these works we see scratches that could be scars, historical representations of experience etched into skin. If we were to touch the flesh, we could trace with our fingers the pain, delight, yearning, and despair of the woman's experience. Later Vevers painted these images on flesh (goatskin vellum) evoking an even more direct connection between her materials and the content.

In the Unicorn Series, Vevers moved to another level of intimacy in her paintings about women by bringing the viewer both physically and emotionally closer to the work. These playful paintings depict the sexual adventures of a female unicorn who entices the male into sometimes dangerous situations. In the painting Dangerous Liaison II, as the female unicorn makes love, she accidentally stabs her lover in the heart with her horn. The female portrayed as the dominant sexual partner contradicts traditional notions of women. To bring the viewer even closer, the paintings are minute and are best viewed with a magnifying glass, which she provides when the work is exhibited. Our experience as viewers is both

voyeuristic and experiential: we feel we are both looking through a keyhole at illicit lovers and are active participants because we are so close to the material. This "up close and personal" interaction with the work creates a more intimate dialogue between viewer and painter.

In a departure from work that was deeply

personal to Vevers, she began a series of paintings based on flying dreams collected from friends, acquaintances, and people she had never met. While painting other people's dreams may provide some distance from Vevers's own psychology, it can also become very personal. Dreams come straight from the unconscious, and many psychoanalysts and psychologists believe they represent our deepest concerns, fears, and wishes, so, in working with others' dreams, Vevers comes to know her dreamer in a profound way. Because of the personal meaning attached to the dreams, she does not interpret them, but instead feels a responsibility to present them as told to her. Vevers paints the dreamer into the picture even though he does not usually see himself in the

dream. The images are painted on metal, a refer-

ence to *ex-votos*, which are done as devotional paintings to give thanks for a miracle that occurred. "The recurring theme in the flying dreams is the appreciation for the visceral sense of flying. They are painted in gratitude for the miracle of flight."

Recently, Vevers has dealt more directly with the objectification of women by creating what she calls "quotations" from traditional works by male artists. In them, she has isolated and depicted only the eye of the artist's model, evoking the late 18th/early 19th century tradition of eye portraiture. Referred to as *Lover's Eyes*, "these paintings on ivory were often commissioned as gifts for secret lovers," she explains.



For example, she painted the eye of Manet's Olympia, considered one of the first modern paintings because the nude, who looks directly at the viewer, is rendered literally rather than allegorically. Vevers celebrates the model's liberation by isolating the eye and its outward gaze. The eyes are painted on ivory ovals attached to velvet within small frames to evoke the lockets worn by the recipients of the *Lover's Eyes*.

Vevers's renditions give life and personality to the models who were objectified by male artists. In psychology, the mother's gaze is crucial to the healthy development of the infant. Through it, the mother recognizes, acknowledges, and validates the infant's own experience thereby helping her to become a person in her own right. In his objectification of woman, the male artist often has taken away the model's sense of herself as powerful, effective, and in control. By emphasizing the model's gaze, Vevers resurrects the model's identity and voice, making the objectified woman the subject. "Suddenly, the painting is not about the male gaze on the model as an object, but it is about the eye of the model, the eye of the figure gazing out at the viewer today and the artist at the time."

Vevers shows me a powerful painting she has completed of the eye of Lee Miller, who was Man Ray's lover. She explains, "Man Ray had a very stormy relationship with her. She had a great sense of sexual freedom and he was jealous of her other lovers. Ultimately he took a photograph of her eye, cut it out into this shape, and attached it to a metronome so he could watch it going back and forth. The title of the piece was *Object to Be Destroyed*. I feel like I am giving new life to her eye. I have given her back her gaze."

Vevers becomes intimately familiar with both the model and the artist as she meticulously paints these eyes. "There is nothing more intimate than looking someone in the eye," she says. While

painting the Mona Lisa's eye, "I realized that a lot of her smile is not in her mouth, but in the way her upper cheek slightly presses against her eye. As I was painting, I kept thinking, 'It's not the Mona Lisa, it's not the Mona Lisa.' But when I got the shadow pushing against the eye, it was the Mona Lisa's eye. Somehow Leonardo captured a true smile, which I've read involves the upper cheek muscles. The smile in her mouth is so subtle, but he caught that fleeting cheek movement. It gave me a deeper appreciation for Leonardo's study of anatomy."

Vevers discovered something else too. She found that when artists do self-portraits, because they are staring into a mirror, they

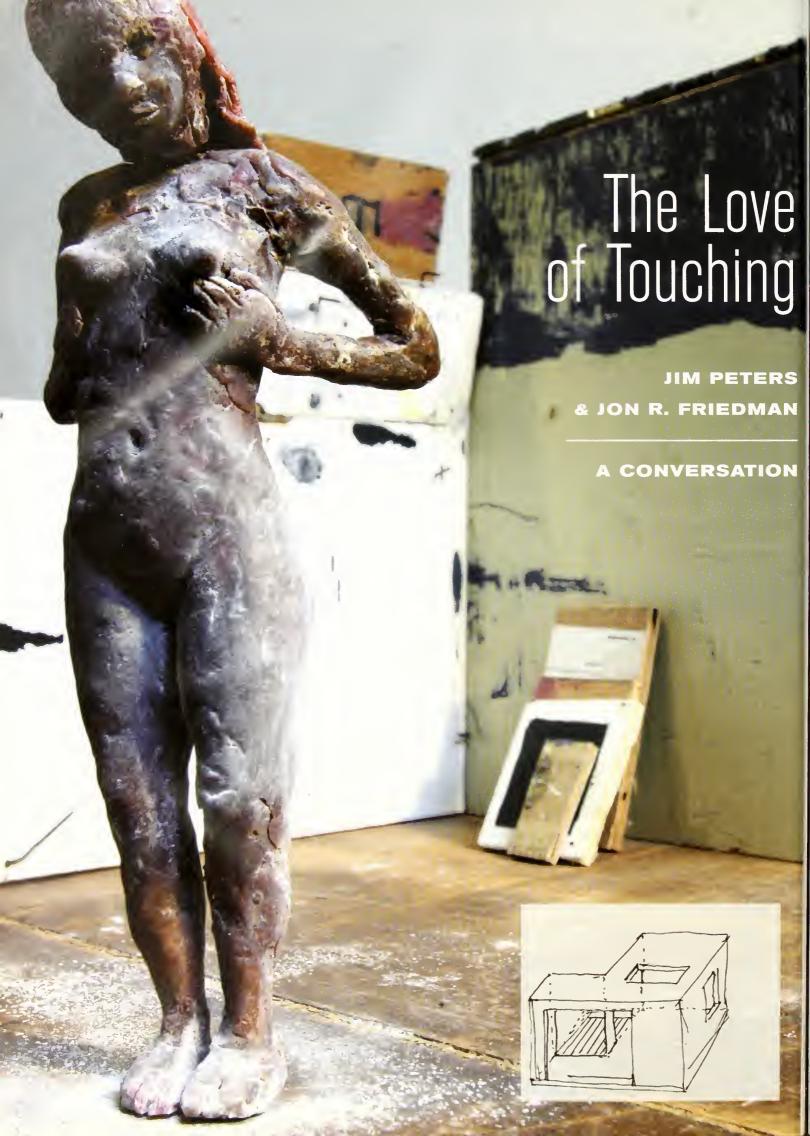
appear to be looking directly back at the viewer, but when painting from models the women are almost always looking away. We move back to the *Lover's Eye* Series hanging on the wall. "What I'm trying to paint are the eyes of women who were depicted throughout history by male artists. I can see a whole room of these women's eyes gazing back out at the audience."

As dusk turns to dark, Tabitha and I head for the kitchen where we now create meals together instead of sand sculptures. Like her art, our materials come from whatever we have on hand: vegetables from the garden; pasta with fresh tomatoes, dill, and feta; a cake made from corn meal and olive oil. We pour another glass of wine and join our husbands who are discussing the upcoming election. Once settled in our chairs, we toast each other, appreciative of our deep friendship, on-going collaborations, and shared past.

VEVERS' Lover's Eye Series will be featured in a oneperson show at Pepper Gallery, Boston this fall. LISE MOTHERWELL, Ph.D. is a psychologist with a clinical practice in Brookline, MA. A long-time summer resident of Provincetown, she now divides her time between Provincetown and Cambridge throughout the year.



ABOVE: TABITHA VEVERS, FLYING DREAM (MARY), 2003, 12" x 10", OIL ON GALVANIZED STEEL; FACING PAGE (TOP): UNICORN SERIES (DANGEROUS LIAISON II), 2000-04, 7/8° × 4", OIL ON PIANO KEY IVORY; (MIDDLE) TONY VEVERS, LISE AND TABITHA, 1967, PEN AND INK DRAWING, 11" x 14", (PAGE 51) LOVER'S EYE (VICTORINE MEURENT) AFTER MANET, 2004, 1 1/2" DIAMETER CIRCLE, OIL ON IVORY WITH SILVER BEZEL. IMAGES COURTESY OF DNA GALLERY, PROVINCETOWN, KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, NYC.



For five years now, each time I finish a painting I think to myself "This is the last one, this is the last painting."

Jim Peters and Jon Friedman are artists and neighbors in Truro. Both men discuss art, love and sex.



JON FRIEDMAN: Jim, I've always felt that one of the salient characteristics of your work is its tactile intensity. The paintings are emphatically "hand built." Your touch is vividly present-not just in the drawing and the painting, but in all the visual evidence of hammering, sanding, scraping, cutting and constructing. When you paint a female figure this tactile intensity takes on an especially erotic expression. It is as if your eyes were fingers and you were feeling out sexually desirable forms. In fact, you've always talked about needing to paint thighs and asses that you want to touch. So in a way, it isn't all that surprising that in your recent work, you've given up the fiction, and you've literalized that desire by modeling small female figures and their male companions in wax. Hell, if you want to touch, go ahead and touch. Why pretend?

JIM PETERS: This wax, potential figure allows me to indulge all of the tactile, prurient feelings I have about the body-molding the legs/thighs, pushing in the small of the back with my fingers. It's the closest that I have come to integrating those feelings into my artwork. Between the navel and the kneecaps is where I lavish most of my attention. The rest of the figure just happens. I don't think of them as sculptures, but as constructions with figures and space, not unlike the work of the Russian Constructivists like Tatlin and Popova.

OPPOSITE: JIM PETERS, *STUDIO CORNER (DETAIL)*, 2004, WAX, WOOD, OIL, WIRE , 12" H X 16" W X 14" D (FIGURE 9" HIGH)

JF: There has always been a sense of improvisation and play in your paintings but these new constructions are even more provisional and promiscuous. When you see them in the studio, it's obvious that from one day to the next their settings, partners and poses are all in a state of flux.

JP: In painting, the figure/ground relationship is very linked. On a flat plane altering the relationship between the people and the environment is a complex and very labor-intensive process. For a "constructor" the extra dimension of sculpture is a treasure, a discovery-the freedom of movement, of vantage point. I can make the figure any way I want and change my mind. I don't have to decide whether this is going to be a front view or a side view. And the environment surrounding the figure can be anything that I want. I can make it completely abstract, I can incorporate photographs or build a construction.

JF: Sometimes you describe the wax figures as your "toys" - dolls to be dressed and undressed, haircutted, moved.

JP: My figures visit each other, exhange spaces, beds, co-habitate, turn their backs on me.

JF: On other occasions you've described them as "actors" in an imaginary play, an imaginary film, an imaginary life.

JP: The work is like a movie, it keeps changing as I try to correct it to my feelings (my daily rushes); the scenes roll by, figures enter and leave, go indoors or outdoors, until it lines up with my needs. Then boom-"freeze-frame" á la Truffaut.

JF: You've told me that when you were a kid, you were always playing with your baseball cards, matching them up in imaginary competitions. Nobody wanted to trade with you because your cards were so ratty. Well, your paintings and sculptures are "ratty" in the same way, you're always, altering them, reassembling them, changing the narrative. You say that everything that you

make is functional. What you mean is functional to your fantasies. You don't think of yourself as manufacturing collectibles or artifacts for display, instead, you're busy telling stories and surprising yourself by inventing new ways of playing.

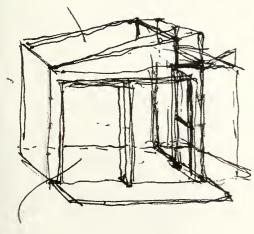
JP: I've always liked building things. I always made model airplanes as a kid and then model wooden boats. We used to have an attic playroom that you reached up a steep staircase. I covered half of the staircase with corrugated cardboard and then I made tiny cardboard skis for my toy cowboy figures. I would hook the skis onto their feet and than race them down the cardboard slope.

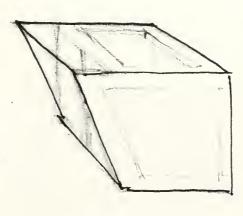
DOMESTIC INTIMACY

JF: You describe the subject matter of your work as "domestic intimacy". I wonder what you mean by that? The range of domestic activity portrayed in your paintings and sculptures is pretty narrow-you don't show people mowing the lawn or washing the dishes or watching TV. Occasionally there will be an infant or a toddler, but usually you show a woman alone, or a man and a woman in a room, or on a bed, engaged in foreplay or making love or in the aftermath of sex-their identities absorbed into their sexuality.

When I press you further about this, you say that you are talking about the "everyday" nature of living; the "everyday" relationship with a lover; the passion and the urgency of finding time to connect between tending kids, making meals, helping with homework, gardening, fixing cars and fixing the house, and of course, all the while the demands of the studio never stop. You make the observation that today there is all of this sexual content in art but no sexual context. The art seems to be about surface effects as opposed to deep, lived experience.

JP: The whole idea of making love to somebody and then to be able to lie next to them and to talk about things that happened ten or twenty years ago seems absolutely wonderful to me. Intimacy. Shared experience and tenderness and







Sex is the clown of love. —Toni Morrison

then to be able to go back to making love and acting like a fool.

JF: It occurs to me that there is also a connection between your notion of domestic intimacy and the "functionality" / "playability" or



your work. What endows a < ce or an objet with a sense of domesticity? Isn't it that sense of being used, lived-in, played with, ratty? Think of the domestic as an arena where the real and the ideal tangle together in an abrasive and untidy equipoise. Wear and tear is

its attribute. Ideas need to be lived out, handled, tested, and inhabited. In life and in art.

Looked at in this way, domestic intimacy is more about process than content. Subjected to this process even the purest Euclidian geometries and the most reductively modernist architectures (for example, the shelters you've been making for your new sculptures) can be domesticated and incorporated into your narratives.

FLESH COMMUNICATION

JF. You've never worked from the model. From the beginning, you've chosen to invent your figures. Was this just a matter of circumstances? Was it a question of money, or ready access to models? Were you concerned about making your

partner jealous? Or did you always have a sense that what you wanted to express in your paintings would be better served through invention and imagination than through direct observation?

JP: The images in my work aren't an arbitrary female figure. The images are my partner, my lover.

JF: Are you saying that these are all portraits of your wife, Vicky?

JP: No, they aren't portraits either. I create the woman I want as a companion. They are my body's desire—a "flesh" communication—a way of integrating my pleasures, my needs, my fantasies with the life that goes on outside my studio and my response to my relationship with my partner.

The paintings and constructions may begin in autobiography, but they end up as combinations of fantasy and reality. I create out of a mash of images from my partnered life, the flesh communication of 25 years of marriage, our/my desires for intimate spaces, the watching of the one you love as she bends to put on socks or to dry her back.

SPACE TIME

JP: There's a passage in Peter Robb's biography of Caravaggio describing Caravaggio's painting "Matthew Called." Five men are sitting at a table counting money. Two strangers, Christ and Peter, walk in. The painting portrays the moment just before Levi the tax collector will rise from the table as Matthew the apostle and walk into his future:

Suspended between before and after in the picture, the figures were lost in space. [Caravaggio]

conflated the inside and outside of [his setting], the tax office and the street, into an ambiguous place that was at once interior. . . exterior. . . and neither. [Caravaggio] heightened and undermined the. . . reality of the people by an underlying dreamlike weirdness in the sense of place, a weirdness that was partly architectonic and partly a matter of light.

This got me to thinking about the ambiguity of space in your paintings and constructions. You frequently create works that blur the boundary between interior and exterior. You use architectural transparencies—dissolving walls and dissolving ceilings in the paintings or glass walls and physical penetrations in the three-dimensional shelters—to let outside space and inside space flow together.

JP: Yes, I keep looking for ways to put time into the paintings and constructions. Maybe if a piece can move "inside and outside" it can convey both a past and a future.

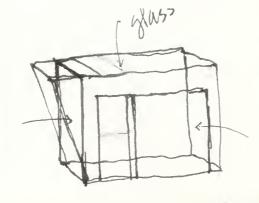
The shelters have multiple openings; the figures can be seen from different view points. Up close, you can get inside, into his or her space. From a distance she appears to be housed, sheltered in her own private structure. Sometimes when you try to look inside, glass is in the way; sometimes the way into the shelter is completely open, you could reach in and touch the woman. The shelters are built to one orientation, but I can rotate them, turn them upside down, turn them on their sides—responding to the wall, to the figures, to my desire to create a tension between intimacy and exposure.

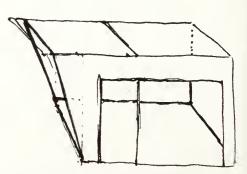
AND NEXT?

JP: I think about going down into the hollow behind our house and building little 8' x 8' x 10' houses. Or building houses in a gallery just big enough for only one couple at a time to fit into and with a narrow slot for an entrance so that one person at a time would have to slip into the shelter. The interior of the cottage would be just big enough to hold a mattress, but the mattress would be way up high, maybe on a 14' platform so that a couple could be up there but not seen.

Where do you put a form? It will move all around, bellow out and shrink, and sometimes it winds up where it was in the first place. But at the end it feels different, and it had to make the voyage. I am a moralist and cannot accept what has not been paid for, or a form that has not been lived through. —Philip Guston







Visual Artists in Winter Residence

10 FELLOWS FROM THE FINE ARTS WORK CENTER

BY CHRISTOPHER BUSA



GEOFFREY CHADSEY

Geoff Chadsey's studio is behind the presenting wall in the Stanley Kunitz Common Room, the main arena for public functions at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. In the fellowship season, October through April, this means two or three events a week, usually beginning at 8 P.M. on days clustered around the weekend. Here the ceilings soar, reaching for the north light that floods the space like clerestory windows in a cathedral.

Visiting on a quiet day, I asked Geoff how he managed the noise of all the activity. No one was playing ping-pong on the table set up behind the seating in the Common Room. A reading area, stacked with hundreds of the latest small press literary magazines, published around the country, invited half a dozen people to sit on a couch or chairs, but nobody was there. Three or four nights a week, the area is crowded with fellows watching a variety of movies on videos, this year's favorite being Alfred Hitchcock's Notorious.

"I play my radio really loud," he told me. "I'm called the resident DJ." I asked him if the other fellows liked the music he played, and he said, "Actually I'm making CDs for a few people right before I leave." Commotion is his connection with community. He does not usually keep his door open, but he hears fellows pass constantly on their way to the bathrooms down the hall. Saturday night, sometimes when there is a slide talk or a reading by a visiting writer, he keeps his door open to listen to the lecture while he is working.

In the studio are a thousand pencils in various boxes, aligned on long tables in color-coded regiments. Most have a fairly fresh and sharp point, but I see a few laying about that are particularly blunted from use. A major drawing by Chadsey is composed of as many individual marks as the number of pencils he possesses. Thousands of lines are built up like marks on an etching plate for U.S currency. Currency is supposed to be a copy so hard to copy that a copy is a counterfeit. Only the government copy is original, no many how many they print. Chadsey loves to display his forgery with such charm that you may wish to far pay more for his drawings of dead presidents than the actual legal tender. For example, George Washington is on the dollar bill. Does that mean he's less valuable than Lincoln, Hamilton, Franklin, or Jackson? In one drawing Chadsey presents the visage of a nude Abe Lincoln, long hair flowing like the female in Botticelli's Primavera. Strangely, Chadsey's Lincoln is more appealing than the warty fellow we all recognize from the picture in our wallets.

Drawing on that shiny strong surface called Mylar, Chadsey mostly uses watercolor pencils. Last year he bought a large supply of pencils, attempting to expand his color range. His drawings usually start from black and white photographs he has downloaded from the Internet. As he works, expanding the range of what he begins with, he inserts features of family members or his own body parts. The watercolor pencils he uses have a waxy

base that builds up on the Mylar. He discovered that by liquefying some of the pencils, using water to make color washes, he could create pleasing tones with paper towels, or even sandpaper.

Among many books spread around his studio are splayed pages of pastels by Degas, another consummate draftsman that Chadsey has deeply absorbed. Earlier in his career Chadsey frequently used pastels. Now, he says, he simply looks at Degas "to loosen myself-he's a lot looser than I am."

In the series of new drawings based on the iconic figures that appear on currency, Chadsey plays some gender games. The father of our country is wearing a wig with a distinctly female hairstyle, but there is less gender shock than an assimilation of androgyny as a cultural norm. George Washington indeed did wear a wig. With a queer eye for the straight guy, Chadsey has refined George's old-fashioned look for something more chic. Chadsey removes the warts from Abe's face and exposes an idealized naked body, standing with more weight on one foot in a classic contrapposto stance, giving the slight twist of the hips just a little attitude. Abe's hair is long and curly and his face is clean as a boy's, without a beard. I mention to Geoff that the glossy hair, in particular, is exquisitely attended to, as if the person had just

THE 2003-2004 VISUAL FELLOWS (STANDING, L TO R): ANTHONY VITI, BERNARD WILLIAMS, GEOFFREY CHADSEY, JOHN KNIGHT, PAMELA ROBERTSON-PEARCE, ANGELA DUFRESNE, VIET LE RACHEL SCHUDER



GEOFFREY CHADSEY

spent expensive hours in a beauty salon. He tells me that the hair was taken from a photograph of Veronica Lake's hair.

I am mesmerized by the intricacy of the long flowing lines of delicate color. Besides the hair, the lines form whorls that follow the natural curves of the face, make familiar swirls around the nipples, and find other patterns to organize the body through the build-up of markings. The patriotic ghost of the etching on money floats forward eerily, like an apparition released from its material source, and the eye is obliged to start circling around the entire body even as it regards one part of it. The patterns of the lines indicate where the artist's hand has been as surely as a tracing or graph of the minute motions made in the course of a full-body massage.

Everybody knows the figure and can tell what its features are, but Chadsey makes a mystery of how to build, he says, "this Frankenstein of a character from a head on a five-dollar bill and a body belonging to somebody else. The Abe Lincoln body actually came from pictures of a race in Spain that I downloaded. These guys strip naked and run five miles in an annual race. The body is one of the runners waiting for the starting pistol."

Chadsey makes gender confusion appealing, more emotionally clear than in-your-face campy. He says he loves the feeling of looking at someone, not knowing what gender they are, and trying to figure out if they are a man or a woman. Here he walks the edge of a crucial social boundary, a police line we are obliged to respect. A creature is born and the first question anyone asks is whether it's a boy or a girl. That definition of gender is so basic that we present ourselves in public as one way or another, except when we don't. Chadsey's interest doesn't feel strictly decadent, done in a demi-monde way. His father is present, demanding to be noticed with a male companion and another female figure, all in a family scene as if they were at a suburban pool together, comfortable with their lifestyle and not confused by gender confusion. I appeal to Keats to describe the negative capability of Chadsey, who possesses a genius for flowing into the person of the other without any irritation at leaving his own self.

One could compare Chadsey to John Currin by looking at some of the pieces from Currin's hit

retrospective at the Whitney last season. Chadsey had been looking at Currin's work for 10 years, admiring his carnival nudes of women with ridiculously large butts. Currin also did a series where the figure, done lovingly, would show a face done with the palette knife, so there would be this crusty cake-icing on top of this beautiful figure. The absurd did not exactly match up and that is why they became compelling images. Chadsey loves the idea of a fictional figure, a person that could not exist

in the real world. At the same time he makes sure he does not wander into fantasy territory.

Chadsey graduated from Harvard where he explored environment/visual studies; he went to California for a masters degree, then worked at the American Repertory Theater in Boston. Working ostensibly in the box office, he actually dressed in the costumes of some of the productions and photographed himself for his own work.

All the other fellows I spoke to told me Chadsey was the guy who could draw, but there are not many drawers in the program. Chadsey, in turn, praised the drawings of Rachel Schuder and John Knight, mentioning that both worked from photographs. For today's artists photography is ubiquitous, what Chadsey calls "the main competitor—it's the one medium everybody ends up addressing somehow. It's accessible. Everybody has a camera. And it's seen everywhere in common culture, magazines, and Internet."

Suddenly, speaking to me on the radio, Chadsey said, "I just had a brain fart. I need to backtrack. Angela Dufresne is the most amazing drawer. We're both dealing with burlesque. She's more imaginative in building these fictional worlds that are so well-documented. I envy her speed. I try to keep the speed up, but, each time, I find something new to slow me down. It's just the way I work. She's done 50 pieces while she's been here, and I've done five. For social interaction, Angela is ground zero. She's a great cook. We convene for impromptu meals at her apartment. Wednesday night is very competitive because we all play Trivia at the Squealing Pig."

ANGELA DUFRESNE

She will substitute herself for an actress in a movie, and the figure becomes like a piece of graffiti, a personal tag in a public place. Visiting her studio, immediately next door to her apartment, I watched a little clip taken from Hitchcock's *Notorious*, with Ingrid Bergman having an animated lover's conversation with Cary Grant. They are present on a tier in a stadium, part of the crowd at a boisterous horse race. The lovers talk without looking at each other. As the actress talks, she

wrinkles her porcelain forehead, gazing into the lens of a pair of binoculars.

Hitchcock, ever diabolical, projected a film of the horse race onto the ends of the binoculars, so the audience can see what she is watching. Into the Hitchcock film Angela inserted one scene of herself having a make-out moment with another lover. The idea came to her while watching *Notorious* in the Common Room. "Geoff Chadsey went into a tizzy during this scene when Cary Grant goes up to Ingrid Bergman and gets the scoop on the people she's spying on—a dense moment," Dufrense said. "In the meantime they are madly in love, but she's forced to sleep with this guy because she had to marry him to get information." Dufrense took out what Hitchcock put in, replacing the film-within-a-film with her own footage.

A quick study, preferring not to work as a cook for \$10 an hour in a New York City restaurant, Dufrense picked up office skills sufficient to land a job at Citibank. She had never used a computer, but she was a good liar. Her credibility came from the fact that her father was a tinker, wanting to know how any machine worked. She suffers from the same dyslexia he did, an inability to comprehend written instructions. Like her father, she has to tear things apart.



ANGELA DUFRESNE

There is a lot of cooking going on for the combined fellowship group of 20, 10 painters plus 10 writers. Like water-cooler conversations in the corporate world, the fellow in R & D at the Work Center take opportunities to converse at will. Dufrense says, "It goes day by day. You can run into another visual artist you haven't talked to in a month, and you'll end up spending the next 16 hours with that person and they will tell you the one thing you need to hear, that you would never tell yourself, that you needed to do a particular painting. Or consider the way Anthony Viti organized my music collection, the most organized CD person I've ever seen in my life. Food is fine, but there is a huge sharing of music here."

To spice up the winter conversation the fellows organized an exhibition at the Hudson D.

Walker Gallery, the counterpart to the readings held in the Common Room. The fellows were speaking with Jim Peters and came up with the idea to show how the libido can be a frank subject for art. The exhibition, "Erotica," began simply as a way to have an affectionate collaboration during the cold season. The writers also participated. Anne Sanow put together writings based on Harlequin romances, which the others found completely hilarious, especially knowing she would never have done this writing without the occasion. Like scientists proving a hypothesis through an experiment, the fellows proved that the motivation to do a work of art turns the artist on.

Angela's last name, Dufrense, rhymes with pain. In French, the letter s is silent, producing a sound to the ear that contradicts the letters read by our eye. She is a complicated person, originally from the Midwest, with a dark period in Canada. She graduated from Tyler Art School in Philadelphia and is spending this year on one of two of the Work Center's coveted second-year fellowships, where a fellow receives the opportunity to stay on a second year. (The first time she was accepted as a fellow, she had already applied three times.)

Dufrense's matrix of interests takes the form of an ancestral genealogy, not of her actual parents, but the kinships she has acquired culturally. In her retake of the Antonioni movie Red Desert, Cookie Mueller, familiar to many because of her days in Provincetown and on the screen of John Waters' movies, is on a double date with another of Dufrense's alter egos. They have driven their car to the end of a pier and two pairs of people have gotten out of the car to couple. It's plain what they are doing but you can't see any details.

Her computer runs constantly and she shuttles outside to enter the next door that is her studio. One moment she is drawing, the next she is editing video. So completely does she not want to be called the "girl who draws" that she treats her paintings with a special reverence. Several of these canvases loom on the walls of her studio: rocks so huge that nature seems presented as architecture or, rather, architecture being presented as grand as nature. One painting situates an un-built building of Frank Lloyd Wright set over an arch between twin peaks of a mountain. She knows that Wright always said it was wrong to build on top of a mountain, because some dominion over the site imbalanced the building's harmony with nature. This is precisely why she backlit the scene with a sunset, taking lighting she saw shot in a movie. If Wright's ideas were too radical for him to erect, then Dufrense is pleased to paint them.

CARLA CASTRO

She's not from Cuba but Cleveland, Ohio. Indeed her father was Sicilian and her last name was much longer before it was shortened. Carla Castro arrived in Provincetown after getting her MFA at the University of California, Davis. While in Ohio she worked as an art therapist with children at risk and older people with severe dementia. She used art as a way to communicate with the men-



tally ill. When she moved into her new studio at the Work Center last fall, the space was clean and the walls pristinely painted.

When I went to visit prior to our radio interview, the entire room was splattered with the colors of crushed flowers, pastel in their delicacy, without many high, hot, or intense colors. Muted but not dark, these colors, which figure in her work, have an organic wistfulness, like fading flowers. Having worked as a floral arranger for seven years while attending art school in Cleveland, she daily looked at the colors of flowers. The flower motif recurs today like an afterimage of intense reds, vibrant oranges, hot pinks. Arriving at the Work Center, her work was brightly colored. She walked on the beach and the West End breakwater rocks and more muted tones came into play. Some of the paintings she showed during the winter at the Art Association exhibition are sandy-colored blues, fog-shrouded greens, the tones earthy colored, distinctly moody. The colors have a wan look, elegiac, a feeling of something faded and lost, and I wondered if this is a purposeful emotional element.

"Definitely remembrance," she said. "I am working on a large screen of marigolds, marigold being the flower of remembrance." When she says screen, she means to say she is not painting on canvas but on hollow-core doors, purchased at the local lumberyard: "I hook them together by piano hinges and paint directly on the wooden surface, usually a primed surface, using typical house paint, and a sander. I put the paint on, and then I remove it, making the surface a memory." Sanding helps achieve the translucence she loves, a pearly resistance to harsh abrasion. Her goal is to get the color to seep through, as if it were coming out of the wood itself.

At this time of the winter I had seen a J. Crew catalogue advertising spring fashions. They predicted the new season would feature a worn look.

The secret in styling was to have the color seep into the seams, so that the thread is not too crisp but is saturated with seepage. Castro uses a pencil line to score into the wood itself, then she washes the color over the scored line to let it seep in. When she goes back and sands it, she creates a very crisp line.

Like many artists, Castro has ignored Matisse's advice to have her tongue cut out, in order to be unable to speak about her work. She is very interested in words, keeping little word dictionaries that are like prayer books. On one tiny page is the phrase sea dotted with islands: archipelago. Another makes a connection between extension and existentialism. She meditates on the words pale blue and gray quartz, which seem to trigger her action as an artist. Plexus is a network. Nexus is a connection. A seam is a junction adjoining.

When she lived in the southwest, she learned to love the century plant for its habit of blooming a little before it dies at the end of 100 years. The part Castro likes is the paradox of fruition, and also, she said, "the consummation." In one of her word-books was fruition; on the facing page was fulfillment. Words become the pathways into her paintings. Whether it is painted or not, the path is always there in the symbols she favors-tree branches, leaves, clouds, recurring like characters in a play. Right at this time she was working on a painting of a cherry tree that is dormant, but which she knows will bloom again.

She first heard about Provincetown from her mother when she was eight years old. She decided it was someplace she must go. Her mother told her there was a colony where artists lived: "In my impression, that was where all the artists in the world lived, and I needed to go. I made my way here and it is amazing. I could not be in a more wonderful place, especially knowing what it meant to one artist in particular, Judith Rothschild."

I was shocked to hear this mention of Judith



CARLOS JACKSON

Rothschild, such a formidable force among the male artists of her generation, and one of two female members of the historic Long Point Gallery, where the loft spaces, the size of a tennis court, now house WOMR, the community radio station that broadcasts the program I host, "ArtTalk, where much of this material was first aired. Rothschild's floral images dominate landscapes that were pocketed with references to abstract expressionism; Castro's paintings, the most prudish in the lively "Erotica" show, perhaps were so because she had just painted a work, called "The Weight of Snow," where fresh snow brings the branches of a tree to the ground. Her father had just died, but the weight of snow made her know her dad was OK. "The snow as pure and heavy," she said. "An unexpected storm knocked out the electricity for three days and I had a quiet time to think.'

CARLOS JACKSON

One painting features a rooster with a fierce looking beak, along with two other smaller roosters. Three times the cock crowed before Jesus was betrayed. I asked Carlos to help me decipher the deeper mysteries of his painting.

"The painting is not about the passion of Christ," he said patiently. "Like many of my paintings, it starts from memories of family stories. It's my attempt to tell a grander, more epic story. One painting becomes one story that relates to another painting. The narrative within itself relates to other paintings to create a grand narrative. The painting you are talking about I thought of as a creation story, taking place in a California landscape with roosters and chickens. Because of the scale, it's confrontational. The roosters are very large. In my culture, they are an important symbol. My grandfather, the patriarch, was called Rooster. Crossing the border, undocumented workers are called chickens, pollos. And the person who gets them across is called the coyote. I found that disturbing.'

Jackson's college degree in community development calls to mind his uncle of the same name

who heads large low-income housing projects in Los Angeles County. He has happy memories of growing up in a culturally rich community vital in politics, entertainment, food, and education. His family was Mexican American, but there was also a large Central American community and a growing Asian population.

The paintings I saw on my visit to his studio were portraits of four aunts and four uncles, lined up in front of a canary-yellow van. He has two older sisters, but when he speaks about his family he does so in terms of all his relations—50 or more people: "They have given much to me and they have to do with what I am painting. I want to tell a story. I want to begin to contribute back to my family."

A glance at his work reminded me of the impulse behind Eric

Fischl's paintings of suburban middle-class life, only Fischl's faces look bored while Jackson's glow with inner élan. When I mentioned this, he said he did not pay much attention to Fischl, but later, under some drawings on a table, I stumbled on a monograph about him, as well as ones on Goya and John Currin. Jackson said he didn't like Currin's work: "John Currin is a good example of how some artists make work in opposition to the very people who are invested in painting. Currin responds to a very small group in the art world. I don't see myself in opposition to anything in the art world. My dialogue is not with art history."

JOHN KNIGHT

Quiet, reflective, his hair the color of corn, John Knight grew up in the Midwest, surrounded by vast fields that swallowed the individual into combustible fodder. Weeds appeared when the plowed fields went fallow and the fresh hayrolls seemed as ancient as round stones at Stonehenge. Currently, except for his fellowship year here in Provincetown, he is based in Maine, where his wife remains.

When I visited his studio, I found I could compress my first impression: "You paint weeds," I blurted out.

Weeds grow wildly in bare fields littered with rocks. Clouds in Knight's sky look like foam rocks. Weeds tend to be little things, but Knight's weeds are monumental, reaching from the low ground to the high sky. He never expected weeds to become the main subject of his paintings: "In New Mexico, Indiana, and Southern Maine, I was always a landscape painter who painted outdoors. I had sketched outside in some communal gardens and I was taking the form of the bloom of morning glories and just repeating that shape, making a rather abstract painting. I wanted something more solid or concrete and I started making more literal landscapes, trying to be true to the character of the plant

I'm depicting. I want the plants to be solidly rooted in the ground and actually show where they meet the ground, then to scale up into the sky. Weeds, not consciously planted by people, are not in neat rows. Garden flowers and the produce in a supermarket lack eccentricity—their forms are predictable."Clearly, Knight honors the surprise of discovery granted to the humble student of weeds. Gardeners say a weed is what they don't want. Does this assumption imply a judgment on Knight's part about whether these plants are disagreeable or beautiful? Does Knight indeed intend to celebrate the weed?

His answer is yes: "Maybe using weeds as a symbol of something that is not planted consciously, growing independently in some waste space or parking lot or between two rocks, places you would not think anything could grow and survive. Some of these weeds are eight feet tall. Putting them in a painting—I'm working on sixfoot canvases right now—and making them grow from the bottom of the canvas to the top and giving them a monumental feel."

His weeds are skyscrapers in the desert. They reach between the rocks and the clouds. I say this in relation to a painting Knight did in Maine, where instead of a desert weed, he painted a clump of seaweed. Instead of being the central motif, the seaweed was like a flash of fire in a corner. Knight attempted to make the boulder the main subject, instead of the plant. He was not happy with the result. Even though he moved to Portland five years ago, the ocean still feels new. His misses the open spaces and the huge solid fields of the Midwest, but he has no plan to move back.

Mary Oliver, I observe, was born in Ohio and exchanged the green pastures of the Midwest for the blue pastures of the Atlantic edge. Here Knight has a great studio to work in for seven months, where he has been painting images of Maine. Previously, while in Maine, he painted images of New Mexico.

He is fascinated by the visual variety of plants.



Sometimes he doesn't know if he wants to paint the landscape or if he prefers to paint the plant. Often in these current paintings the tall weed twists like the barber pole spiral, not on the sidewalk of a city street but defining an energy vortex in a barren spot. The only human presence is the alien hayroll. Knight, when he was going to college in Indiana, used to paint hayrolls, so his use now is not new. What is new is its combination with the subject matter of weeds, with the hayroll offering the context for the weed, the only suggestion that some human might be watching the weed.

VIET LE

His mother has told him that when he was four years old, she fled Saigon with him underarm and sailed away on a small boat with 20 other people. He was born Asian and grew up American in Southern California, where his father had already been living since the end of the Vietnam War. In one poem, "I Sleep in Your Bed," Le imagines his father as gazing up at a moon-glow that reminded him of an Oriental sky, so close he could touch it, doing this as he "soared on a rusted swing set of our first apartment in America."

He was walking home from fourth grade toward his ram-shackle apartment complex when he had an epiphany: If there's white trash, my family must be yellow trash. He grew up "not poverty stricken" in the "disquieting suburbs of affluent Orange County, the heart of conservative California." Le yearned to regain something he could not identify, something he could not remember. In America he wanted to know what could be re-negotiated.

His father died suddenly at age 56, bloated and befouling his own bed. The son was sick at heart and organized photographs he had taken of his healthy father and his dying father, interspersing dark moments with distant illumination, and thereby separating the two images of his father that sustained him. On Father's Day the year before he died, the son said in a poem, "Wounds fade. I don't want to think about it anymore / the awkwardness of telling you I love you / for what could be the last time."

Le is a photographer who does a lot of writing about the issues that drive his photography. He received an MFA with an emphasis on Asian American studies from the University of California, Irvine. Since then he has exhibited his photographs, published poems and critical essays, and lectured or produced performance pieceshe calls this combination "a conceptually-driven interdisciplinary art practice."

This winter he exhibited immaculate large photographs from his latest series, pictures of you, which document the swirl of emotions around his father's death, comparing the weakness of the dying with the post-coital triste of a satiated lover. Le accesses ancestral support for acceptance of his homosexuality by his family, especially his father. Elegant and personal, the images, seemingly documentary snapshots, grouped five or six to a single rectangle, are in fact carefully staged, so that even the trivial minutes in our day, like shaving naked before a mirror in the bathroom, are alive with reflections occasioned by little refractions that allow empty minutes to feel full of being.

PAMELA ROBERTSON-PEARCE

In her studio, we spoke about her most recent body of work, using odd socks as incremental units to make large, geometric patterns that she displays by pinning them to a stark wall. One in particular is magical: her spiral of socks that form the craggy arm of Cape Cod, looking more accurate than an aerial map. In addition to socks, she uses bras (lost in the Work Center laundry) for the dynamic protrusions, like archipelagos, provided by the thin straps.

Born in Stockholm, Sweden, she arrived via a circuitous path. She ran barefoot as a girl on the beaches of Ibiza, an island off the coast of Barcelona that reminds her of Provincetown. Before coming to

America, she lived in Brazil. This is her second year as a fellow at the Work Center. We begin by realizing how accidental it was that she would find herself working on a series of pieces using unpaired socks, men's and women's socks, white socks, colored socks, patterned socks, short and long socks. In terms of the elemental quality of the sock, we are grounded in the knowledge that the foot is our basic unit of measurement.

For the last 15 years she had been working with film and video and installations and performances. She slipped away from the kind of tactile work she liked to do with her hands. Last year she had a studio for the first time in years. At the end of the year she noticed all these odd socks in the laundry, without mates. They were sort of abandoned, so she rescued them, and took them home to Cambridge for the summer.

It was a hot summer and she could not work intellectually. She found that one of her own favorite socks had lost its mate, a red sock with black polka dots. She realized, "Socks may be useless when they're on their own, but people hold on to them hoping the mate will show up. Others throw them away. Sometimes you see an odd sock in the street. How did it get there? I was compelled to sew them together, to connect them by bringing the souls of socks together."

She started sewing that summer and they formed a natural spiral, a shape intriguing for expanding and contracting at once. When she saw that the spiral started looking like Cape Cod, she began to feel she belonged here. But the spiral of socks grew unmanageable—a lump of 50 items. At times she questioned whether she'd gone loony. People started sending her socks. She received a bag of old socks from England.

She came back for her second-year fellowship and put the socks on the wall, making a shape like a nautilus shell. She loved it at once. "It had energy, mystery, stories, and was alive and animated." She



started thinking about the owners of the socks. She had a number of argyle socks that worked well together with funky socks; the white socks of summer worked well with the dark socks of winter. In a separate project, she was working with children's socks.

She had a crazy dream that in a few years she would amass enough socks to make the actual length of Cape Cod, but she realizes she'll be lucky to make it from Provincetown to Long Point. She ponders the discovery of Fibonacci, the Italian mathematician and philosopher who stumbled upon the exponential spiral while looking at ferns in Tuscany. "Incremental proportions expand violently, quickly," she said, "bursting with life and also full of destruction. Now the socks are telling me the shapes they want to be. I put them up and they indicate calligraphy, gestures; some indicate hearts."



PAMELA ROBERTSON-PEARCE INSTALLING A PIECE



SONIA SANCHEZ JUNE 23 - 8 pm



LEON GOLUB & NANCY SPERO JUNE 25 - JULY 13



NORMAN MAILER July 10 - 1-4 pm



STANLEY KUNITZ JULY 24 - 8 pm



ANDRÉ GREGORY JULY 30 - 8 pm



CORNELIUS EADY JULY 31- 8 pm



GRACE PALEY



ROBERT PINSKY AUGUST 7 - 8 pm

Fine Arts Work Center Summer 2004 in Provincetown

JUNE

Friday, June 11, 6-8pm Opening Reception for the Visual Jury Exhibition Exhibition Dates: June 11 - June 22

Monday, June 21, 8pm Poet Robin Becker & Artist Peter Madden

Tuesday, June 22, 8pm Writer Jim Moore & Artist Sue Miller

Wednesday, June 23, 8pm Writer Richard McCann & Poet Sonia Sanchez

Friday, June 25
6-8pm: Opening Reception for the
Leon Golub and Nancy Spero Exhibition
Curated by Lauren Ewing
Exhibition Dates: June 25 - July 13
8pm: Poet Mark Doty & Writer Paul Lisicky

Saturday, June 26, 8pm Poet Melanie Braverman, Poet Rafael Campo, Artist Cynthia Packard

Sunday, June 27, 8pm Slide lecture by Robert Bridges on the work of Blanche Lazzell

Monday, June 28, 8pm Poet Olga Broumas, Poet Daniel Tobin & Artist Joel Janowitz

Tuesday, June 29, 8pm Writer Dan Mueller & Artist Andrew Mockler

Tuesday, June 30, 8pm Writer Heidi Jon Schmidt & Photographer Constantine Manos

JULY

Friday, July 2, 8pm Slide Lecture by Lauren Ewing on the work of Leon Golub & Nancy Spero

Monday, July 5, 8pm Writer John Skoyles and Artist Paul Bowen

Tuesday, July 6, 8pm Poet Mark Wunderlich & Writer Katherine Vaz

Wednesday, July 7, 8pm Writer Cynthia Huntington, Playwright Sarah Ruhl & Artist Robert Henry

Friday, July 9, 8pm Screening of the film "Secretary" with Writer & Director Steven Shainberg

Saturday, July 10, 1-4pm Creative Writing Symposium with Norman Mailer

Sunday, July 11, 8pm Reading by Arturo Vivante Monday, July 12, 8pm Poet Carl Phillips, Writer Alice Mattison & Painter Selina Trieff

Tuesday, July 13, 8pm Writer Victoria Redel, Poet Meena Alexander & Artist Martin Mugar

Wednesday, July 14, 8pm Poet David St. John & Printmaker Michael Mazur

Friday, July 16 6-8pm: Opening Reception for Robert Henry & Selina Trieff Exhibition Dates: July 16 - August 3

8pm: Poet Galway Kinnell

Saturday, July 17, 8pm Writer Marcie Hershman & Artist Mira Schor

Sunday, July 18, 8pm
Film on the work of Robert Henry & Selina Trieff

Monday, July 19, 8pm Poet Martha Rhodes & Photographer Marian Roth

Tuesday, July 20, 8 pm Poet Catherine Bowman, Writer Jane Brox & Writer David Updike

Wednesday, July 21, 8 pm Poet Gail Mazur & Artist Tom Knechtel

Friday, July 23, 8 pm Author Sarah Anne Johnson conducts live interview

Saturday, July 24, 8 pm Poet Stanley Kunitz

Sunday, July 25, 8 pm Slide Lecture by Writer David Dunlap

Monday, July 26, 8 pm Poet Cleopatra Mathis & Artist Marjorie Portnow

Tuesday, July 27, 8pm Writer Dean Albarelli & Photographer Amy Arbus

Wednesday, July 28, 8pm Poet Thomas Lux, Writer A.J. Verdelle & Artist Peik Larsen

Friday, July 30, 8pm Playwright André Gregory

Saturday, July 31, 8pm Poet Cornelius Eady & Writer Grace Paley

AUGUST

Sunday, August 1, 8pm Writer and Comedian Kate Clinton

Monday, August 2, 8pm

Writer Liz Rosenberg, Writer Michael Klein & Artist Linda Bond

Tuesday, August 3, 8pm Writer Pam Houston, Artists Alex & Rebecca Webb Wednesday, August 4, 8pm Writer Gerry Albarelli & Writer Frank Gaspar

Friday, August 6

6-8pm: Opening Reception for the FAWC 28th Annual Auction Exhibition Exhibition Dates: August 6-20 8pm: Talk by Artist John Raimondi

Saturday, August 7, 8pm Poet Robert Pinsky

Sunday, August 8, 8pm Looking at Art: A Discussion with Philip Yenawine

Monday, August 9, 8pm Writer Amy Bloom & Writer James Lecesne

Tuesday, August 10, 8pm Writer Nick Flynn & Artist M.P. Landis

Wednesday, August 11, 8pm Writer Sarah Blake, OAC Fellow Katie Daley & Artist Michael David

Friday, August 13, 8pm Writer Sara London & Artist Jim Peters

Saturday, August 14, 8pm Playwright Wendy Kesselman

Sunday, August 15, 8pm Slide Lecture by Joan Snyder

Monday, August 16, 8pm Poet Major Jackson, Writer Matthew Klam & Artist Jo Ann Jones

Tuesday, August 17, 8pm Writer Maria Flook & Artist Gregory Amenoff

Wednesday, August 18, 8pm Writer Eileen Pollack & Writer Robert Finch

Saturday, August 21 28th Annual Auction 6pm - Cocktails, Dinner, Silent Auction 8pm - Live Auction

Monday, August 23, 8pm Poet Elizabeth Alexander & Writer David Gates

Tuesday, August 24, 8pm Writer Eileen Myles & Writer Patricia Powell

Wednesday, August 25, 8pm Poet John Yau & Artist Louise Hamlin

Friday, August 27, 6-8pm: Opening Reception for 2004 Ohio Arts Council Fellow Julie Friedman Exhibition Dates: August 24 - August 31 8pm: Talk by Artist David Wheeler

Saturday, August 28, 8pm Poet Tom Sleigh, Photographer Chris Killip & Artist Bert Yarborough

Readings, films and slide talks take place in the Stanley Kunitz Common Room. Exhibitions and openings are held in the Hudson D. Walker Gallery. Both are located at 24 Pearl Street in Provincetown.

There is a \$5 suggested donation for readings and slide talks. Contact the Fine Arts Work Center to confirm events.

508-487-9960 • general@fawc.org • www.FAWC.org

To put this current work in the context of her career, we must know that she has produced several significant films documenting the life of Merit Oppenheim, the female surrealist artist who is famous for her fur-lined teacup. She was 10 years old when her mother took her to the Oppenheim exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Stockholm. She saw the fur-lined teacup and nearly all of the work of an artist who, 60 years old, had never had a retrospective. She remembers thinking, "I want to be an artist when I grow up." The museum bought a few pieces and she went every few weeks to look at them. By the time she went to college, Robertson-Pearce clearly knew there were not many major women artists. She started a collaboration with Opphenheim in England that resulted in a feature-length film, Imago, starring Glenda Jackson.

"Hunger is good," she told me, summing up a trip she took with several fellows to see museums around Boston. They were all starved for art. "Being able to have a year, then a second year at the Work Center has been a major turning point in my life. Since college, I've never had such grace time."

RACHEL SCHUDER

Rachael Schuder's show at the Work Center exhibition space consisted of nine pieces, both on the wall and on the floor. There were two large drawings and several smaller drawings, each done in graphite with a light use of a colored pencil. In the center of the room was a wooden sculpture, painted white, depicting a three-dimensional flame. The flame image is taken from the international symbol for flammable material, which she found on the Internet. She put the image on a grid and scaled it up to five feet.

Schuder has a vision problem that I discovered during our radio interview. An issue in a lot of her work is the confusion or conflation of two and three dimensions. She realized the connection to the unusual way she sees, with a dominant eye so that she has very poor depth perception. She became interested in how she miss-sees reality, saying, "Vision serves as a metaphor for wanting things to be different in the world or wanting to have some power to alter physics, a way of taking a weakness and using it as an aperture."

I asked her if she wore glasses, because she was not wearing them at the time.

"Sometimes," she said. "Basically my left eye is much weaker than my right eye-a genetic thing."

"Do you look out of both eyes?"

"I look out of both eyes but they don't meet at a single point."

"Can you fuse an image in your brain?"

"No, I see primarily through my right eye."

The reason I asked is because I was wall-eyed as a boy and never learned to have direct vision with my right eye. I see only with my left eye, but I have good peripheral vision with my right eye. In one of Shuder's images, altered from an Internet photograph, there will be a house in the woods, but you cannot enter the house because the door is on a plane where the eye cannot enter the house. She loves the absurdity of representation and she shows it in her static wooden flame that has light but no heat. Simulation



RACHEL SCHUDER IN HER STUDIO

stands for failure, one of her favorite ideas. She relishes the failure of a shape to be a flame.

She likes to work with different materials, seeking the idea behind the pieces that unite the work. She prefers not to use one medium. With the exception of the sculpture, the basic premise of this body of work involved going out into the woods and looking at shapes in the trees and branches. She was looking to isolate particular images, especially house shapes. Her rule was that the shapes could only be delineated by lines that already existed in the woods. She didn't want to make drawings; she wanted to find drawings that already existed. That she could live with.

In some of her photographs I had the feeling of entering dense woods, surrounded by many tall trees, their trunks fairly clean. Penetrating, trunk after trunk, I blundered on one of her drawings outlining a hut. Here Schuder has claimed an architectural space, possessing it ritualistically as a refuge. Its subtlety is far more fierce than the territoriality in a boy's treehouse. She claims the space the way an architect would plan a tall tower, with a flash of the image across her mind. Found unbidden in the woods, the eye wants to approach, but a line from the background will come forward, preventing entry.

Her pleasure is to present an impossible task, then show how to achieve the goal via another route. Her work is labor intensive, the drawings especially requiring hours of fine crosshatching that have not helped her blind eye to see better. She knows her work is basically self-delusion, yet she cherishes the satisfaction of knowing she has done something difficult, altering the way the world is. She is projecting an image in her head onto nature in order to validate her idea. Is this simply a way for her to communicate the way she wants the world to be?

During her fellowship months, she had been a hermit in her studio and was refreshed by the feedback at the opening of her show. Zack Finch,

one of the poetry fellows, described the difference between a duck and a rabbit as one of simple naming-but Schuder knew Zack had been reading Wittgenstein all winter.

BERNARD WILLIAMS

He's done large murals, had commissions for murals on city walls. Often he'll use signs or symbols, sometimes certain words that are loaded with political associations, such as the five-syllable word emancipation. Words, like traffic signs, give directions for the flow of cultural traffic. His show consisted of work he'd produced in the last four or five months in Provincetown, but with an emphasis on wood work that had grown out of a number of years playing with symbols and signs, cut from sheets of plywood and often painted black so they look like architectural flourishes in cast iron. The plywood, being relatively thin, is shaped into curves on a jigsaw, so only the filigree of the shape remains after the cut-out portion is removed.

His pieces are impressively large-some are taller than the artist. But there is another body of work of smaller cut-out pieces. For his Work Center show, he faced a curatorial concern: how should he display his work? One solution was hanging them on the wall. Generally his practice is to hang a large group that makes a larger statement about history and culture. The pieces talk to each other. Williams refers to these installations as "charts." I thought of the word timeline because he seems less interested in personal identity than with the identity of a culture over time, and not just a single culture, but the way that culture intermingles with other cultures.

"That's a good reading of the work," he responded. "I am very interested in America as this place where multiple cultures converge. This started when I was investigating the frontier era. I came across some information about black cowboys and black Indians, African Americans mingling



with Native Americans. The encounter is one of many hidden histories, including Spanish culture and European culture.'

In terms of these timelines or wall charts or culture maps, we might think of Williams manner of organization as reflecting the methods of ethnographers, who often arrange artifacts on shelves in a horizontal alignment. Williams presents a bowl, a symbol of a snake, Mexican pottery, maybe an Aztec warrior, maybe a Greek warrior. They are lined up and can be read left to right, right to left, up or down, or diagonally. The cross-connections of discrete icons that have not gone undigested into the melting pot suggest an ongoing process, like a pot of soup cooking and needing stirring occasionally.

He dreams about how the present is a product of an incredible body of moments and events in history, "a mysterious situation," he said. "So much has to do with the flow of time. My work becomes an epic struggle to manage and manipulate and get a handle on the vast intricacies of history." Williams mentions Duane Slick, a Native American artist and former fellow who recently gave a slide talk. I recall a few years ago that Slick was sick about the celebrations surrounding the 500-year anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America. Being an African American, Williams said he felt the same way about a lot of holidays the country celebrates.

Perhaps because we live in a communal culture of international icons, we have seized on the primitive impulse to make sense of the contemporary whole through ancient pictographs. Pictographic writing preceded writing in alphabets. Our modern computers may seem archaic 200 years from now, their icons quaint as children's stickers, but 1000 years from now they will be revered as art. Williams' work is not realistic, functioning at a level of abstraction where the people who live on the globe are increasingly fluent.

Besides the enjoyment he gets from putting his black stamp on white walls, Williams loves the pop he gets from orange and black together.

(I did not want to tell him that orange and black are not only the school colors of Princeton; they are also the school colors of Provincetown high school athletes and the cheerleaders would shout, "Orange and black, attack, attack!") Orange pops with black, but Williams also loves deep red, which looks good against both colors. This year his main achievement was finding a new mode of organization in presenting his work as if it were in a storage rack, the thin planes stacked one behind the other. "Yes," he said, "that's my other strategy that comes off the wall and attempts to become three-dimensional sculpture."

ANTHONY VITI

He is a tall, beefy fellow, hair short on the sides of his head and tousled into Mohawk wildness on top, giving him more height. He surrounds himself in his studio with four working walls with large canvases, one or two to a wall, where they may be exchanged or shifted to spark new talk between the pieces. On the floor are works in progress, the size of a sheet of plywood. Between two walls, a hammock lies ready for the artist to rest and reflect, but you need a short ladder to climb into it.

His work is very personal. The abstract images have an accidental quality; indeed the paintings are produced in such a way to ensure that the accidental becomes the only authentic signature of the artist. Having prepared a painting surface with many layers of gesso, Viti coats his body with cornstarch he has made liquid by cooking. He uses parts of his body, a little at a time-his torso, leg, foot, hand, forearm, nipple-making impressions on the surface. He lets the cornstarch impression dry, then rubs pigment into the surface, wiping away the residue with a turpentinesoaked rag. Each color is a separate layer. When he has finished, he varnishes the surface, liking the shine and the sturdy protection it provides.

His canvases became larger in order to accommodate more parts of his body, and to allow for yoga-like twists that could only be done on a larger mat. Until he adds pigment, he can't tell what the print will look like. Powder turned into a purple bruise and Viti realized the shape was a movement of mourning for the spreading plague of AIDS.

Even though he once was a member of Gran Fury, a Brooklyn group of activist artists, and even though the way he produces a painting, his very process, involves a unique performance, Viti doesn't consider his work political. He primes canvas that he has stapled to a sheet of plywood, spackling it and sanding the surface. This is how he achieves the high finish he begins with. "The smoother it is," he said, "the more information it

Using his body, Viti got the idea to use his own blood. He has it drawn by a doctor and keeps it in containers with lavender-topped lids; the blood has an anti-coagulant in it so it stays fluid. Unlike Yves Klein, the French artist who commissioned naked women to roll around on his canvases in a certain hue of blue, Viti does not use other people or other people's body fluids.

Viti started working this way in November, shortly after he arrived. He thought he had to break out of the way he was looking at things: "I was seeing myself in some sort of corner. I wanted to open it up. I wanted to bring it back to something that was rather simple, yet complicated. The body prints with cornstarch, the rubbing into it, and the rubbing it away, visually it felt simple. I wanted to have the marks complicated yet simple. What I've done, what you see is not one image, but many, many layers of body parts. People say you come here on a fellowship and you leave your life. Not so for me. I never really left it. I bring it with me."

CHRISTOPHER BUSA is editor of Provincetown Arts.



ANTHONY VITLIN HIS STUDIO



Beach Houses, Truro, oil on canvas

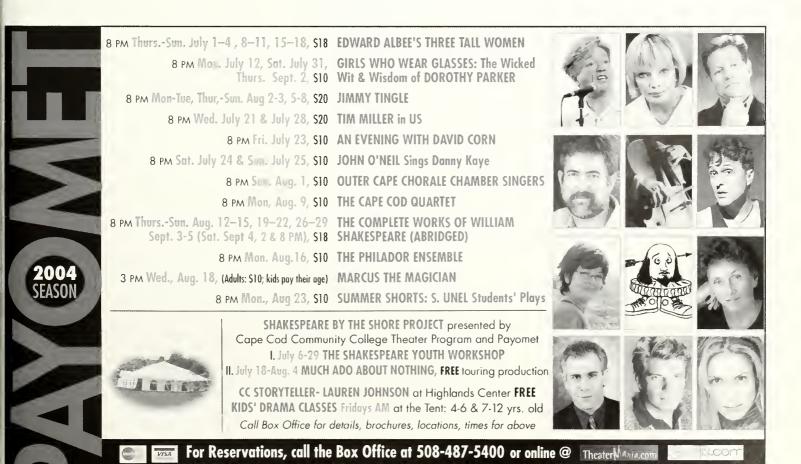
www.ppactruro.org

Joan Pereira

Artistic Appetites Gallery 645 Main Street Hyannis, MA 508-771-4094

> Tiechman Gallery 6A Brewster, MA 508-895-2395

> > 508.487.3187 Studio Visits



Look for the Tent @ Route 6 & Noons Hts. Rd., North Truro, Free Parking/Wheelchair Accessible • Children to 12 All Shows (Age Appropriate): \$5 Food & Beverage Service by Smoll Indulgences Cofe, No. Truro • Wines by Truro VIneyards of Cope Cod • www.ppactruro.org web page courtesy of KISS Computing

A 501 (c) (3) Nan-Profit Organization. SPONSORS: Mossachusetts Cultural Council, National Endowment for the Arts, Cope Cod Five Charitable Foundation, Fem. Mike & Katherine Winkler, Living Arts Faundation, Highlands Genter, Inc., Cape Cod National Seashare, CC Camunity College Educational Foundation, Fron & I

Blanche Lazzell

THE PROVINCETOWN PRINT

BY DAVID ACTON

oday, Blanche Lazzell's reputation as an artist rests largely on her achievements as a printmaker. Her highly-prized color woodcuts exemplify the work of a circle of artists that flourished in the years around World War I at Provincetown. Indeed, Lazzell's are the quintessential Provincetown prints, for they capture the distinctive atmosphere of the seaside town, and characterize the stylistic and technical experimentation of its artists. In her time, this woman courageously followed art wherever it drew her. In the face of uninformed criticism and rejection, she displayed quiet intellectual and aesthetic bravery, and an unwavering commitment to her career as an artist.

In the autumn of 1914, after two years in Europe, Lazzell returned to West Virginia. However, after her experiences in Paris, Lazzell felt isolated and became more determined than ever to make a successful career as an artist. She heard that some of her friends from Europe had enjoyed the summer together in Provincetown, Massachusetts. Lazzell later recalled:

Hundreds of Americans who had been living in Europe before the first World War flocked to Provincetown . . . This quaint old seaport town, famous for the landing place of the Pilgrims, was already an art colony. Its Portuguese fishermen gave it a European flavor and it offered a most favorable atmosphere to those artists fleeing from the confusion of war . . . "Up along" and "down along" Commercial Street, a gayly colored throng constantly moved. The artists with paint box, canvas and easel, the writers, the musicians, the actors, the professors, the staid New England natives, the old Portuguese women with shawls over their heads, the Portuguese fishermen just home from their long fishing trips or from the morning traps, the joyous youngsters, the crews from the battleships in the harbor, all elbowed one another goodhumoredly [sic] on the narrow sidewalks of Commercial Street. Contrasting the somber colors of the natives, the blues of the navy, the heavy oil skin and rubber leggings of the darkskinned Portuguese fishermen carrying clusters of mackeral [sic], were gayly colored smocks and costumes worn by the artists . . . decorated in batik, wool embroidery and smocking. . Certainly this colorful spirit would fuse, and thrive and develop in this most favorable ground. Creative energy was in the air we breathed.



Among the artists who came to Provincetown in those years were Charles Demuth and Marsden Hartley-friends from Gertrude Stein's circle in Paris-Stuart Davis, Carl Sprinchorn, William Zorach and his wife Marguerite Thompson, Edna Boies Hopkins, Ada Gilmore, and Dolly McMillen. They joined poets, novelists, journalists, socialites, celebrated bohemians and political activists, for an interlude that some remembered as "the great Provincetown Summer." So many creative people were there that Provincetown seemed abruptly transformed from a quaint fishing hamlet into an outpost of the Left Bank or Greenwich Village. One circle that included actors, writers, and theatrical producers established the Provincetown Players and realized their dreams of a spontaneous community theater. Mary Heaton Vorse, George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Hutchins Hapgood, and Neith Boyce were at the center of the group that collaborated on experimental scripts, which they staged on Hapgood's porch, with sets improvised by Robert Edmond Jones. The plays presented their personal concerns, the threatening war in Europe, the ideas of Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx, women's suffrage, rapidly changing sexual mores, cubist painting, Dixieland jazz, and dancing the turkey trot. The creative energy of these summers in Provincetown sparked many remarkable convergences. Charles Demuth teamed with the glamorous socialite Helene Lungerieh to organize an exhibition of Japanese prints, and the left-wing journalist John Reed, poet Harry Kemp, and artist B.J.O. Nordfeldt joined the Players.

In the summer of 1915 Lazzell arrived in Provincetown, where she had arranged to study at

the Cape Cod School of Art with Charles Hawthorne. That fall she returned to West Virginia, to her family, teaching, and exhibiting her art. Over the winter, several of her friends back in Provincetown were at work on original color woodcuts. Those who had made and sold prints abroad realized that the vivid, affordable works might find a market among the hordes of summer tourists on Cape Cod. Ada Gilmore wrote that she was one of several artists who rented cottages in the same neighborhood, and worked together, sharing ideas, imagery, and plans for a group exhibition the following summer. Ethel Mars and Maud Squire were also among the group, along with Dolly McMillen, Juliette Nichols, and B.J.O. Nordfeldt. Already an accomplished woodcut artist, Nordfeldt had learned the rudiments of Japanese technique from Charles Morley Fletcher in England, and had done several prints inspired by ukiyo-e in 1905. Nordfeldt was also a skillful intaglio printmaker, and did etchings, some printed in colors from a single plate inked à la poupée.

The distinctive technique of the "Provincetown Print"—the single-block, white-line woodcut—was probably the result of a group effort: the synthesis of Arthur Wesley Dow's Japanese color woodcut experiments via Hopkins, Kandinsky's manner via Mars, that artist's own considerable experience with the medium, and the French technique of daubing à la poupée. However, Gilmore credited Nordfeldt with the final breakthrough. "One day he surprised the others by exhibiting one block," she wrote, "with his complete design on that, instead of parts of it being cut on five or six blocks."

Immediately, wood block printing was revolutionized. Being able to see the complete picture on one piece of wood, like a painting on a canvas, gave new possibilities for creative work in that medium." Nordfeldt began with a simple linear design in pencil on a block of pine, and then gouged away only the lines with slender grooves. He tacked a sheet of moistened paper to one edge of the block so that it could be folded over its face and back, assuring proper registration. When the artist brushed watercolors onto the printing surface, the grooves separated colored cells and kept the paint from running together and mixing. Laying the paper onto the inked surface, Nordfeldt printed by rubbing the back of the sheet with a simple burnishing tool like a wooden spoon. When the damp paper was pressed deep into the grooves, the sheet was embossed, creating unprinted white lines standing out slightly from the surface of the paper. By applying different watercolors to the same cell on the printing surface in turn, and superimposing hues, the artist created shimmering, iridescent effects. He often used soft, pastel colors and translucent washes to achieve lyrical, decorative images. Usually Nordfeldt finished his prints with extensive watercolor details added with a brush. The artist seems to have developed this method for its unique visual effects, not as a way to print multiple originals, for many of his woodcuts were done in just a single impression.

Lazzell was back in Provincetown in the summer of 1916. She resumed her studies with Hawthorne, but his impressionist style now seemed passé, and she found him ungenerous with useful criticism. After a few weeks she began painting in the studio of Oliver Newberry Chaffee, Jr., an artist closer to her own age, who had also studied in Paris, stayed current with new European trends, and was a more genial teacher. Lazzell was intrigued and inspired by the print exhibition at Webster's studio, and Chaffee taught her the single-block, white-line woodcut technique. At first she seems to have considered the process to be an amusing craft, similar to painting china or hooking rugs, and she made just a few tentative, experimental prints. These woodcuts, like those of her friends, are figural genre scenes from the artist's experience. One represents a girl with a parasol sitting on a wall, another depicts a child walking along the wharves, and one shows the artist herself, dressed in a smock and wide sun hat, sitting outdoors at her easel. A similar print represents a painter seated before her canvas in a sunny backyard, facing away from the viewer, and at work on the portrait of a woman. According to family tradition, the artist is Lazzell, and the model is one of her sisters. Although the figures and their facial features are simplified, the attitude of their bodies suggests comfortable intimacy. This sense is supported by bright colors that evoke a warm, cheerful atmosphere. Overlapping forms, and such sophisticated devices as varied hues visible through the slats of the background fence, create the sense of illusionist space. Over the summer, Lazzell seems to have made as many as five prints in Provincetown, and some of them were included in local group print shows. However, she devoted most of her time and attention to painting in a representational style influenced by impressionism.

As Lazzell gained experience, her printmaking technique became more sophisticated, and more her own. "I don't like much explaining, for this work is so personal," she later wrote. "Each print has its own demands to get the desired effect. I use perfect freedom and do as I please and feel." She began her prints, like her paintings, with scale drawings. The artist sketched with charcoal or soft graphite pencil on hard-surfaced tracing paper that allowed her to erase and adjust her images. She methodically refined her designs before transferring them to the blocks, working in series until she had a legible and satisfying sketch. At that point, it seems, Lazzell laid the drawing face down on a block of clear pine, calculating its placement so that most of the lines ran parallel to the wood grain. She rubbed the back of the sheet to offset



FACING PAGE: BLANCHE LAZZELL, PROVINCETOWN, 1920, PHOTO COURTESY OF THE LAZZELL FAMILY ABOVE: BLANCHE LAZZELL, THE CHURCH TOWER, 1922, COLOR WOODBLOCK PRINT, 14×11.75 INCHES COLIRTESY CHRISTIE MAYER LEEKOWITH AND EDWIN E LEEKOWITH

some of the charcoal onto the wood surface, and lightly transferred the design. The artist then carved the lines in the soft pine using a straightbladed knife or a v-shaped gouge. For printing ink Lazzell preferred French watercolors straight from the tube. Occasionally she added Chinese white for more opaque effects; to create soft, modulated passages she used thin washes, removing excess pigment from the printing surface with a brush, cloth, or sponge. The artist usually attached the paper to the block with thumbtacks along one edge. Sometimes she also used a registration technique derived from the French intaglio printers. Fixing tiny metal pins to protrude from the printing surface at the top and bottom center of the image, she pierced the paper with holes to fit over these spikes and keep the sheet in place. Lazzell then carefully inked and printed each component shape on the block and rubbed the back to print, often lifting the paper to re-ink and to check the progress of her work. She completed a print before removing the sheet from the block, and seldom did more than one impression at a time. The artist usually printed about four impressions from each woodcut altogether, each in different hues and tonal variations. She kept her woodblocks carefully, so that she could reprint for exhibitions and satisfy requests from customers. Lazzell's printing blocks resemble low-relief sculpture, and are works of art in themselves. Their colors are muted, ink having soaked deeply into the wood, and the burnishing of printing gives their surfaces a brazen cast. Many of these blocks survive today and are collected enthusiastically.

Lazzell's prints look very different from the Japanese color woodcuts that were their ancestors. Even the earliest of Lazzell's efforts are more abstract than the white-line prints by her friends. Generally their colors are intense and, like Nordfeldt's prints, brighter than most other Provincetown woodcuts. While Lazzell experimented with pastel hues and dry-block techniques, she preferred even, saturated tones achieved by multiple overprintings of each passage with the same color. She seems to have thoughtfully considered the variant printings of her blocks. "The relation of one color to another and of one shape to another in a wood block print is as important as are those relations in an oil painting," the artist wrote. "The wood block print has the same rank in art as any other medium or form of expression . . . These creations cannot be compared with

prints in general. They could be called by another name, but I have never arrived at a suitable one. So they go as 'prints' and some people think I can do a hundred from each block. These are not pot boilers! Far from it!"

When Lazzell returned to Provincetown in the summer of 1918, she moved into an unused fish shack standing on the end of the Hills Wharf, at 351 Commercial Street. Old sails, nets, and trawling gear were cleared out to create a small studio space. She hung the interior walls of the workshop with her paintings and prints in a private changing sales exhibition for visitors. The studio was open every day during tourist season, and Lazzell presented demonstrations of her printing method, which often helped to sell her prints. She also began to offer classes in color woodcut, painting, and design for individuals and small groups. On the pier outside, she began the container garden that made her studio so distinctive.

She realized how deeply she would be involved with woodcut, and she began recording her prints in a commercial bound ledger book. A Record of Color Wood Block Prints by Blanche Lazzell lists each work in her own hand, along with variant titles, and the date and place where the block was cut. Later, when she printed from a block, she recorded each impression in her book, and chronicled the history of the print while in her possession, including its exhibitions, where or to whom it was sold, and for how much. The record book is a remarkable journal of Lazzell's activities as a printmaker. It is a practical but imprecise document, apparently supplemented when the artist found the time, and sometimes not as methodically as she might wish. Not all of her early woodcuts are included, and many are out of chronological order; some entries have only fragmentary dates, and occasionally impressions went unrecorded. Lazzell chose not to include several works that she printed in multiple editions, like Christmas cards or flyers advertising exhibitions and open studios. When the artist began her record book, she devised a unique numbering scheme for keeping account of her prints. Lazzell listed these numerals in her catalogue and wrote them on the woodcuts, often in each of the four corners of the image on the verso of the sheet. The inscriptions have long baffled collectors, since they look like transposed edition numbers. Lazzell's bipartite catalogue numbers resemble fractions. Their first number-in the numerator position-represents the woodcut in the sequence of all of Lazzell's white-line prints, functioning something like a musicologist's opus number. The digits behind the slash-in the denominator position-number the impressions from a particular block. Soon the artist began to inscribe each print in detail with its title, her catalogue number, when the block was cut, and where and when the impression was printed.

The record book enabled Lazzell to keep track of her widely exhibited prints and growing collection of woodblocks. It is a revealing chronicle of her activities, and reflects the scope of print exhibitions in museums, galleries, libraries, department stores, and service and women's clubs. The artist traded her work in all these venues, but she



ABOVE: ROSS MOFFAT IN LAZZELL STUDIO JULY, 1919
OPPOSITE: WINTER STUDIO, 1920
PHOTOS: COLIFTEN OF THE LAZZELL FAMILY

seems to have sold most of her color woodcuts to summer visitors at her Provincetown studio. Beginning in the late 1930s, she kept track of them too in a cloth-bound guest book. The first pages of this volume are devoted to an alphabetical index for the record book, made when her woodcut oeuvre had become large enough to make it difficult to locate a print in the catalogue. There follows the dated signatures of tourist visitors, intermingled with the names of friends, dealers, critics, students, and art teachers. Lazzell's guest book records the studio visits of her relatives from West Virginia, and many Provincetown colleagues signed at every call. The entries reflect the varied and distant homes of Lazzell's visitors, and some are quite detailed, perhaps in anticipation of future exhibition announcements. Sometimes she took the guest book along to galleries, to record those who attended her solo exhibitions. There are also signatures of guests at studio receptions, like the one given for the benefit of Saint Mary's of the Harbor on 28 July 1937. Lists of Lazzell's friends, written in her own hand, record her tea parties and the meetings of groups like the Sail Loft Club, of which she was a member. Sometimes she bracketed a few signatures together, suggesting small classes of color woodcut students.

Color woodcut was at the height of its popularity in Provincetown during the summer of 1918. In July, a large print exhibition was mounted at Town Hall, featuring works by many artists who had regularly exhibited their work in the Art Association annual shows. At that time, Lazzell was among the founding members of the "Provincetown Printers," the first organization in the country devoted exclusively to woodcut. Some of its members shared ideas and offered instruction, but the group's chief purpose was to organize exhibitions and promote trade. For a time they ran

a sales gallery in a little shingle building on a site later occupied by the Post Office.

According to her record book, Lazzell created 11 woodcuts in the summer of 1918, usually printing just one impression before moving on to another print. In one case she executed a block that was not printed at all until much later. The artist focused on landscapes and still life images developed from observation. In Lazzell's early prints she simplified form, eliminated details, and composed in circular rhythms. Her landscapes vibrate with energy, and the flowers of her still lifes seem to dance and sway. One of the most remarkable of these prints is Four Boats, in which Lazzell created a formal counterpoint of curves and cups, evoking hulls and seashells. Even the shadows, and the figure of a fisherman bending to work on the stern of a skiff, are delineated in arcs and ellipses. On land, the boats' cavities and bulges appear more plastic in contrast with a few straight lines of an architectural setting. Converging arcs and ovals draw the viewer's attention into the background, and a formal vortex, like water down a drain.

In the fall of 1918, an exhibition of woodcuts and linocuts by the Provincetown Printers was mounted at the Boston Art Club. In 1919 Lazzell also exhibited her prints at the Provincetown Art Association, the National Arts Club in New York, the Chicago Society of Etchers, the Philadelphia Watercolor Club, the California Print Makers annual show at the Los Angeles County Museum, and in the landmark exhibition of American color woodcut organized by Claude Burroughs for the Detroit Institute of Arts Lazzell's most remarkable print of that year is The Monongahela, a color woodcut executed in New York, based on a drawing done in Morgantown. It would become one of her most famous works, and she continued to reprint from its block for 30 years.

In the winter of 1919 Lazzell stayed in Provincetown. In the chill of the Cape winter she moved out of her unheated studio on the wharf, and rearranged her apartment so she could continue to paint and make woodcuts. The following spring, when Lazzell returned to her workshop on the pier, she resumed her cherished activities as a gardener, perhaps the outside interest most important from her printmaking activities. She planted a lush container garden on the wharf and grew colorful flowers that inspired her still-life prints and paintings. Lazzell's studio was a delight to her friends and students, and became a Provincetown landmark, contributing to her local reputation. "One need not more than to pass her house," a critic once observed, "to sense the joy and love of the person who lives within."

Many of Lazzell's color woodcuts developed from her monotypes, watercolors, and canvases, and vice versa, for she frequently worked in series of related images. "Often I can't get a thing out of my system in just one print," she wrote, "There's more that I want to say on the subject, so I try it in another medium." In 1922 she painted a view in oils of the tower of the First Methodist Church in Provincetown seen above the housetops. The influence of Paul Cézanne is apparent in the geometry of the composition, and in broad brushstrokes piled up against dark lines that sub-

divide the image. The bare branches of winter trees intertwine the component shapes of the faceted sky, interrupted by a clear view of the belfry. This analytical approach to the composition reflects the artist's interest in cubism. Though Lazzell saw this neighborhood landmark every day, she may have been inspired to paint it from this point of view, and in a cubist manner, by the watercolor After Sir Christopher Wren (1920) by Charles Demuth. In July 1922, Lazzell transformed her design into a remarkable color woodcut, The Church Tower. To preserve the emphatic cubist impact, she overprinted the white lines with black ink. She cut a second block to print the black lines only, employing a technique used years earlier by Maud Squire, and by Lazzell herself in her color woodcut The Red Quill.

This unusual woodcut experiment with cubism signals the direction of Lazzell's interest in the early 1920s for, like many of her Provincetown colleagues, she had become fascinated by modernism. She was encouraged by Oliver Newberry Chaffee, who had come under the influence of E. Ambrose Webster, then the chief proponent on the Cape of the European avant-garde. After meeting the French cubist painter Albert Gleizes in New York in 1915, Webster abandoned naturalism and adopted a formal, abstract painting style based on mathematical principles. Lazzell determined to investigate these ideas at their source, returning to Europe in the spring of 1923 to study with Lhote, Leger, and Gleizes. Lazzell did not make prints in Paris, but she exhibited some of her earlier color woodcuts there at the American Women's Art Association. Several were accepted for exhibition in the Salon d'Automne in 1923, where they hung alongside those of her friends and colleagues Mars, Squire, Gilmore, and Mary Tannahill.

In the later 1920s, Lazzell continued to paint in Gleizes's progressive manner, causing a stir in conservative Provincetown. She transferred this imagery into a pair of remarkable color woodcuts, which are among the first purely abstract prints in American art. Both Abstraction I and Abstraction II are variants of the artist's resolved canvases, and derive from Gleizes's style, imagery, and his prescriptions for plotting an abstract composition. Each is comprised of simple overlapping geometric shapes, superimposed as a series of planes, to create a balanced spatial interplay. To avoid any association with visual experience, Lazzell

eschewed linear perspective, and suggested only shallow space. Her aim was to create a pleasing sense of movement, rhythm, and equilibrium. She used color to refine the balance of her composition, causing forms to project or recede by their hue, or by the use of patterns of hatching or crosshatching, spots or circles. The artist preferred unusual, interstitial colors. but restricted herself to a narrow, relatively simple palette. "I try to make these planes balance as well as possible-that gives harmony of line or rhythm that is the motif of decoration."

Lazzell's informed enthusiasm for modernism contributed to a heightened awareness of the avant-garde among the year-round artists of Provincetown. Gleizes's treatise Du Cubisme, along with Gino Severini's Du Cubisme au Classicisme: Esthetique du compas et du nombre "were laboriously translated chapter by chapter and passed from hand to hand, or at least to the hands of those susceptible to a new aesthetic gospel," recalled the painter Ross Moffett in his Provincetown history, Art in Narrow Streets. "With ruler, triangle, and divider we inspected reproductions of Gothic and the Renaissance masters in search of underlying secrets, so also we examined prints of the arts of the Near and the Far East." Webster, Chaffee, Tanahill, and Moffett, along with Karl Knaths and his sister-in-law Agnes Weinrich-Lazzell's friend and printmaking student—were among those who shared in this exhilarating interplay. They produced a range of cubist-influenced work, including color woodcuts that prompted dismay among the conservative artists and critics of the colony. Soon allegiances were divided, and a rift appeared in the Provincetown Art Association. The modernists felt that long-seated, unsympathetic officers and discriminatory exhibition juries barred their work from the prestigious annual exhibition. Moffett and Lindenmuth drew up a petition proposing that four progressive painters be added to the jury for the forthcoming annual exhibition. The petition was signed by 30 members and presented at an Association meeting on 17 June 1926. At another meeting in July, it was decided instead that the following year a separate Art Association show would be mounted for the avant-garde artists. Lazzell served on the jury of The First Modernistic Exhibition, which opened on 2 July 1927, and included her work. Her canvases stood out for their pure abstraction, for most of the paintings presented had recognizable imagery, subtly influenced by the work of Cézanne, Picasso, and Braque. Lazzell continued on the selection committee for the annual Modern Exhibition for five years. These separate shows continued until 1937, when the single Provincetown Art Association Annual Exhibition was reinstated.

Lazzell became friends with the German-born modernist Hans Hofmann, who opened his school in New York and on the Cape in 1935. He

first signed the guest book at Lazzell's studio on 23 August 1937; the following week he brought his class to her workshop. In years to come, she occasionally visited his school. Hofmann emphasized color and visual dynamics of movement. Like Lazzell, he taught students to build pictorial compositions from planar components, using form and hue to control positive and negative space. Lazzell experimented with Hofmann's ideas about composition and color, but did not accept his notion of spontaneous inspiration that would soon spur the development of Abstract Expressionism. Like Gleizes, Hofmann made corrections and notes on Lazzell's drawings, as was his normal practice.

Blanche Lazzell's oeuvre defines Provincetown printmaking in the 20th century. The technique, style, and imagery of her early prints grew from the communal activities of an art colony transplanted from Europe. The Provincetown Printers shared ideas in their own, small, café society, and organized their own salons and exhibitions. For many years printmaking remained a secondary activity for Lazzell, and it was never her sole occupation. However, in the 1920s and 1930s, the artist developed a medium and métier suited to the summer art colony. She worked alone, but managed to share her woodcuts with a remarkably broad audience, from her friends in town to the summer tourist trade, service clubs in the South, national museum exhibitions, and the salons of Paris. All the while, Lazzell's involvement with teaching kept printmaking a social activity, which gained part of its strength from the artists' community and direct connection to the audience. The intimacy of scale, intriguing techniques, and tactile qualities of printmaking helped to enliven this association. Lazzell was constant in her curiosity and courage, always striving to find new ways of seeing and fresh modes of expression. She was a pioneer abstractionist, not only in Provincetown and as a printmaker, but in the history of American art. It was her goal to capture and communicate beauty, and it is most telling that her prints continue to appeal to a varied audience, including the uninitiated and the intellectual. According to her record book, Lazzell's last color woodcut was the 555th impression pulled from her 138th printing block, made on 23 February 1956, just 13 weeks before her death.



DAVID ACTON, curator of prints at the Worcester Art Museum, *author of* The Stamp of Impulse: Abstract Expressionist Prints (2001). This essay is an abbreviated version of the essay that appears this summer in Blanche Lazzell: The Life and Work of an American Modernist, edited by Robert Bridges, Kristina Olson, and Janet Snyder, published by West Virginia University Press.



Mars & Squire

BY TONY VEVERS

Gertrude Stein at 27 Rue de Fleurus, the destination for many of the young American modernists, notably Marsden Hartley and his friend, Charles Demuth. Gertrude Stein took a shine to Mars and Squire who appear in one of her word portraits as Miss Furr and Miss Skeene: "Helen Furr and Georgine Skeene were regularly living where very many were living and cultivating in themselves something. Helen Furr and Georgine Skeene were living very regularly then, being very regular in being gay then.'

By now Mars and Squire were exhibiting widely in the U.S and in the Paris Salon. Mars was linked, in a review of an exhibition of women artists in the Cincinnati Times Star, with Mary Cassatt and Cecelia Beaux as one of a "group of famous American women." Much of Mars' work at this time was devoted to color woodblock prints; consistent with the current interest in Japanese prints first noted in the work of Van Gogh and Lautrec, and in turn, by Kandinsky, who may well have influenced Mars. Technically, Mars was probably assisted by Edna Boies Hopkins, who had traveled to Japan and had also studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy, and with Arthur Wesley Dow, an early and influential printmaking teacher who advocated flat design patterns in plain, bold color. Mars was reported by Blanche Lazzell as saying "Everything we do, helps us to do something else better."

Squire, who seemed to be less inclined to exhibit than her friend, concentrated on intaglio print making in color. Like Mars, she had an interest in process, and worked in etching, aquatint, and wood cut prints. Squire worked in an opposite mode to the white line wood block process, using a key block to inscribe a black outline around her color shapes, which imparts an intensity and mood, profound in its effect.

In an article about Mars and Squire in Paris, James Hopkins (Edna Boies' husband) told a Cincinnati newspaper how "he favored the Spring salons, which were inclined to be conservativeunlike the Autumn salons that were ultramodern, which had great interest for Miss Mars and Miss Squire although their work was not ultramodern." Perhaps they preferred to exhibit an "ultramodern" personal appearance, rather than committing their art to an avant-garde aesthetic that might have conflicted with their commercial work as illustrators. Clearly, they might have found it easier to take on a farouche, bohemian persona than to delve in the discipline of investigating the modernism that they must have confronted in Gertrude Stein's atelier.

Mars instructed Ada Gilmore and her friend Mildred McMillen in the color woodblock process in 1913, according to Blanche Lazzell's memoir of the period, when so many Provincetown-based artists were developing the Provincetown Print. Like Mars and Squire, Ada Gilmore and Mildred McMillen met in art school-the Art Institute of

During the war years 1914-1918, while Mars and Squire were back in the U.S., Ada Gilmore and Mildred McMillen wrote to them about how happy they were in Provincetown. Mars and Squire came to the Cape for the summer of 1915, when their woodblock prints made their first appearance at the Provincetown Art Association. A year later, Mars exhibited woven "studio hangings"-Mars's name for them instead of the oldfashioned term "tapestries." By 1917, Mars was on the jury for the July exhibition of the Art Association at which Squire exhibited watercolors.

Chicago-going on to New York and then to Paris

where they all met up.

In the 1920s in Vence, located in the south of France, they were part of a group of artists with a Provincetown connection. Marsden Hartley, Oliver Chaffee, and Ada Gilmore all stayed in Vence, which Chaffee termed "a faraway Provincetown suburb"; Chaffee and Gilmore were married there. By the 1930s Mars and Squire were living in a little villa which they built and called "La Farigoule," where they lived on into their 80s. Maude Squire died in 1954 and Ethel Mars in 1959. They are buried together in the cemetery at Vence.

I am deeply in debt to Catherine Ryan's marvelous catalogue, Très Complémentaires: The Art and Lives of Ethel Mars and Maude Hunt Squire, from a retrospective exhibition at the Mary Ryan Gallery in New York. This was the first publication on the lives and work of these important and appealing artists, who deserve to be better known in the history of early 20th-century art.

TONY VEVERS, an artist and an art historian, is completing a history of artists who have worked in Provincetown, Provincetown Artists: A Century of Painting, to be published by Provincetown Arts Press.

Squire (1873-1954) arrived in Paris in 1905; within months, the two seemingly staid mid-western young women had turned into vivid bohemians. According to an account by Anne Goldthwaite, "Miss Mars had acquired flaming orange hair, and both were powdered and rouged with black around the eyes, until you could scarcely tell whether you were looking at a face or a mask.' Mars and Squire met and bonded when they

thel Mars (1876-1959) and Maude Hunt

were students at the Cincinnati Art Academy around 1895, and they went on to spend the rest of their lives together. They were ambitious and daring, going to New York City after their graduation from the Academy in 1898 to find work (as illustrators) for a publisher of children's books. Four years later they went to Europe to study the old masters in museums. In the first decade of the 20th century in Paris, they could have seen the important exhibitions of work by Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Toulouse Lautrec, each of whom later became known as post-impressionists heralding the birth of modernism. In 1903 and again in 1905, Mars and Squire were given exhibitions of their work at the Cincinnati Art Museum, where Mars would later serve on the jury of an annual museum exhibition.

In his history of the Provincetown art colony, Art in Narrow Streets, Ross Moffett conjures up "boisterous Ethel Mars, the confirmed modernist," who laughs at Moffett's imaginary gathering of Provincetown characters. Shortly after her arrival in Provincetown, Mars was appointed a juror at the Provincetown Art Association, which confirms her status as a noteworthy presence on the local art scene. She had also served on juries of the Paris Salon d'Autumne. In contrast to Mars, Maude Squire was the more downto-earth, "practical" one. In early photographs, she seems reserved and solemn, if not sad-which she could have been, for her older sister, Isabelle, died in 1889 at the age of 18 when Maude was 16. A year later, her father reportedly died of grief over Isabelle's death. Her mother died in 1898, the year Maude graduated from the Academy.

By 1906 the two were established in Paris, and were able to support themselves through their art. They became part of the circle around

Above: Two versions of the same subject by Ethel Mars (left) and Maude Hunt Squire (right). The example by Mars has the sharp, clear cut manner of the ubiquitous graphic artist that she always was, while the example by Squire is elegant, limpid and graceful, also typical of the latter's more painterly craft. Both pieces evince the flat color shapes of post-impres sionism, and the advent of a delicate Fauvism in their work.

Childe Hassam in Provincetown

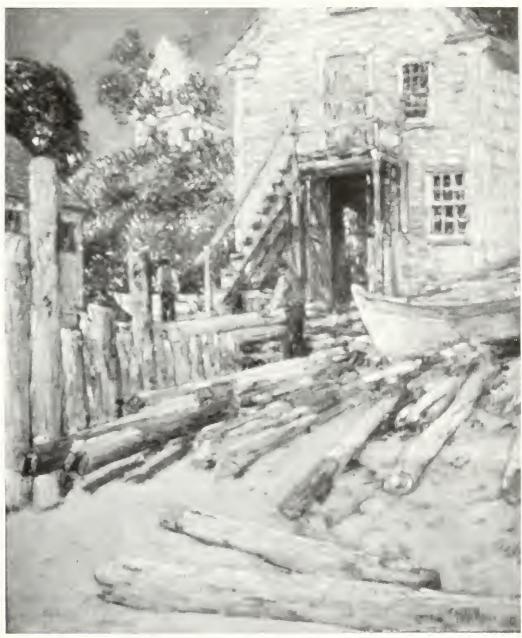
BY AMY ELLIS

he preeminent American Impressionist Childe Hassam (1859-1935) visited Provincetown in 1900, just one year after Charles Hawthorne founded the Cape Cod School of Art. That year, Hassam traveled to three resort communities: Appledore, Gloucester, and Provincetown. While he would visit Appledore and Gloucester many times over the course of his career, Hassam only went to Provincetown that one time. It was a particularly productive year for the artist-he continued to explore New England themes that inspired his Gloucester work in particular.

In the 1890s Boston artists discovered Provincetown, and many began summering in the unspoiled fishing village. It was inexpensive, and, with its Portuguese fishing population, it reminded the artists of the old fishing villages in Europe. In 1900, Provincetown still had 34 wharves and a fleet of 261 ships. There, Hassam examined the working world of the town in such paintings as The Rigger's Shop, Provincetown (1900, New Britain Museum of American Art). In 1923, the picture was published with the caption, "Childe Hassam's The Rigger's Shop-Provincetown" is one of his familiar brilliant alongshore scenes, with old piling, a few boats, the shop of the title itself, with a green hill behind them all and a clear blue sky arching the scene." In another painting, Building a Schooner, Provincetown (1900, Birmingham Museum of Art, Alabama), Hassam creates a nearly abstract composition with the vertical ribs of the boat playing off of the horizontals of the foreground.

Hassam sustained an interest in painting the architecture of New England, and Provincetown was no exception. He painted the Provincetown Universalist Church again and again, much as he would the Church at Old Lyme, Connecticut, later on. In images such as Sundown on the Dunes, Provincetown (1900, Farnsworth Art Museum), the church steeple is bathed in moonlight, evoking nostalgia for an idea of New England that was fast disappearing. Another view titled simply Provincetown (1900, Canajoharie Library and Art Gallery, Canajoharie, New York) presents the church in the context of the built environment. Visible in this painting are the rooftops of the surrounding village and the pleasure boats in the ocean beyond. Here the church is the anchor of Provincetown, the center of community life, on both land and sea.

Scenes of daily life outside of the shipbuilding industry also figure prominently in Hassam's Provincetown work. His respect for the tradition-



CHILDE HASSAM, THE RIGGER'S SHOP, PROVINCETOWN, 1900, OIL ON CANVAS OLLECTION OF THE NEW BRITAIN MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, CONNECTICUT

al work of shipbuilders extended to the daily lives of shopkeepers and other members of the Provincetown community. Provincetown Grocery Store (1900, Santa Barbara Museum of Art) exemplifies the sort of everyday subject matter modern painters sought out. Nocturne, Provincetown, Mass. (1900, Hollis Taggert Galleries, New York) offers a nighttime streetscape of small, snug houses, their windows light, indicating human presence within. Hassam had been painting night scenes since the early 1890s, and his nocturnes are a nod to James McNeill Whistler, whom he held in great esteem.

Hassam's Provincetown paintings remain an understudied group of pictures. With renewed interest in Hassam, more information on these beautiful works will come to light.

Hassam, the subject of a major retrospective this summer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Childe Hassam, American Impressionist, has spurred a flurry of exhibitions in Connecticut, each examining a different aspect of the artist's work: Florence Griswold Museum, Old Lyme (www.flogris.org), Wadsworth Athenaeum Museum of Art, Hartford (www.wadsworthatheneum.org), and the Bush-Holley Historic Site, Cos Cob (www.hstg.org).

AMY ELLIS is Curator at the Florence Griswold Museum, Old Lyme, Connecticut.

Whitney Biennial 2004

ALMOST AMERICAN

BY MARC STRAUSS

hitney curators Chrissie Iles, Shamim Momin and Debra Singer, selected by outgoing Director, Maxwell Anderson, are responsible for WB 2004. New Director, Adam Weinberg lauds this exhibition as manifesting "a sophisticated, reflective mood that is largely wanting in other forms of national self examination." I am not precisely sure what he means but in large part neither he nor the curators allowed for the usual bombast and pretentious rhetoric associated with almost every preceding WB. We were typically subsumed with codification, illusory meanings and associations all intended to lend authority to what in the end must be judged by looking. To their credit this group appears to have let what they saw and heard largely dictate meaning and association. In the end they refrained from over-hammering the currency of recent art to 9/11, though they found common ground in renewed influences from the '60s, "intensity in the painted mark," and work with a fantastical and narrative bent. While the

selections are of predominately young artists a smattering of veterans show up.

Omitted from the catalog essays is an important charter change that may well presage larger changes to come. This is no longer an American biennial. Many of the artists are from abroad. I believe it was explained (elsewhere) that the non-American artists were included if they had significant studio practices in the US (or perhaps made the work here). But this is thin and inconsistent. While Marina Abramovic now has an apartment in NYC, and Yayoi Kusama certainly worked here over several years (a generation ago), there are others whose US residency credentials barely exceed coming in for the opening of their exhibits.

The importance of this newer interpretation of "American" can't be overstated. This WB acknowledges the peripatetic lifestyle of so many artists, particularly successful ones. It acknowledges that while not citizens or even residents of the US, many artists have a significant presence here. This may well be the beginning of a trend for an openly international biennial, in which case the comparison would be inevitable with Venice, Documentam, and elsewhere, and it would risk the original mission and perhaps the originality of an American show. A widening of inclusion may be unavoidable but the definition and rationale should be clear-cut.

In my review here of WB 2002, I acknowledged that as a long-time collector I most loved the chance to see unfamiliar artists in WB, a rarity. There was plenty of that here. In fact even absent the videos, I was unfamiliar with almost half the artists. And I'll say from the get-go that unlike edition 2002, there is almost nothing here that is really bad. They have almost no overly pedantic political work. No awful pseudo-architectural, poorly made abodes. Better yet, I actually like much of it and much to the curators' credit, among the many artists whose work I do know, they mostly selected good examples.

Still, what is disconcerting is that in the end I found little that I loved.

This may be an anemic complaint but for me it's everything. What keeps me going strong as a collector is finding something new that has broken some important boundary that brings an inventive signature quality to work.

What the WB sadly lacks is startling, wonderful, heartbreakingly good new work. Why? Perhaps one reason is their emphasis on current art that resonates with '60s political and earth based works. Their choices lack insistency and punch. This current work is too neatly packaged and saccharine. It has a glossy mythic quality and we are unlikely to become emotionally engaged if the artist isn't. Pissed off confrontational art generally wears thin; heat behind the canvas helps.

Another reason is the centrality of painting and especially of Elizabeth Peyton and the positioning of her work against new works of David Hockney. True, she cites him as a major influence and both have highly stylized palettes with Hollywoodish conceits, but if anything the association does her no good. His current work is a pale rehash of his best work from the '60s.

Furthermore, this WB (though less so than 2002), still bows a bit too heavily to the currency of the moment. It tilts in favor of a number of smaller galleries, mostly NYC and LA, who have received lots of attention. Among them is Daniel Reich who after leaving Pat Hearn's gallery, had shows in his tiny apartment space, some pretty good shows. It became au courant for such luminaries as NY Times reviewers to give him lots of print. Much of the art from these galleries, even if interesting, appears half cooked. And finally the looks back to older artists, though few in number, were forced and mostly poor choices.



TLAV WESTPHALEN, STATUE (SEATED), 2003 (DETAIL), POLYSTERENE, RESIN, AND TEMPERA PAINT, 55 x 36 x 30 INCHES.

To proceed one-by-one, on the 4th Floor I am at a loss to understand Spencer Finch's "85 Hanging Lamps," especially juxtaposed with 28 black drawings. Mark Handforth's broad sculptural vocabulary had nothing to finally land on and Katie Grinnan's colorful sculptural tableau with video, plant-like objects, stuff from the ceiling looked simply like stuff. By the time I had gotten to the end, I had seen a plethora of room size installations with varied "stuff." I have a hard time with hot artist Christian Holstead's work. Simultaneously there was a gallery show (Daniel Reich), where the whole space was stuffed with hanging objects, wallpaper, animals, etc. Each separate thing was for sale and then I am thinking that that gold goat is pretty poorly made and what does it mean by itself?

A whole genre of complicated environments with obscure narratives dominated, some more interesting like David Altmejd's huge black table-like structure with weird heads and architectural objects. I don't get Tom Burr's "Blackout Bar;" the catalog suggests reference to Male S&M. I liked Assume Vivid Astrofocus's garish room, but as with Terrance Koh's elegant white room it is okay for the single visit, not for sustained contact.

Among several large sculptural tableaus I liked Rob Fisher's best, a large glass and steel vitrine with oil cans, window panes, discarded furniture, fenders etc. But then I visited PS 1 whose Dieter Roth retrospective opened at the same time. I left wishing that every artist in WB, especially the accumulated object ones would take a slow look at Roth, of the enormity of risk, how the personal and obsessive is always present but never mired in the confessional. The monumental "Gardenskulptur," is a poetic exegesis that uses the stuff of life aggregated over 30 years.

I am not much of a collector of drawings but Chloe Piene's wispy sexual pieces are wonderful. Raymond Pettibone deservedly got a whole room and Tam Van Tran's aluminum foil, paint and staples of wavy paper deserves a few more looks, as does Robyn O'Neil's triptych of skiers. I've seen Zak Smith's comic book-like drawings before. This one with 755 parts is his best. Jim Hodges' huge color print with small pieces of the paper cut out to look like white flowers covering the surface is one of the best works in the WB.

I really liked Richard Prince's more painterly car hoods. He's so hot now but the new work helps justify the attention. I was never a big fan of Cecily Brown but these black paintings are convincing. Perhaps before I couldn't see past all the sexual cartography. Barnaby Furnas's paintings at their best are extremely accomplished. (He's 28; his work appeared on the invitation cover for The Armory Show 2003.) Again, Elizabeth Peyton-almost as hot as John Currin, (not included), is about the huge currency now for small edgy figuration.

I have long admired Catherine's Opie's aggres-



JULIE MEHRETU, RISE OF THE NEW SUPREMETISTS, 2001, INK AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 96 x 120 INCHES.

sive photographs and I was surprised to like these sweet works of barely visible surfers. Julie Mehretu can't be hotter but this large painting, ink and synthetic polymer on canvas is absolutely original and extraordinarily proficient. (I saw two women almost come to blows trying to buy a painting at a recent art fair.) I like Dario Robleto's odd radio and suitcase and Olaf Westphalen's resin men as well as his drawings. Matthew Ronay, born 1978, already with two powerful dealers, makes very interesting sculptural tableaus such as an animal juxtaposed to a plate of French fries.

What surprised me is that I found Marina Abramovic's video dealing with the politics of her home country (originally Yugoslavia) overly didactic and ceremonial. I am a big fan and owner of her work. I have practically never seen anything more moving then her prize winning performance in Venice when she scrubbed bloody bones but here a skeleton leading the orchestra is too easy. I would have preferred that they somehow include a meaningful vestige of her extraordinary 12 day performance at Sean Kelly Gallery.

The show looks back to Jack Goldstein, an East Village '80s fixture, whom Ashley Bickerton assisted and who died recently. His career has had new interest, but how it fits here is unclear. Robert Longo, another '80s artist, is shown here with new drawings that remind why he was so admired 20 years ago.

Among the older group, there is also renewed academic interest in Mel Bochner. His word paintings here have been done many times elsewhere and better. Robert Mangold's paintings aren't fresh and as with Alex Hay, born 1930, with competent abstractions on linen, I fail to understand their inclusion. The smartest entry among the old set is Kusama, likely my favorite, one I was tempted to buy but the maintenance with a shallow water pool, glass room and scores of little lights is overwhelming. (The Whitney luckily owns it.)

Among the videos I have always liked Slater Bradley (and he's only 29). Aida Ruilova deserves another look and Eva Sussman's massive work referencing "Las Meninas" is too narrative and filmic for me.

So what are the misses? American Doug Aiken's "Interiors," a three-screen video not yet shown in the US, that elegantly speaks to the sameness and differences among city dwelling people in various cities around the globe. Tom Friedman continues to do important sculpture. Gregor Schneider wouldn't likely fit even the broader nomenclature of inclusion this year but his recent installation of an alleyway at Barbara Gladstone Gallery raised the bar. Young painters: Nigel Cooke (a Brit), Kevin Zucker, Brian Calvin. Matthew Barney is a must or quality doesn't count. And among the older set, Louise Bourgeoise again and Milton Resnick, please. He died during this WB, a painter's painter, wrongly dismissed as a second generation abstract expressionist. His work was always and to the end individual, hard-won and remarkable.

MARC STRAUSS, M.D. a cancer specialist, poet, and collector, recently opened with his wife Livia the Hudson Valley Center for Contemporary Art, a 12000-foot space in Peekskill, New York.

John Grillo

HOMO LUDENS

BY CHRISTOPHER BUSA

n March Margaret Bergman, publisher of Provincetown Arts, and I drove out to Wellfleet to visit with John Grillo. It was a dreary day and Grillo had called to cancel. But our timing was driven by the knowledge that a group of his paintings and collages from the '50s and '60s were about to be shipped to New York for the artist's spring exhibition at the Katharina Rice Perlow Gallery.

We arrived on a day when the snow had melted enough to freeze over and make it slippery to walk over the bluestones that made the path around Grillo's property, weaving between house, storage building, and studio, where the stone steps were particularly treacherous. The outer walls of the buildings are painted with Grillo murals and there is an inner courtyard with a patio and fountain designed and built by a young Polish sculptor, Dariusz Lipski, nine years ago while he was in residency at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown.

Grillo has been painting professionally for over 60 years. He appears robust; his handsome face, creased as old leather, reflects exposure to abundant fresh air. I imagine him chopping his own firewood or raking Wellfleet Harbor at low tide to collect his weekly quota of oysters, but no, Grillo attributes his glow of good health to his "Sicilian blood," something in his genes that he cannot help. He said, "My wife, Kathy, takes care of me and I take pills." He continues to work in his studio most every day, a lifetime habit that began when he was very young.

In an interview with Dorothy Seckler for the Archives of American Art in 1964, Grillo recalled a childhood memory of opening a closet: "I felt some little things in the closet and I started to squeeze them. They happened to be tubes of paint. I got them on my hands and face-this is true. I went to school that way. Later, I found out that my father had been a painter. I recall a very large painting that he had done on a wall, very primitive and romantic with a couple of lovers and two doves. That was my beginning of thinking about becoming a painter. I remember drawing Mickey Mouse, copying designs, personal inventions. I was determined to do something with it, I didn't know what. One day we moved to a different city and I went to a museum [the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford]. I saw these two-dimensional surfaces that, suddenly, impressed me with how real they were, especially portraits. I felt people were coming right out of the canvas and saying something. I said to myself, my God, this is really marvelous. I wondered how to do it-the



BUSA WITH GRILLO IN HIS STUDIO PHOTO BY MARGARET BERGMAN

eyes and the face and the mouth looked very real. So I determined to become an artist. I must have been 13 or 14. Even though I didn't know what the word meant, I wanted to become a 'great' portrait painter that would make things live the way I felt them when I saw them at this first visit."

During the Second World War, Grillo was employed in defense plants, making guns. He returned home early in the morning, his hands saturated with smelly oil from machines. Without sleep he spent much of the day painting in oil, coveting the power of the medium to transform itself. Sometimes he worked all night and painted all day. His first marriage was not going well; Grillo enlisted in the Army and the Navy at the same time. Neither fish nor fowl, he served in the Amphibious Forces in the Pacific-"neither sailor nor soldier," he characterized his role. Stationed in Okinawa, he drew on the ship, he drew in his tent, describing the things he saw on the islands-the rocky terrain, urns, and bones. He was curious about the caves and how the Japanese made the upper level of a cave actually in the shape of a woman's vagina, placing the high value on fertility that Grillo would respect for the rest of his life. When the war ended Grillo found himself in Shanghai, China, for 10 days of R & R, courtesy of the government; the Oriental sky appeared strange and close, "as if I could touch it," he said.

When the war ended, Grillo arrived in San Francisco with the portfolio of drawings that he had done in Okinawa. He enrolled in the California School of Fine Arts, studying with Clay Spohn, Elmer Bischoff, and David Park. Other students in the classes were John Hultberg, Robert Diebenkorn, and Edward Corbett. He developed an interest in circular forms, like eyes, that seemed to reflect some reproductions he had seen of Miro. On an impulse he made an image with two brushes, one in each hand, working both hands at once. He began to feel a bit too comfortable in California because, he said, "I was getting too many compliments."

Late in 1946 Grillo moved to New York. He

rented a loft on Crosby Street in Lower Manhattan, but the loft wasn't heated. He carried coal, one bag at a time, up the stairs, feeding the stove to keep warm. His wife baked apple pies, his son went to school. He improvised a shower that he had seen in Okinawa, pouring cold water into a container with a little faucet, and standing under the spigot while it rained down. He had his first show in New York at the Artists Gallery in October 1948. The next year he began studying with Hans Hofmann. He walked into the class and Hofmann said, "I remember you. You had a show on 57th Street. Why do you want to study with me?" Grillo, believing he had much to learn, took advantage of the G.I. Bill to take classes from this highly respected teacher. Despite difficulty in understanding Hofmann, Grillo developed an awareness that made him feel he had to unlearn everything he had learned intuitively.

Grillo sensed that Hofmann was trying to teach him how to see as a painter by trying to show the whole history of how painters in Europe had worked. Hofmann connected the Renaissance with the Cubists without making painting into a series of movements based on minor deviations in style. Hofmann obliged Grillo to regard tradition as efforts by individual painters to make their own reality on a two-dimensional surface. Each artist must gain enough experience to comprehend the live principles that made good paintings in the past. Form was a function of the hand. Grillo grasped he could only know volume through touch.

Grillo paints without a palette, directly putting color to canvas from the primary pigment in a tube, then spreading it out. He starts with a splash of color. "I could show you," he said to us in his Wellfleet studio. "Want me to start a painting now?'

He chose acrylic, explaining that the fast-drying medium was "easier" than oil. Usually he works on the studio wall, often starting with yellow because a light color is "easier" to modulate against darker shades. Knowing Grillo's love of yellow, Margaret wore a yellow sweater, perhaps inspiring the artist to choose his favorite color.

"AHH!" Lunging at the center of the canvas with a loaded brush, Grillo attacked with five quick strokes, marking the surface the way Zorro used his lethal sword to carve his signature Z into the skin of his enemy, leaving complex calligraphic marks-vertical, horizontal, and diagonal-accomplished in the exhalation of a single breath.

Margaret was astonished and frightened: "Art is like printing your own money!" she blurted out. "That really is a splash of color! I thought you were having a heart attack. It looked like you were stabbing someone with a knife. I thought you might disembowel somebody." The vellow strokes were calligraphic, a sign of meaning inscrutable to the illiterate eye, yet compelling in their emotional gestures. The artist dabbed a trapezoidal dot of yellow to the left of the blue swatch. He again stepped back. What was next? What must be done to continue the impulse until it was exhausted? Grillo seized another brush, loading it with red and in two strokes completed an oval of red encircling the shapes he had just established, unifying them the way a shell of an egg protects its yoke. This completed

image reproduced here. "I feel," Grillo said, "at the beginning, you have to be physical. Then I'll study it and just take it easy. I've got to see what I have there. The blue

the first stage of the painting represented in the

was a little bright, calling too much attention to it. I was thinking of making it lighter, with white, but the red around gets it right. I could put another color in, but why? The thing is finished."

I remark that two or three elements were now in a bouncy dialogue, and that's what Miro would do with his impulsive gestures, activating a colored circle, a star floating free, and a reddish cosmic disturbance that became the center of attention. Grillo is reminded that in 1946, while still in California, when he was doing many watercolors, he was fascinated by Miro.

A week later Grillo sent me a photograph of the finished demonstration, completely altered, pictured here in its final state. Now the conversation of colors has a new tone, richer, more harmonized. Primary colors have evolved into a loose geometry of shapes in startling secondary colors, every inch of the surface modulated to harmonize with its adjacent parts and move on, nudged and jostled and directed as if by a below-surface current. There is the color of the winter sun when it is low on the horizon, burnished to a glow that gives no heat. All the warmth withdrawn, the places where this color shines give light to Grillo's pinks and weak reds, so that these fragile, slightly darker colors, feel stronger. There is movement that balances less like the swing of a pendulum than the motion of a see-saw when two bodies of almost equal weight, hitting bottom, push easily off the ground, lifting while the other feels the



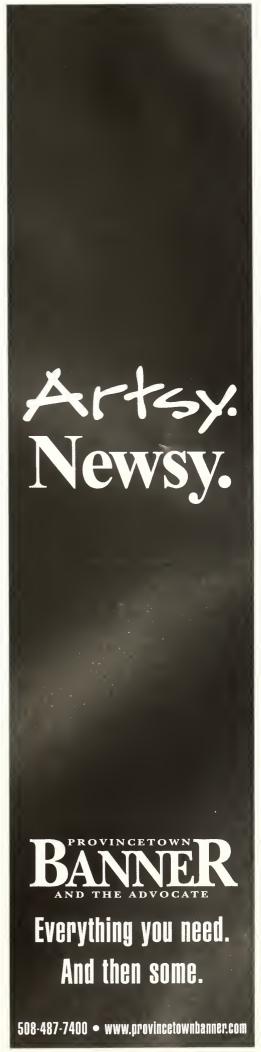
ABOVE: JOHN GRILLO, DEMONSTRATION, FIRST STAGE, 2004, 38" x 48" BELOW: FINISHED PAINTING, 2004, 38" x 48"



heaviness of the extra gravity, lofting him down from the sky. It is possible to read this painting, with its ability to stay completely abstract with something of a mathematical conviction. Homo ludens, man at play, is the basic character of any artist, and that is the part that places value on the artist's role in society. Grillo gets his special quality from intensifying the little that he has left, and this is why he likes to work from light to dark, rather than from dark to light. Play should be easy. Secondary colors-cranberries, lemons, melons, African violet, dusty grays, silver water, hammered pewter, wrinkled cellophane, pink, rubbed red-are the off-hues found in nature, reminding us that blood runs in our veins and that the hills of California are ochre half the year.

The eye can begin anywhere and find itself guided while being rewarded with the sheer pleasure of looking, but Margaret and I had a mission. We had come with two bottles of fine California wine bearing a Grillo image on the label. Commissioned by Kenwood Vineyards, the wine sells for \$75 a bottle at Angel Foods in Provincetown. Grillo signed bottles for the store, where many of the customers, lovers of good food, know that Grillo is the type to whisper after an opening that there should be a party. At the designated place, Grillo would walk in carrying a bag of groceries. After two hours of drinking wine and darting in and out of the kitchen, Grillo, his nose alert to the fragrance of oregano wiggling his nostril hairs, took the moment as a signal to take the lasagna out of the oven.

CHRISTOPHER BUSA is editor of Provincetown Arts.



Maurice Freedman

THE DYING ART OF SLOW LOOKING

BY MARY SHERMAN

aurice Freedman's paintings are welcome rarities: In a fast paced society obsessed with one minute sound bites. their engaging visual revelries expose a glimpse of existence, so compelling as to stop viewers dead in their tracks.

Coming of age in the '20s and working up through the '70s, Freedman created images that span the mid-century between European modernism and abstract expressionism. His landscapes, still lifes, and portraits unabashedly delight in the physical manipulation of paint, speaking eloquently of the joy of encountering life, even seemingly insignificant moments.

"He learned from Andre Lhote and others in Paris how to draw with the loaded brush, how to handle rich and strong color without letting it get out of hand, and how to give individuality to the objects of the everyday," the critic for the New York Times, John Russell wrote of Freedman's 1982 retrospective at New York City's Midtown

Galleries. "He has never lost that initial vigor of the hand or the driving curiosity as to what may come of it. There are paintings in this show that deserve to go straight into the history of American painting of this century."

"America is lucky to have a painter like Maurice Freedman," echoed the great Max Beckman patron, Morton D. May, who also remained Freedman's steadfast supporter.

Like many brilliant painters of his generation, Freedman's talents became unfairly lost in the crush to promote abstract expressionism as the quintessential American style. Associated with artists such as John Marin, Marsden Hartley, and Arthur Dove, Freedman draws from the past and moves forward with a decidedly American twist. His art was one of hard-won experience; the experience of slowly and carefully looking at a scene and transforming it into paint. Nothing else mattered.

His work is not translatable in reproduction, making a centennial exhibition such as this a requisite trek. His paintings can not be understood in a quick glance, nor can they properly be experi-



enced second-hand. They require the dying art of slow looking. They require face-to-face encounters with paint surfaces, nuances of color, and compositional forays.

Freedman was a consummate romantic, looking longingly for the poetry in the everyday. In this regard, his work is linked to the French turn-ofthe-century movement, Intimism, whose artists focused on domestic interiors, commonplace occurrences, and how particular instances-as when a cloud passes overhead, or a sliver of sunlight brushes the edge of a table or a flower hits full bloom-can offer a glimpse of transcendence, the sense that hope and meaning lies behind the smallest action.

His subjects, from the Cape's dunes to his studio interiors, are the sights that surrounded him. They are not bombastic or theatrical. As Bonnard defined the works of the Intimists, they draw emotion from "everyday acts of life." Like Giorgio Morandi's bottles, Eduoard Vuillard's wall paper patterns or Henri Matisse's studios with their wrought iron windows, Freedman approaches his objects with a certain understanding and tenderness. The items that occupy his canvases have their own personality, often appearing in other pictures, slightly aged or, alternately, more vibrant. As Freedman said, "In a still life I'll discover certain personalities in the various objects."

In Freedman's paintings, small moments are elevated to visual leitmotifs. They tease, invite, and take us on journeys along their different painted surfaces, offering up varying passages of delight. His art insinuates; it never merely describes.

"If you are sensitive to what's there," Freedman noted in an interview with his son Joel, "it's like a door that suddenly opens and then you slowly walk in. You look around . . . you see the relationships of the various colors and forms, the organic structure that goes on, which is a sense of logic that you recognize in so many other forms. All this is so reassuring to your life that you go

on living because it's so beautiful."

Filtering his life through an engagement with tradition, the traditions that shaped the artistic tenets of the past, those of his day, and those still alive in the best works today, Freedman found his own way of speaking directly to his audience. As Morton May said of Freedman, "In everything he puts on canvas you can see his gentle spirit, his understanding and his feeling for nature. When he puts in very strong mountains, roads with automobiles speeding along, or boats in harbor, you feel his personality. Maurice Freedman is in the things he paints.'

At a very early age, Freedman exhibited an aptitude and passion for art. His student works, such as "Still Life/Apples, Grapes and Jar" belie his academic training. As a high school student he attended classes at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, followed by studies at the Massachusetts College of Art, then known as the Normal School, and another stint at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, where he received a scholarship. By the time he had finished this training, he had thoroughly absorbed how to translate form into color and value, producing remarkably assured still lifes and landscapes. But, by then, New England also seemed stultifying.

The excitement of New York tempted; in 1926 he moved there; not long after-like many American artists-he took off to Paris to study the then avant-garde tendencies of the day. He studied with Lhote, absorbing the principles of German expressionism and fauvism, whose artists negated a picture's traditional foreground, middle ground, and background by painting the elements on their canvases with equally intense color. Pattern unifies these surfaces; and for Freedman the physicality of paint and the joy in its manipulation became more and more pronounced.

In his own self-portrait, the background pushes forward; angular white arched clouds surround the artist's head, compressing the distance between the background and the portrait. In the narrow space behind Freedman stands a light-

house on the right and a lone boat on the left, the artist between the two. Echoing the white bands, his right eyebrow is cocked, as if asking which way he will go-to the safety of the shore or out to sea. It is a somewhat melancholy picture -thickly painted in broad swipes of creamy paint, but questioning all the same.

Freedman joined New York City's Midtown Galleries, who represented his work for six decades. His dealer, A.D. Gruskin, aptly noted in his foreword for Freedman's first show at the gallery in 1934, "he gives evidence of marked ability to handle pigment with subtly handled tone gradations, to organize his canvases soundly and to infuse into his work a highly emotional quality."

In 1939, Freedman married

the Vassar graduate Louise Arnstein, who later went on to be an outstanding artist, helping to found the influential Serigraph Society. As he had done since moving to New York, he continued to support himself first as an art director for Pathe Studios and then RCA Studios and, later, for Columbia Pictures, leaving him free to paint as he wished. Painting excursions to Mohegan Island, Adirondacks, the rocky coasts of Maine, the Delaware River region, New Mexico and Cape Cod, as well as side trips to Italy, Spain and France, reinforced his interest in light and pattern.

In the '40s, however, the darker colors and gritty realism of life in New York stalked such works as "Into the Subway." Executed in dank, moody tones, Freedman's inventive warping of space foreshadows George Tooker's claustrophobic nightmares. In these works of Freedman's, as in cubism, space unfolds over time. One reads a painting like "Into the Subway," left to right, from inside one bay of the platform to the unfolding of another, to another. Later in his life, this kind of compressed spatial panorama re-appears in lighter tones in "Through the Living Room," again underscoring Freedman's own synthesis of abstraction and figuration.

Always Freedman is present in the work, but not in a typically anecdotal way. Instead, his images regal the viewer with his passionate intensity-the way a stroke of paint will be left, defiantly smacked up against a contrasting color as in "Low Tide Formations." There, a rusty red rushes up from the painting's bottom edge, butting up against a swirl of bluish purple. Similarly the thick bands of viridian leap off the top of the canvas and then return with just enough authority to transform them into a dramatic sky.

As an American, Freedman's work retains a certain raw physicality about it. His touch is rarely light or nervously tenuous. He perfected a clean stroke and extroverted color. He injected fresh syncopated rhythms and gaiety into the legacy of French intimism. In "Saraceni Posimonies, shimmering dissonances, and improvisational riffs.

Often from drawings Freedman would translate his sensations directly into paint; but he did so in the studio, where he distilled his observations of the world into tightly nuanced orchestrations, enhanced by his understanding of color and inventive techniques.

Basically, a stroke of paint is a rudimentary, but also versatile mark. Paint strokes are used for establishing color and value, setting boundaries and creating shapes; but for Freedman the common stroke of paint also can be used for expressing the inexpressible. In Freedman's paintings and drawings, there is little indication of an imposed system or doctrine at work. Instead, there is a sense that the works have grown out of a keen and focused sensitivity, awake to every nuance of their making-no matter if the marks are as bristling and explosive as in "Fire Dance," or as luminous as the blue-green marks that stretches



MAURICE FREEDMAN, THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM, 1967, 22" x 40," OIL ON CANVAS

tano" a bold black line confidently splinters the seascape into a series of irregular rectangles; in "Night Highway to New York" a series of small daubs refuse to gracefully leave the picture plane, but instead remain steadfast at the bottom and top of the canvas; and in "Mad River Falls," two horizontal slashes of red paint insistently accent the canvas' upper left hand corner.

Freedman's drawings are marked by an equally jaunty and sure touch. Often he drew with a thick, felt tip marker, making firm lines that couldn't be retracted. Expertly, he modulated such strokes, with smaller dashes and quick trills across the page. This perfectly pitched play of subtle surface incident, create the visual music that permeates Freedman's work. From the staccato like dots to describe a bunch of flowers, to the vivid lyrical passages to express an expanse of land, or the full throttled thrusts and jabs reaching up the picture plane to suggest thick foliage, Freedman was never just describing the elements in a scene, he was expressing its underlying har-

across the water of "Silent Pond Revisited," or as halting, rectangular and rambunctious as in the blocky forms of "Road into the Forest."

In other instances, as seen in one of the smallest canvases in the show, Freedman narrows his expressive use of color to a few essentials to suggest the intense luminosity of a setting sun. A stroke of ultramarine acts as a line of division that allows the real horizon to be negated without confusion. Its formal necessity cancels out any need for it to stand as an accurate visual representation. The result is a serene, undefined space in which a brilliant dash of color streaks across the surface. It is almost shocking to see something so concise and elegantly simple pack such a huge punch.

A hint of melancholy, however, continues to linger in these spatial confines as well as something-to use a word that Freedman often did-"thrilling." Even in the otherwise languid "Through the Living Room," the opaque daylight touches of paint punching rectangular patches throughout the canvas are surprisingly

THE JUDITH ROTHSCHILD FOUNDATION

The Foundation makes grants to present, preserve, or interpret work of the highest aesthetic merit by lesser-known American painters, sculptors, and photographers who have died after September 12, 1976. Examples of grants include support for: the organization of exhibitions; the acquisition of works of art for display and study in museums and public galleries; the development of accompanying public programs, films, or videos; the preparation of publications; scholarly and critical pursuits; and, the conservation, cataloguing, and safe-keeping of works of art. Requests must be submitted and postmarked between April 15 and September 15 of each year.

Totaling over \$250,000, grant awards for 2004 will support and stimulate interest in the work of the following under-recognized and recently deceased artists:

Carlos Almaraz, Nell Blaine, Norman Bluhm, Esther Bubley, Herbert Creecy, David Cannon Dashiell, Robert Dowd, Louis Finkelstein, Peter Grippe, Conrad House, Reuben Kadish, Howard Mehring, Doug Michels, Lee Mullican, John David Rigsby, Esphyr Slobodkina, George Sugarman, Hale Woodruff, as well as several others who are included in group exhibitions.

To receive Grant Program Guidelines, contact The Judith Rothschild Foundation, 1110 Park Avenue, New York, NY, 10128, telephone (212) 831-4114; or visit http://fdncenter.org/grantmaker/rothschild.

TRURO CENTER FOR THE ARTS CASTLE HILL

Workshops

Lectures

Special Events

Painting | Drawing | Printmaking | Book Arts | Design Sculpture | Photography | Mosaics | Film | Weaving | Acting Performance | Glass | Writing | Ceramics | Poetry | Jewelry Felt Making | Fiction | Giant Puppets | Kids & Teen Workshops

10 Meetinghouse Road & 1 Depot Road, P. O. Box 756, Truro, Massachusetts 02666



Keep your eyes on Castle Hill, as we expand to year-round programming!

Check out our website: www.castlehill.org or call (508) 349-7511

enlivened by the free invention of Freedman's brushwork and a sparkling dot of electric yellow off to the side of the table.

In his later works the improvisations grew more pronounced. Like anyone in complete command of their medium, Freedman exploited it to the hilt. At a time, when his contemporaries-such as Milton Avery, Karl Knaths, Dove and Hartley-were abstracting reality to create a tense balance between abstraction and figuration, Freedman added a fierce interest in the physicality of paintthe ability to scrape it down to a smooth haze, enlivened by lyrical trails of paint to describe the atmospheric effects in "Rising Fog." Or in other cases, turning to the other end of his brush, scratching lines, into his paint surfaces to suggest, for instance, the diamond pattern under the floor of his two sons playing music, Joel at his cello and Alan at his guitar, in "Two Brothers Sterne House."

Much of the exquisiteness of Freedman's work lies in this kind of concern with inventive nuance, both obvious and suggestive. In "Mast and Stars" riotous colors, closely cropped and smacked against one another, separated by an intense, opaque black create a play of light and translucency that is as seductive and alluring as it is clearly a by-product of the varying application and stunning juxtapositions of wet paint. The atmospheric quality of the light-the element that so captivated Matisse-and the taut accent of the black outline stabbing through the colors to form a subtle myriad of visual relationships that are so palpable, you feel you can touch them, that they can be navigated like a blind person reading brail. This process is revealed to the person who takes the time. "Things usually evolve as painters work," Freedman said, "things happen, certain paths open up which artists take advantage of and it shows-a kind of spirit of curiosity and following through various color suggestions or divine directions and there becomes a more inspiring performance."

As such Freedman's paintings are best seen as a steady accumulation of visual encounters, the experience of slowly and carefully looking at an art object. Otherwise, all is lost. Recalling the Symbolist poet and critic Charles Baudelaire's description of the Madeline cake that unleashes Marcel's unconscious ruminations in Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," Freedman's paintings are "like souls, read to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest; and bear unfalteringly, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of their essence the vast structure of recollection."

Freedman's works are predicated on idealized forms; but they offer more. His paintings, filled with subtle inflections and rich suggestiveness, reflect intimations in the paint. Sensuousness in his paint handling, bold and striking in imagemaking: therein lays the seeds of modernism. Freedman found the way of what was yet to come.

MARY SHERMAN, a Boston-based art critic, teaches at Boston College and Northeastern. An artist, she recently was artist-in-residence at MIT. This essay will accompany the Maurice Freedman retrospective this summer at the Cape Museum of Fine Arts.

Sid Grossman's Escape to Provincetown

BY LARRY COLLINS

id Grossman's photographs were exhibited in the Driskel Gallery at the Schoolhouse Center in Provincetown last summer. While curating this show I wanted to include a number of vintage prints of exceptional beauty, photographs that were taken by Grossman in Provincetown in the 1950s. These bucolic images of cottage gardens, children, and animals belied the reality of a personal disaster for this artist. Noa Hall of Wellfleet came to see the picture of her taken as a little girl, charming in her hide-and-seek pose behind shrubbery in a wild flower garden. This image is not an example of the cloying tourist fare seen in shops all up and down the Cape, but a photograph of rare quality in which the white flowers literally glow. Although gallery visitors seemed to appreciate the exhibition, almost no one coming into the gallery except Ms. Hall had even heard of Sid Grossman. He has been largely forgotten in Provincetown. One of the major photographers of mid-20th century America, Grossman was a renowned teacher and the co-founder of the New York Photo League, the most important and influential photography organization of it's time. It must be mentioned that Grossman himself was not interested in making his significant reputation as an artist known here. He came

to Provincetown from New York with his wife Miriam as a virtual escapee, fleeing events of high drama and disaster in New York, afraid, he said, of what he saw in people's faces there.

Grossman was born in 1913 in New York City and raised by a single mother, a waitress struggling to survive with her child. Their poverty was so extreme that, according to Miriam, the young Grossman was hospitalized three times for conditions resulting from malnutrition. She also attributes to these early-life deprivations the beginnings of a chronic heart condition that eventually caused his early death. Childhood poverty formed Grossman's social awareness and political convictions

Photography in the '40s and '50s lacked status as a major art form and did not achieve any semblance of critical or art-market parity with painting and sculpture until the '80s. Photography was generally regarded as a tool of advertising or documentation in newspapers and magazines. Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine began to turn American photography into a powerful social and political tool in the early 20th century. Riis' photographs of New York's impoverished immigrants and Hine's images of child labor were so powerful as to produce real social change. Grossman, with Sol Libsohn, founded the New York Photo League in

1936 to foster this social consciousness in photography. The League's predecessors, the Worker's Camera Club and the Labor Defender Photo Group had set the course for its humanistic view of society and it's explicit or implied leftist political positions. Equally the League was dedicated to excellence and serving as a forum for aesthetic issues. Miriam Grossman recalls debates about the nature and importance of beauty, the values of precise focus, technical mastery and manipulation in the darkroom, and the validity of art-for-art'ssake; lively debates about cropping and composition coexisted with social and political passions. The Photo League—a virtual Who's Who of photography at mid-century-sponsored classes, lectures, and exhibitions by Dorothea Lange, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Lisette Model, Margaret Bourke-White, Weegee, W. Eugene Smith, Helen Levitt, Richard Avedon, Lewis Hine, Eugene Atget, and Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Gloria Nardin was a League member and attended the seminars in the Grossmans' loft on Manhattan's West 24th Street. Nardin says that Sid Grossman was a charismatic teacher, creating great excitement and passion in his students. She remembers evening sessions that would last for hours, sometimes even until five o'clock in the morning. She recalls attending the Grossman's wedding in their New York loft where the music was provided by friend Pete Seeger. Nardin also remembers a fellow student and member of the Photo League, Angela Calomiris. "I didn't know her well. She was quiet." There was no clue then that Angela Calomiris was an F.B.I. plant who had infiltrated the League. She would, with her testimony, be the one to put an end to Grossman's career and initiate the destruction of his creation, the New York Photo League.

During April 1949 in New York City the socalled Foley Square trial commenced with 12 defendants, all high-level members of the American Communist Party who were charged with conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow the U. S. government. The atmosphere was poisonous with undercover agents for the F.B.I. naming names and professional anti-Communist witnesses taking the stand. One such government witness was Herbert Philbrick, the Boston spy who became wealthy and famous when his espionage tales were used as the basis for the popular television series, I Led Three Lives, starring Richard Carlson. This television series packaged McCarthyism into a new product-a popular weekly entertainment for the American living room, separating the good guys from the bad as easily as a cheap western. Another familiar government witness was William Cummings who, according to Cedric Belfrage in The American Inquisition, recruited some members of his own family into the Communist Party, only to turn them in to the authorities later. In the end, in a clean sweep, all the defendants (Grossman was not one of them) were sent to prison, and the judge also managed to jail all their lawyers as well. Belfrage recounts that when one of the lawyers began to weep in open court, the judge said he would allow weeping, but advised the man that it was better not to cry.

Within that parade of witnesses at the trial was



SID GROSSMAN, UNTITLED (PROVINCETOWN), EARLY 1950S

Angela Calomiris, the FBI spy inside the Photo League. Although Grossman was not a defendant in this trial and had not been charged with a crime, she testified that the Photo League was a Communist front organization and that he and another member were the Party recruiters within the Photo League. This is a charge that Miriam Grossman flatly denies. "We were artists, not recruiters. Yes, we were members of the Communist Party, but it was no big deal in the '30s and '40s. If a person was young, idealistic, and liberal during that time, it was natural to join the Party-as thousands did." She says that they had no knowledge of Stalin's murderous purges until much later. The charges by Calomiris against Grossman and the League became front-page news and the New York Photo League was put on the attorney general's list of subversive organizations. Grossman found himself shunned by some longtime friends. He was unable to find work. It was not easy for Grossman to accept such personal and professional disloyalty, but he understood that a great cloud of fear had settled over the country. The Communist party wanted

him to use the prestige of the League and its more celebrated members to wage a political offensive. Grossman refused to identify and use his artist friends as political pawns. The F.B.I. also wanted Grossman to name names. Miriam Grossman tells of slamming the door in the faces of F.B.I. agents who had come to interrogate her husband. I asked if she was not afraid, but she said no, she was appalled. "Sid would never do that, betray his friends," she told me with such emotion that I felt these events were current. Grossman was virtually expelled from the Party for his refusal to cooperate with them, and similarly, he was forced out of the



SID GROSSMAN, UNTITLED (GIRL IN PROVINCETOWN), EARLY 1950S

Photo League by factions intent on using the League overtly as a political tool, thereby degrading its artistic identity and that of its members.

There was an initial rush of support for the Photo League after the newspaper headlines, with many new memberships. Ultimately, however, the pressures accrued from being tagged a subversive organization by the government and the increased factionalism within the League led to its demise. Newspapers and magazines would no longer carry notices of the shows and events, exhibition spaces dried up, and membership dropped dramatically. Without money to pay the rent the New York

Photo League, an extraordinary influence on American photography for 15 years, ceased to exist.

Sid and Miriam needed to escape the fear and paranoia in New York. One friend suggested that Sid take advantage of the G.I. Bill, for his Army service, by enrolling in the Hans Hoffman School in Provincetown. They stayed at the Captain Stillman house in the west end.

The next year they found a little cottage, behind the Burt house on Commercial Street at Atlantic Avenue, living there for the next six summers. The cottage served at one time as a studio for Blanche Lazzell. Sid had never painted before; he thoroughly enjoyed Hofmann's classes, where he often worked from the model. Hofmann liked Sid's paintings, Miriam remembers, and the two men developed a casual friendship.

Sid and Miriam acquired a little dory that took them out into the bay, beyond the flats at low tide, where they felt the singular beauty of Provincetown. Sid, never exposed to this natural beauty, began an all-out pursuit of it with his camera. Now his work was photographs of the Cape landscape, children, gardens, and animals-dogs, fish, and birds. This new subject matter and frank pur-

suit of beauty was partly the result of the traumas he had endured, Miriam believes. He had not come through unscathed. It was also true, however, that there had been a gradual and steady shift over several years in Grossman's attitudes and priorities for his art. He began his career with the conviction that photography should serve a higher social purpose and that pure beauty was useless. He was not a particular fan of fashion photography, feeling that its service to economic interests was shallow. As time went by he recognized the importance of beauty for itself, not necessarily in the service of social justice. His experiences with the Communist Party and with those members at the Photo League who demanded using the organization as a political tool, co-opting the achievements of the brilliant and the talented undoubtedly had a significant effect on Grossman's artistic development. His work continued to become more personal, more beautiful.

Some of Grossman's best earlier work was shot on the beach at Coney Island in 1947 and 1948. He succeeded in capturing groups and individuals having fun, mostly young people intertwined and cavorting for the camera. His compositions in these pictures are daring and original. Grossman had an innate compositional talent. Like true pitch, compositional instinct is not learned, it is simply there. These pictures are very different from the Coney Island images by

HARMON

gallery

p.o. box 1614 Wellfleet MA 02667 508 -349-0530

Eric Abrecht Vincent Amicosante Walter Baron Cynthia Guild Traci Harmon Hay Taliah Lempert

Lorraine E. La Pointe Daniel Maffia Patricia Raney Chris Storr Blair Thornley Anne Sargent Walker

2004 SHOW SCHEDULE

Saturday July 3rd, 6 – 8PM Lorraine E. La Pointe

Saturday July 24th, 6 – 8PM Patricia Carrigan Eric Abrecht

Saturday August 14th, 6 – 8PM VincentAmicosante **Blair Thornley**

Saturday August 14th, 5 - 7PM Small Works Show

other photographers of the New York school. Lisette Model, Diane Arbus, and Weegee produced their own great images of this famous beach, but theirs are imbued with pessimism of extremes. Grossman's beach people are centered, joyous and real, always smiling.

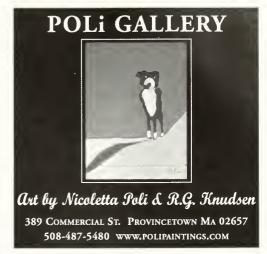
Quite different from the Coney Island pictures are a group taken in Panama in 1945 while Grossman was assigned there as an Army photographer. His nighttime images of a festival of the Black Christ are moribund expressive pictures of a large dark Jesus in torment, borne by a procession of men who are completely absorbed in their own deep devotion. Another Panama picture is one of Grossman's most important works, a touchstone of change for him. It is a blurred image of a young peasant girl jumping and laughing, or possibly crying. The effect is riveting and somewhat disturbing. It was another significant departure for Grossman, and cannot easily be read as a social statement. It is a psychological expression, personal and beautiful in its way. Miriam Grossman says that people were unkind about this picture, deriding it and asking if Grossman had trouble focusing a camera. It bears a very strong resemblance to one of Grossman's Provincetown pictures. Miriam says that this Provincetown photograph was another of Sid's favorite images. The subject is a young girl selling shells, but it is not a beautiful image like the one of a laughing Noa Hall hiding in the garden. This girl looks out with a frown of distrust, the composition is uncomfortably tilted, and the image is grainy and gray. Jane Livingston in The New York School describes this photograph eloquently: "One of those rare remarkable photographs, an image that had never existed before, and that can never be imitated."

Sid started his Provincetown School of Photography which continued each summer until his death. It was certainly not like the vibrant Photo League but he always had a few students, including Gloria Nardin from New York. Sid continued to photograph and to expand his own personal artistic territory. Some of his most beautiful images were taken on the bayside beach, in front of the house with the widow's walk, says Miriam (the Cabral mansion and the beach where the Boatslip is today.) These pictures show gulls and other birds in a feeding frenzy over scrap fish left by the fishermen. In these pictures Grossman shot from above dissolving the forms of the birds and combining them with the dark and light rivulets of water. These images are visually ambiguous, and with the dissolution of the three-dimensional forms of the birds they border on abstraction. Grossman obtained a 35mm Contax-D which allowed him greater freedom of movement. He began to shoot in color, but most of these images have long ago faded and disappeared. Judging from some of these color images that were published, it is tempting to think that a move towards greater abstraction was underway. Sid had previously experienced a grievous split with his longtime friend, photographer Aaron Siskind, when Siskind accepted a post at the Chicago Bauhaus. Siskind abandoned his street photography in favor of his own brand of abstraction, an imitation in photography of Abstract Expressionist painting, and Grossman felt that he had betrayed the ideals of the Photo League. Miriam Grossman speculates that if Sid had lived longer his anger towards Siskind might have softened.

On a trip back to New York from Provincetown in 1956 Grossman suffered a major heart attack. He never recovered and died later in a New York hospital. He was only 42.

The final strange twist to this story comes from Gloria Nardin, Photo League member and Grossman's student both in New York and Provincetown. "I was with my children and needed a place to stay," recalls Nardin. Someone suggested to Nardin a place in Provincetown called Angel's Landing, so she went to see the owner about renting an apartment for the summer. She was almost ready to accept the apartment when she happened to glance at the woman's business card: Angela Calomiris. She had not recognized her former classmate at the Photo League, the FBI spy who brought down Sid Grossman and the League. Nardin fled in horror. "I've always regretted that I didn't confront her then. I was so shocked." Angela Calomiris died in 1995.

LARRY COLLINS is director of Larry Collins Fine Art in Provincetown. Formerly Curator of Vintage Photography at the Schoolhouse Center in Provincetown and Professor of Art at the Massachusetts College of Art and the University of New Hampshire, he is a painter and photographer.





Larry Collins Fine Art 145 Commercial Street #2 Provincetown, MA www.larrycollinsfineart.com



A Sweeper-Up After Artists

BY IRVING SANDLER

THAMES & HUDSON, 2004

a book review by Budd Hopkins

n the 1950s, New York's Cedar Street Tavern-"the Cedar" to its denizens-was a working man's barroom so utterly nondescript, so lacking in even a touch of visual interest, that it drew artists by the score. This might seem perverse, but the truth is that, away from their studios and in search of a clubroom that sold cheap beer, visual dullness was just what the artists wanted. Paradoxically, this drab barn of a place was to become the scene of many legendary events and oft-told stories from the history of Abstract Expressionism: brutal arguments, glamorous fist-fights, seminal conversations, broken, mended, and newly-minted friendships, plus a thousand other familiar incidents, both historic and trivial. More than any other artists' hangout in the last century, the Cedar Bar has become identified with one of the greatest moments in the history of American art.

The Cedar years, the '50s, are the main subject of Irving Sandler's rather self-effacing memoir titled, unfortunately but characteristically, "A Sweeper-up After Artists." Irv, as we called him then, became part of the New York art world a few years before I did—I discovered it in 1954—and he immediately began interviewing artists and attempting to write down who said what to whom at the Cedar and the Artist's Club. When I asked a friend about him, he said he had heard that "Irv is some kind of academic who's writing a history of the Jews." Considering the marginal position of artists at the time, the public's contempt for abstract painting and the subject of Sandler's later books, my friend's remark is not without irony.

I remember Irv as being tall, serious and extremely straight—not just in the heterosexual sense, but straight in every other way: honest, courteous, humble, genuinely interested, and eager to learn. These qualities—rare at the Cedar in those days—come though admirably in his memoir.

The '50s art world, as exemplified by the regulars at the Cedar Bar, was an amazing collection of vivid personalities, ego-ridden wannabes, great, innovative artists, hopeless drunks, witty raconteurs, shy, private people, and restless satyrs constantly trolling for women. (I should add that some of these categories overlapped.) As one might expect, painting, sex and art-world politics were the main topics of conversation, with jokes as part of the leavening. At a given night in the Cedar, Franz Kline, wearing an expensive tweed sport coat and frazzled khaki pants, would be standing with friends near the door, smiling, telling stories, mak-

ing wisecracks, and dazzling everyone with his descriptions of, say, Rembrandt's brush and ink drawings or the velocity of Lautrec's line. De Kooning, in a knitted Dutch seamen's cap, might be seated nearby at the bar, quietly talking with a friend in his intense, cryptic and poetic way, while in a back booth Barney Newman, decked out like an aging British dandy, monocle tightly in place and his cavalry officer's mustache beautifully trimmed, would be speaking to his coterie about transcendental art and the Sistine ceiling. At the edge of this group a younger artist, one of the envious lesser-knowns

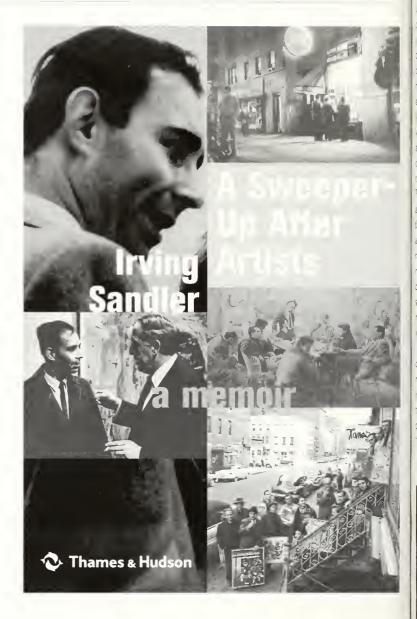
who was obviously irritated by Barney's haber-dashery, would coldly look him up and down and mutter, "What, no spats?" To which Barney would smile, unoffended, having succeeded in grabbing and holding the man's attention.

Back in one of the crowded booths towards the rear, Steve Pace, in his flat-crowned farmer's hat, might be gazing down into his now-empty beer glass as a friend mentioned Pierre Bonnard. "Bonnard . . . " Steve would murmur softly. "I like him. I bet he never shined his shoes." And there was Earl Kerkam, a senior, much admired figurepainter, having his dinner with a group of younger artists. He would sit with his bald pate gleaming, his hands trembling and his false teeth on the table beside him as he gummed a plate of ketchup-drenched pasta. "What about Max Beckman?" someone might ask, and Kerkam, without a moment's hesitation and with his mouth full of spaghetti, would answer, "Beckman is the greatest modern painter around who nobody likes."

And so it went. During those tense, repressive Eisenhower years, the Cedar Bar was host to every

kind of personal style, of painting, of esthetic discourse, of costume, facial hair, argumentativeness, and so on. Artists adopted social poses that were embittered, theatrical, grandiose, defeated, vicious, helpful, or condescending. And into this heady mix came Irv Sandler, ingenuous, intelligent, questing, and wearing-almost always-a dark blue sport coat, a nice clean shirt, and often even a necktie. His straightness turned out to be a great advantage: his utter lack of ego, his possession of a notebook and pen and his desire to write everything down caused artists to take him aside and talk about their work, settling scores, making points, and presenting their well-rehearsed bon mots. They knew that if Irv-an obviously wellmeaning man-wrote it all down, it just might become history. They were right, of course, as Sweeper-Up After Artists amply demonstrates.

As memoirs go, Sandler's book is something of an oddity. It is essentially an intellectual history of modern art in America in the '50s and '60s as seen from the perspective of a critic who befriended many of the era's most important artists: de Koon-



ing, Guston, Rothko, and Kline in particular. Though the bulk of his writing is focused on the '50s and includes his extensive dealings with critics like Tom Hess, Harold Rosenberg, and Clement Greenberg, later chapters deal briefly with artists, critics, and movements from the '70s on, as well as with Sandler's many commendable roles in academic and art-world institutions. But what we don't get from his memoir is anything much about his non-intellectual life. We learn only in passing and in no detail that his parents were working-class lewish immigrants, that he was a Marine officer in World War II, that he is the father of two children, and that he has been married twice. Lucy, his wife of many years, is mentioned a few times, but essentially is given only a tiny cameo role in the story. Though Sandler describes many cases of intellectual disagreement with other critics and a few artists, the only personal emotions he occasionally reveals are mild anger and infrequent moments of embarrassment. It is not until the last few pages of his memoir that he gives himself permission to describe, quite eloquently and with surprising passion, his outlook on life, art, and the future of mankind. This release of feeling was, for me, important, refreshing, and long overdue.

Sandler's basic goals seem to have been the description of artworks he admired and the retelling of old esthetic battles-color-field painting versus pop art, Harold Rosenberg's existentialism versus Greenberg's formalism, "gesture" painting-Kline, de Kooning, Guston-versus the "imagists"-Rothko, Newman, and Still, and so

on. He expresses little interest in the other, more human aspects of the people he writes about. For example, I recall hearing the news, in August of 1956, of Jackson Pollock's death. It was a shocking event, and all of us were moved on a personal level even though many younger artists, like me, had not known Pollock well. Sandler deals with Pollock's death at 44 only in the context of a contentious Artist's Club "memorial" panel in which he tells us how two participants, Clement Greenberg and Willem DeKooning, insulted one another. Earlier, Sandler describes how he was initially drawn to Abstract Expressionism by Franz Kline's painting and that later they became good friends, but Kline's untimely death-a great personal loss for many of us-goes unmentioned.

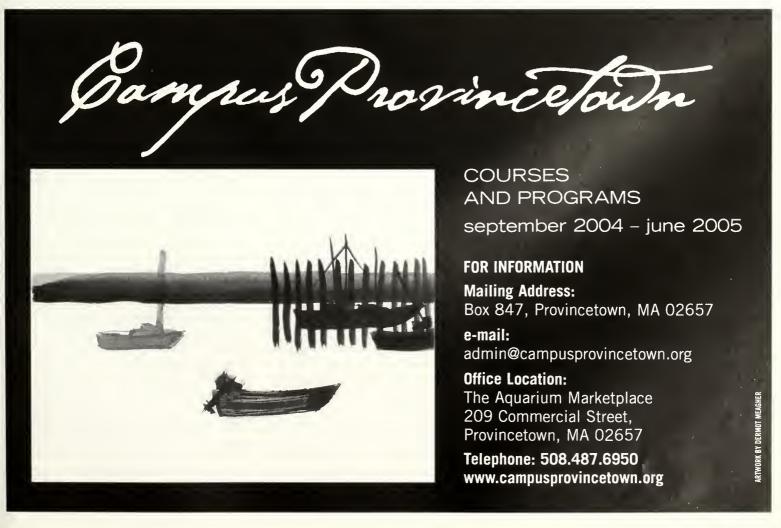
Inevitably, Irving Sandler's book has something of the tone of an informal textbook by an aging, reliable, self-effacing professor who is not in the habit of expressing his emotions. Though he seems to have intended his work to be a personal account-he calls it a memoir-its only real intimacy and self-revelation appear in the epilogue. It contains very little humor, and its resolutely serious, intellectual viewpoint suggests the author's nervous hesitancy to include the subject of sex. Unfortunately, humor, mostly bawdy, and sex, also mostly bawdy, were two of the main non-art topics in Cedar Bar conversation and in the artists' lives as well-sex and humor being free, fun and available without charge to the impecunious.

Though these omissions, along with the author's characteristic lack of emotional expres-

siveness, leave gaping holes in the book's human texture, Sandler has nevertheless provided a valuable record of how we thought and art-talked and painted in those rough, creative, penniless, semi-golden years. He was there, all right, in the Cedar Bar and at the Artists' Club and at gallery openings and in the artists' studios. I was surprised, in fact, to read in his list of sources that he interviewed me in March 1958, but since I was almost a decade younger than he and had had only a single one-person show by that date, I'm not sure what wisdom I was able to add to his already formidable mass of artists' statements.

Despite the problems I've mentioned about Sandler's new book, I found that reading it stirred my old creative fires. It re-ignited long-buried, youthful anxieties and recalled all my many glowing hopes, some of which have been amply fulfilled and some, unfortunately, still just hopes. But above all the book brought back vivid memories of the rich friendships I've enjoyed with longgone painters, great and good and not so good, and the lives we led together in an earlier, epic time. And that, I have to say, is no small feat.

BUDD HOPKINS, a painter and sculptor whose most recent show in New York was last year, is a summer resident of Wellfleet. His articles on art have appeared in Artforum, Provincetown Arts, Art in America and elsewhere. His most recent book, Sight Unseen, dealing with science and the UFO phenomenon, was co-written with Carol Rainey and published in 2003 by Atria Books, a division of Simon and Schuster.



Ellen Langer

CONFIDENCE IS ENCUMBRANCE

BY CHRISTOPHER BUSA

llen Langer is a psychologist; she's a professor at Harvard and author of two bestselling books, Mindfulness and The Power of Mindful Learning, which examine how many of the decisions we seem to make in life are made mindlessly, without the choice that derives from an awareness of options. Of equal importance to her is her life as an artist. Her paintings openly possess psychological significance. If she has only been painting for the last four years, she has also, all her life, been "looking"-utilizing her visual perception since she can remember. Painting has become her way of increasing what she sees.

She captures the little epiphanies she shares mostly in her domestic life with her companion, Nancy Hemenway, and with Nancy's Jack Russell terrier, Sparky-be it known that many Jack Russell's are abandoned before adulthood because they are "uncontrollable." They are hunting dogs, guided by excellent scent to the burrow where the quarry has buried itself. Domesticated, they invent experiments to amuse themselves. They enjoy guarding family territory. They chase cars, hunt birds, and they dig where their nose pulls them. Living with such a dog requires a sense of humor about how much the dog's point of view makes sense. Though dogs are man's best friend, Jack Russell's are pretty demanding, aggressive, never still, and not recommended for the quiet life. Their saving grace is the entertainment of their arrogance-their mistakes are instructive. Especially they will not tolerate mistreatment, barking sharply when they sense it. When Sparky began snapping at pastry I was nibbling while visiting Langer in her Cambridge home, I began to think about how breeding, human or animal, compels our behavior. Jack Russells are extremely intelligent; natural curiosity, like some of us, obliges the breed to test limits. This is what Langer loves about them.

Her own dogs are different. Sweet and calm, named Girlie and Gus, the small white dogs are two West Highland terriers who are comfortable curled against the many books lining entire walls. They provoke a desire in Ellen to do the same. Her dogs like equally to lay their heads on a book splayed open on the bed after Ellen has fallen asleep reading. The soft dream image is repeatedly captured by the artist.

The paintings exude the touch of the folk artist



ELLEN LANGER, MEXICO, US AND FOUR DOGS

with a driving need to tell a narrative, regardless of any training in vanishing point perspective. Her work combines the intellectual magic of Mary Hackett and some of the social sawy of Florine Stettheimer, both self-taught artists who found a personal way to say in paint what they see with their own eyes. Langer is pleased her paintings aren't bound by established rules; she pointedly says they can't be because she does not know the rules. She does what she does, making images mindful of the moment of working.

Photo albums of her paintings record the cascade of images that fell from her brush, made on impulse, made happily. I went to her website to look again at her work. Her interests fall naturally into categories: dogs, women, humor, interiors, outsides, still life. Her images draw out suggestions of mirrors as means of self-contemplation. She explores role reversals and examines the front of a person by comparing it to the back in the mirror. Often the faces are blank, or quizzical as if to lead us to question the essence of a person in a way more general than details permit.

Langer has found a way to access visual thinking just as successfully as she has in other domains. She wants her art to reflect only joy of effort absorbed in the accomplishment. She wants her images saturated with fullness of the occasion, and nothing more. She wants her drive to paint to remain vital after it is enacted. Her life, her art, her books have an enviable energy to them. Confidence, like excess water after a swim, is encumbering for many, but Langer shakes off stress like a dog returning from a dip in the pond. She makes a point of not confusing confidence with certainty. She is aware that even psychology is uncertain, subjective, and temporal. She wants to be a better painter, not an artist trapped by following the laws set down by other artists. Behind all of her paintings is the notion of the possible we can envision instead of the impossible we imagine confronts us.

Langer got the idea to begin a motorcycle painting, with Nancy's Jack Russell as the driver, wearing long black riding boots. One of her Westies, Girlie, wearing a knapsack, grips Sparky tightly about his chest. When it came time to paint the engine, Langer realized she didn't know a lot about motorcycles and went on

the Internet to look at pictures. She found many different types but hardly cared which one she chose as a model. She was not purchasing a motorcycle she could ride. She was making a painting of a motorcycle: "The point of the painting is not the precision of the motorcycle. The painting is a feeling, an idea. I am not inventing a new kind of motorcycle. I'm not trying to get someone to recall the good old motorcycle days. Often my paintings are simple, deceptively so. With this one, two dogs on a motorcycle, was I going to build a city behind them, in the background?" She thought about having the motorcycle move along a road, but she decided this superfluous context would confuse her meaning. The dogs are en route, journeying, looking at the viewer, not the road ahead. Langer often stops without more than cursory detail. Why? "Because once I've experienced the feeling there is nothing more I want to say," she says. "Other times I just don't see what the detail will add."

Langer makes a distinction between flow, which psychologists consider a state of effortless attention, and mindfulness, which she considers a kind of "mundane flow." Flow, Langer believes, should not be rare or ecstatic, but a natural function, normal and routine as getting up from a couch and taking a walk. Stress hardly exists. "Anxiety comes from the fear of evaluation," she says. "It doesn't come from the activity. It's the fear of evaluation that keeps most people from mindful activities like painting." The finished work, like arrival at a destination, is a culmination of a series of small steps, an accumulation of lavered moods that become laminated-"a last level of anxiety that melts in becoming," John Ashbery wrote in an early poem,

"like miles under the pilgrim's feet." Most people consider that an activity has a clear beginning and a definite end. But you cannot compare someone's final product to one's own first steps. Langer insists that our view should be less judgmental: "Rather then have clear plan of how the painting should be, let the canvas tell us where to go next. There need be no plan, only the moment."

A friend, Barbara Cohen, an artist, visiting Langer's studio, looked at a painting on the wall, said she liked it, then a Mona-Lisa smile came over her face. Langer asked what was wrong and Cohen said she would say only if Langer promised not to change it. Cohen pointed out that the legs of the couch protruded into the room in a bizarre perspective. Langer had imagined the painting backwards; she was suffering from a form of "furniture dyslexia" that required immediate action. Langer could hardly wait until her friend left. Immediately she changed it, moving the furniture in the painting. She went to sleep and woke up in the middle of the night, sitting up in bed and saying, "What is the matter with me?" She knew she was new to painting, but she was not new to seeing. Why didn't she see the couch as Barbara did? Quickly she absorbed someone else's point of view and given up so easily her own. Yet when she looked at the painting again, she realized it was logical to paint the scene from the point of view of those who were using the couch. Mindlessness had made her blind to her own perspective, but it gave her the idea for a large painting where a woman walks into a room, carrying coffee on a tray. On the bed is a leg, so it looks like the woman is bringing coffee for another woman who is in bed. There is a mirror on a wall. revealing the whole scene: you see the bed and on the bed is just the woman's leg-without the rest of her body. Langer's paintings not infrequently have such irony.

Years ago she was teaching a seminar on psychology and took her students to the Fogg Museum. The class was contemplating a 19th-century still life and Langer pointed to the apples and the knife in it. She asked if the knife could actually stay on the table the way it was painted or would it fall to the floor? Was it that deviation from our expectations that made it grab our attention? Did the artist just forget? Much that may not matter to the artist can mean a lot to the viewer. Likewise in literature: "Did Homer forget to tell us whether Achilles truly loved Briseus or did the answer seem unimportant or obvious?" Is what the artist leaves out as sacred as what she includes?

Langer says she was a child who could not draw, but is that not an oxymoron, since it is only children who are natural artists? This is what Langer finds funny: "What could I or any child make on a page that would not resemble some future hint of Rembrandt, Miro, Mondrian, or Pollock—each with very different styles? How could an adult think that what they see could not be shaped into something exciting, for the child, when she becomes an adult? Nothing in my past would have led me to think that I would now be painting actively with such passion. It would have been crazy to put money on it. All that I earn now and all future earnings I would bet against the possibility. But once you recognize that our entire experience



ELLEN LANGER, THREE NANCYS

can be brought to our art—practicing law, pursuing music or athletics, selling, purchasing, or designing a house—then it's easier to engage in the new activity. Mindfulness leads to physical and psychological well being." The way to be mindful, Langer has reiterated, is look for similarities in things taken to be different and differences in things taken to be similar.

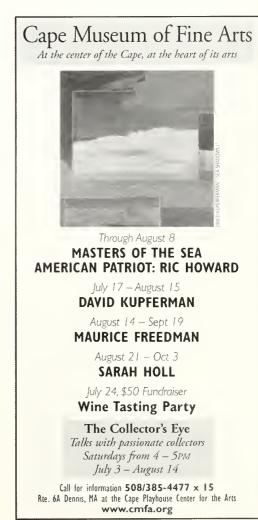
Mindful Creativity is the title of Langer's next book, to be published by Ballantine Books in spring 2005. She explores many of the themes we talked about—the myth of evaluation, talent, mistakes, and the mindlessness of absolutes. She has a chapter called "On Putting People Back in the Equation," which emphasizes that a rule or reason is just something created by other people and shouldn't be beyond rethinking.

In her photo albums, Langer affixes short bits of commentary referencing the images. She points to one photograph: "This is a kitchen painting where I dipped the brush in ochre, and then I dipped it in magenta. I took a paper towel and started rubbing the color of the cabinets in the painting, and they got nicer and nicer. That's what gave me the whole idea about mistakes that I write about. A mistake is the cue to being in the moment. In fact, if you look at a painting, it is really the so-called errors that oftentimes make it most interesting and vital. I asked Nancy, 'Which of the cabinets should I remove so I can put another dog in the picture?' She said that I should take out that one because no one would put a cabinet over a stove. I said, 'Nancy, When would you have a dog doing dishes?""

Langer's humor is the smile of reason, the mask of sanity, and the expression of what is hidden, the insight sparked by the occasion. She likes not to think of herself as self-taught as a painter, but rather as untaught. Rules are often an encumbrance, to be discarded, like misplaced certainty which is mindless. Sophisticated and naïve at once, like many who are successful in one profession, her work refracts the funny parts, converting recollections in wit into real wisdom.

Langer quotes Robert Motherwell in her book, among numerous pivotal figures in modernist art, and I am reminded of Motherwell's words on the cover of *Provincetown Arts* in 1988: "What better way to spend one's life than to have, as one's primary task, the insistence on integrity of feeling? No wonder others are fascinated by artists."

CHRISTOPHER BUSA is editor of Provincetown Arts.



Talking with Hilda Neily

BY JOHN CLAYTON

ilda Neily moves with the grace and athleticism so often found in artists who spend hours on their feet stepping back and forth between the easel and the canvas. Born in Vermont, Neily has a fierceness and independence about her, and a blind ambition to paint what she calls the "visual truth." "There are no lines in nature, just masses of color," is the code which guides Neily to paint her lush landscapes which are bursting with color and light. Neily came to town at the age of 24 in 1974 to study with impressionist Henry Hensche, director of the Cape Cod School of Art. Neily credits her long hours of study-painting the same still life of colored blocks day in and day out under different light conditions for months at a time, with the development of her ability to see color and light. Hensche himself was a student of Charles Hawthorne, the founder of the Provincetown artist colony. Hawthorne was the first to promote the famous "Provincetown Light' which is a dazzling, bright, white light so essential to the plein air or "open air" school of painting for which the town is known. Neily eventually became friends with Hensche, a man who once tried to scare his prospective student with the claim that he lived in a cave and had a long beard. Their friendship spanned the last 15 years of Hensche's life. I am glad to say that Neily who is a friend and mentor did not put me through a similar test, but has always encouraged our painting together. The following is a conversation we had last winter.

JOHN CLAYTON: Hensche taught you how to see color. The process of painting and repainting the same still life under all phases of natural light reminds me of the way an athlete trains-repetition, repetition, repetition, until a skill set is learned and then building on that skill with another skill. When did you first really see color the way Henche intended you to see color?

HILDA NEILY: The first year I was with Henry I was basically unlearning. I had to unlearn that grass is always green. The first two years of study were hard. I came home in tears more than once. When you first really see color, it is mesmerizing. I remember when it first happened to me. In the late afternoon the shadows get really blue and long.

JC: How do you learn to see color?

HN: Color is similar to music. There are color notes as there are musical notes. Some notes are high and deep and light and dark. You learn to see color by comparing one color note to the other color notes around it. That principle is the thread that runs through my work.

JC: Hensche was a controversial character. For

the most part his students love him and his critics accuse him of teaching a formula approach to painting. Many people say that the Cape Cod School of Art artists all paint the same way, the art doesn't look original.

HN: Henry wasn't the most stable in his relationships with people emotionally. He was focused and humble about his work. He put down the color note that he saw. He was hard on his students; he was hard on himself. Henry wasn't concerned with how or what someone painted, he wanted to develop painters who had a vision .The artist has a job in society and Hensche tried to define our place in the world. The basic goal was to learn to see. Hensche turned out many good painters. Impressionist paintings look similar only because they are different from all the other painting you see. It is when one Impressionist painter is viewed along side all the other Impressionist painters you see the difference.

IC: I remember the first summer I painted with you in the barn at the Cape Cod School of Art on Pearl Street. What a thrill to watch you paint. You just painted over your mistakes. It was liberating to watch you move the color around. I finally understood what Hawthorne meant by not drawing the object, but painting it.

HN: Drawing and painting are two separate disciplines. You don't draw with paint-you paint with paint. There are no lines in nature, so why put in lines and fill them in?

JC: Provincetown is one of the few towns in America which has a vital arts community. An artist can stand at an easel on any street corner in town and people know you are painting. You can wear paint splattered clothes to the bank and be wreaking of turpentine and no one looks at you funny.

HN: When I am out painting the older people in town will stop by and ask if I would like a glass of water and share a story. Today there are fewer artists in town due to the high cost of housing and the older folks tell me they are happy to see me painting outside. They share stories of Hawthorne and they love and remember when the town was filled with artists painting outside. One woman recently told me that her sister was painted by Hawthorne-the woman with long black hair who appears in The Fish Wife which is in the collection of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum.

JC: Do you remember telling me that to look at trees in the winter and think about them as having a personality, a top and a bottom- to look for the flow and the rhythm?



HILDA NEILY PHOTOGRAPH BY CID BOLDUC

HN: All nature has rhythmic beauty.

JC: When did your first start to sell your work?

HN: Hensche told me he would help. He wasn't always true to his word, but he followed through on this promise. Hensche got Reggie Cabral (who owned the Atlantic House and supported the careers of many artists) to come by and look at my paintings. Cabral bought one for 50 dollars. He paid me in bar change. I was happy to have the change-it didn't matter it was bar changemoney was money! The first year I opened my gallery many local people came and bought a painting. At first I thought they must really like my work-later it occurred to me that my early patrons were never interested in buying art, but rather giving me a vote of confidence.

JC: Do you have any advice for young painters?

HN: During one of my studio visits with Hensche, I asked him, "Why paint?" He did not answer my question. It was a gray, cold winter day and we spent most of the afternoon leafing through art books. When I was leaving, the sun was setting and the sky cleared; the sun dropped below the clouds and the whole sky lit up. We watched. There was a moment of silence and Henry turned and said, "That's why we paint." Being a painter is a complicated journey. It requires commitment. You need the eye of someone who has looked at nature for a long time. An artist starting out needs to find someone who sees and understands color-most of all needs time in live to paint.

JOHN CLAYTON is an artist living in Provincetown.

Tuscany: Inside the Light

BY JOEL MEYEROWITZ AND MAGGIE BARRET

BARNES & NOBLE BOOKS

a book review by Arturo Vivante



The wisteria is raining from its sooty vines, a drape of manve lament. Pendulons, faded even as it arrives, yet still a gasp agains the pale, sandy stucco. As wistful as its name, this exquisite blossom that comes at the beginning of spring appears old before its time, emblematic of life in its grapelike formation, yet funereal in shade and scent. Wisteria. the Queen of Abiguity.

t is the land, the earth, the soil of Tuscany, with its plants, trees, and village life that the authors dwell on. They avoid the well-known and often-pictured scenes-the palaces and towers, the churches and piazzas, the monuments and vistas of the famous towns. Rather they concentrate on what is dearest to them: the ever-changing play of light on leaves and fields and sky. Thus a very intimate portrait of the land is arrived at, and, in this intimacy, a value of universality and eternity is expressed.

Why is Tuscany so attractive to us? Is it because, more than any other part of Italy and Europe, it is closely identified with the Renaissance, and was the home of Dante, Petrarch, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Botticelli, and many, many other famous artists? Is it also that the Tuscans are related, indeed stem from the Etruscans, who were rivals of Rome and, in our minds at least, are not associated with the military might of Rome and its empire? Is it that Tuscany has something subtler, more artful and refined than Rome, something akin to Greece? Is it the beauty of the Italian that the Tuscans speak, purer than that of any other region of the peninsula? All these factors for sure endear Tuscany to us. But there is something else, and that is exactly what is found in this book: the grace of the olive tree, the cypress and the vine, the flowers, the brooks, the people, and, as the title of the book implies, and again and again the authors stress, the light.

Light and shade are relevant on every page. The

lowly and humble, whether it is ivy grappling a wall, a farmer gleaning corn in a field, or an old woman slowly wending her way with a walking stick, are accurately and lovingly portrayed. That isn't to say there isn't a certain grandness in the book: the landscapes often have a wonderful sweep, a vastness to them; the skies a rich, all-fulfilling quality; the storm a familiar yet strange power, and the colors of the earth a truly artistic quality, as when inert pigment becomes alive in a painting.

The book is divided into four sections: winter, spring, summer, and autumn, and this, among other things, gives it a well-rounded unity, and a sense of time passing. Happily the seasons in the book are no more sharply divided than in nature, where they advance unevenly, taking many a step back. Winter isn't separated from spring but turns into spring, spring into summer, and summer into autumn. The changes in the book are gradual and natural, as in the land itself. In winter the deciduous trees stand naked, bare of their foliage, yet so far from dead: each twig intact, waiting and ready-heedful almost. In March a softening of the air, and very quickly as if they can wait no longer, the first buds, the blossoms. In summer, a riot of form, a tempestuous, whirling sea of grass ("Grass in Olive Grove"), a miracle of sheer delight. And then the gold of autumn, so beautiful that you can't really feel sad that summer has ended.

As you turn the pages, you are not infrequently surprised: that summer haze could also be seen here in Cape Cod, and why not? It and Tuscany

are more or less on the same latitude, and the seasons undergo distinct changes in both.

In Tuscany, wheat, along with grapes and olive oil, is a very important crop. And the various stages in the growth of wheat are accurately represented in the book. The Tuscan farmers, or those among them that have a real feeling for wheat and language, use the word verzica for the wheat's first greening as it sprouts in the tilled fields, and another word they have for when the ears of wheat ripen and turn gold or blondimbiondisce. Indeed they have a special word for every stage-accestisce, when the wheat's stalks begin to multiply; appratisce, when it begins to look grassy. The photographs, too, follow some of those stages: the plowed or turned fields, the tilled field, the greening field, the ripening wheat.

The commentatry—discreetly, sparingly set here and there, on the left page-accompanies the photographs with taste and harmony: the pictorial and the graphic enhance or compliment one another. Intelligent, too, because it never interrupts or disturbs it, is, at the back of the book, the list of plates, each one titled as in an exhibition of paintings.

The authors-husband and wife-show a predilection for the olive tree, the grape vine, and the cypress. And certainly these are inextricably linked to Tuscany. In the book and on the land, the wisteria announces spring, just as the poppy, a little later, is the harbinger of summer.

It isn't easy to say just where in Tuscany most of the book is set. Not far from the sea, I expect, judging from the plate "Road to the Sea," lined by pines, and then a picture of the sea itself. And, of course, it may have several settings. No itinerary is really needed-most of the scenes are typically Tuscan. I grew up in Tuscany, and though I don't know where they are and couldn't find them on a map, the places seem thoroughly familiar to me. Familiar, yet strangely new when viewed through the eyes and lens of a perceptive photographer. Naming the places isn't important. Important is that the pages be meaningful and incisive, and this they surely are.

ARTURO VIVANTE, a Wellfleet resident, is author of two novels, five collections of short stories, a volume of poetry, a book of essays, and a published play. From 1958 to 1983 more than 70 of his short stories appeared in the New Yorker. His most recent book is Solitude and Other Stories published this year by Notre Dame University Press.



Berta Walker Gallery

15TH ANNIVERSARY

BY ANDRÉ VAN DER WENDE

erta Walker loves Provincetown's art, people, and past; especially she loves its interconnectedness. "I cannot live in this community and not participate," she says. Anything else seems to baffle her. "We become one. If you didn't know that before coming to Provincetown, you learn it after you arrive."

Walker has turned a small-town insular gaze to her advantage, such that her vision as an art dealer is anything but myopic. Her gallery mission is voiced in the motto that has guided her for 15 years, "Presenting the history of American art as seen through the eyes of Provincetown." She aims for nothing less than documenting the role that artists associated with Provincetown have played in the major movements in American art in the last 100 years. She makes the past vital to the living artists she represents, replenishing the present with a curatorial finesse that is highly regarded.

She is part of a broad familial legacy of artistic entrepreneurship and overachievement that stems from her great grandfather, Thomas Barlow Walker, founder of the prestigious Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Her maternal grandparents began summering in Provincetown from 1916, running with the Eugene O'Neill set. Her father Hudson ran the Hudson Walker Gallery on 57th Street in New York City from 1938 to 1940, becoming Marsden Hartley's dealer. Her mother, lone, was a dancer and painter.

Berta admired her father as "a great, great guy." A quietly generous patron of the arts, president of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, and a cofounder of the Fine Arts Work Center, Hudson Walker was sometimes described

as "the silent mayor of Provincetown's art world."

Whether it was watching Hans Hofmann and her father walk up and down Commercial street with a petition supporting Tony Vever's controversial 1960 show of nude monotypes at the Sun Gallery; hawking Ed Wiener's contemporary jewelry as a teen on the summer streets; or baby sitting for the Rothko or Motherwell families, Berta's formative years growing up in Provincetown stimulated the creative circulation in her veins.

"Oh it was fabulous being brought up with artists around me, with art hung in every nook and cranny!" She lived with paintings by Hartley that now hang in museums. She witnessed an endless parade of artists, absorbing their diet of beer and backgammon, cigarettes and animated conversation.

Returning to Provincetown required a 30-year detour through advertising and museum administration in New York City, including 20 years at the Whitney Museum where she did much behind-the-scenes-organizing appearances by the Jefferson Airplane, Philip Glass, Mabou Mines, jazz musicians Gil Evans, Jimmy Giuffre, and Earl "Fatha" Hines. She arranged poetry readings, corporate dinners, membership drives, and fashion shows. "In those days," she recalls, "I usually had post-event parties at my apartment, which was on Fifth Avenue near the Whitney. The management of the co-op saw the photos of the Jefferson Airplane on the cover of Life magazine and learned that they would be coming to my home after 11 p.m. They panicked and made me hire extra security. Long hair was frightening."

Her curatorial nimbus was not triggered until she was invited to be the director of the Marisa del

Re Gallery in New York. "I'd been working on a major fundraiser for the Work Center in Provincetown as Marisa opened her beautiful, huge gallery in the Fuller Building. I found myself installing shows for her and writing the press releases."

Early on, during a hurried and chaotic installation of works on paper by André Masson, Walker noticed the palpable effect of one work reacting with another on the opposite side of the room. "I walked between them and honestly I heard a conversation!" She often talks of this "conversation moment" between art and objects. "When the conversation flows, the show is set." It is the moment that confirms her instinct to her conscious self.

It speaks of the way in which she divines art, intuitively and openly, without historical or philosophical imperatives to trample upon aesthetic ones. It also explains why she adores Nancy Whorf for her knowledge of off-season Provincetown, Selina Trieff for her anthropomorphic barn animals, Salvatore Del Deo for his crisp horizons and emphatic fishermen, and Paul Resika for his cherished misanthropy. She loves forthrightness and appreciates mystery (Varujan Boghosian, Robert Henry, Erna Partoll), which is different from opacity. She tends naturally to avoid spurious, over-intellectualized work.

She met Resika when she became the director for Graham Modern on East 78th street. She discovered the art of Carmen Cicero, Selina Trieff, and Robert Henry during those years and it was the beginning of what is now a 20-year friendship and association. In the summer of 1989 she retreated to Provincetown to reconsider her options away from had become "the malaise of the city."

By fall Walker, who had been chair of the Work Center for 10 years while living in New York, was called upon to resolve a fiscal crisis and step in as its acting director. Coming back to Provincetown was exactly the fresh challenge Walker needed after Manhattan. "I came home," she recalls. "There is no other Provincetown. I know the great opportunity you get from living here."

By spring 1990 she opened the Berta Walker Gallery in a space at 212 Commercial Street. She was 46 years old. Soon she bucked trends and high rents by purchasing a space in the nether regions of Bradford Street. Fifteen years later, it's hard to imagine the gallery at 208 Bradford, with its constant cycle of John Kearney's chrome animals out front, ever being anywhere else.

If her father was the Silent Mayor of Province-town, then Berta Walker is its Pied-Piper. It's easy to get caught up in her excitement for art and noble causes. She urges people and potential buyers to make their own choices to buy paintings or otherwise give support to the arts. "I want people to come in here and make their way through the energy. If they love it and want to take it home, all I have to do is give them permission. That's really my thing. Above all, they must love it and buy for that reason alone. Original art is alive. Its energy assuredly interacts wherever it resides."

Berta Walker inherited her father's philanthropic propensity, involving herself on an endless carousel of appeals, fundraisers, and silent auctions for the Fine Arts Work Center, the Province-



LEFT: BERTA WALKER AT GRAHAM MODERN GALLERY GREETING JUDY COLLINS AT A SUSAN CRILE OPENING, 1985; FACING PAGE, TOP: BERTA WITH ARTISTS LEE MUSSELMAN AND POLLY BURNELL IN FRONT OF HER GALLERY IN PROVINCETOWN; BELOW: BERTA SHOWING RICHARD ANUSZIEWICZ AND CARMEN CICERO PAINTINGS TO CLIENTS.

town Aids Support Group, the Provincetown Repertory Theater, WOMR radio, and most recently celebrating her 15 years by fundraising for the reconstruction of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum. She believes the new facility will showcase Provincetown's "inalienable right" to claim to be America's most important art colony. "We've ushered in many of the art movements in America through great art teachers like Hawthorne, Hensche, Dickinson, Hofmann, all of whom lured or spawned other great artists."

All those years in Manhattan were not wasted. Walker, with her refined business acumen, is nothing if not a sawy marketeer. She may like to float on clouds of aesthetic delirium but she's a pragmatist first. Whether she knew it or not, she discovered that she is a born dealer. In conversation she uses the word "integrity" second only to word "truth." Her tone is often an impassioned and giddy drift along multiple currents that almost always lead back to these tenets. As a dealer and admiring fan, she looks to comprehend he honesty of the artist's search.

It's typical of Walker's hubris and slight of hand that she would have you believe her gallery and herself are mutually exclusive; she insists that the talent of her artists are the reason of her gallery's success. She is content to do "this thing that's extraordinary to do, a hands-on contact with the creative spirit. The artist has the courage to tap his or her potential. When artists want to make their change, I am right there with them. That is my job because that is their truth."

Not only does Walker possess an uncanny sense of what is "right" or "true" about a painting. She's a master curator, often installing seemingly incongruous statements with disarming subtlety and harmonious effect. She would never describe herself as an art historian; but she has no problem referring to her gallery as a history lesson. "I love that people come here and think I'm a museum, because I am." The gallery has mounted several museum-quality shows tracing the arc of Provincetown art: "Hawthorne, His Students, Their Students," "Generations in the Arts" which involved over 40 multigenerational artistic families, and



"Collaborations," all tackled questions of influence and dissemination, not with an historian's eye but an advocate's glee. "Collaborations" lead to several partnerships, including the magic pairing of Boghosian and Resika.

She has learned about American art history by hanging its best example together. She credits the parallel knowledge of Josephine Del Deo "who lived it and wrote it," she says. "She's my Sensei, if you will."

Walker has a decisive fondness for the Modernists; Oliver Chaffee, Karl Knaths, Blanche Lazzell, James Lechay, Agnes Weinrich, and of course Hans Hofmann. She warmly speaks of a show held last year with Hofmann, Lazzell, Hart-

ley, and Chaffee, all hanging together in her gallery, interacting. "I learned lots from that show. I could see in Hartley's prints and Chaffee's Vence paintings, their direct connection. Chaffee is our first Modernist. I could see Hofmann's influence on Lazzell's later work. It all flows when it's put together. I didn't know it before I put up the art. I probably read it, but I don't get it through literature. I get it through living the visuals with the conversation going on with these four artists. They all connected."

She represents at least six former Hofmann students; not one paints like the other. Here she credits a great teacher who managed to communicate his lessons in such a way that each artist could create their own personal language. "I can see the whole of Hofmann going through Resika, Lazzell, and Trieff. What a gift Hofmann is."

Walker points to the front gallery at "Butterfly," a marvelous Resika in yellow, green, red, and purple. "All my talking has been to that painting. I just realized I'm having quite a conversation with it! Look at the energy of that painting! That's the vortex I was just talking about," she says gesticulating and pointing excitedly to other work around the gallery, "sending it from this art, to that form, to that art form!"

"I mean there it is, connected. Its soul is smack in the center! Green is the color of love, the heart shakra." Look at the red, she continues. "That color is pure passion."

ANDRE VAN DER WENDE is a freelance writer and artist who shows at the Robyn Watson Gallery in Provincetown and the Tao Water Gallery in Barnstable. A New Zealand native, he is also one-third of WOMR's radio program, "The Reggae Brothers."





Provincetown Art Association and Museum

Summer 2004 **EXHIBITION HIGHLIGHTS**

- O George Yater drawings, watercolors June 4 - July 18
- Catherine Widgery installation June 11 - July 25
- Angelo Ippolito paintings June 11 - July 25
- O Bernard Simon sculpture July 23 - August 22
- Members' 12 x 12 Silent Auction July 23 - August 8
- Ground Zero photographs July 30 - September 5
- LaForce Bailey watercolors August 27 - September 26
- O W.H.W. Bicknell prints September 3 – 26
- Auction Preview Exhibition September 3 – 17
- Hananiah Harari paintings September 10 - October 24
- Member Exhibitions Juried and Open yearround

PROGRAMS & EVENTS

- D 7th Annual Secret Garden Tour Sunday, July 11 10am-3pm
- Consignment Auctions Saturday, May 22 7pm Saturday, September 18 7pm
- Fredi Schiff Levin Lecture Series June 17, 24; July 15, 29; Aug 10,24
- Music Series Wednesday evenings Blue Door, Dick Miller and friends
- Thursdays @ 8 Panel Discussions Aug 5, 12, 16

Provincetown Art Association and Museum

460 Commercial Street 508-487-1750 www.paam.org paam@capecod.net

Auction Overview

BY JAMES BAKKER

ove 'em or hate 'em, the auctions are here to stay. Many gallery owners and artists have mixed feelings about the attention and money surrounding these events. Most collectors can't wait to get their hands on the "bargain" artwork. Originally it seemed to be an opportunity for artists who were usually cash poor to support their favorite organizations and charities by giving art to be sold. For the buyers it was a chance to have a good time, spend their money to support a good cause and go home with some good art as a souvenir of the event. What was once a fairly simple process has now become an industry.

I attended my first auction here in Provincetown during the summer of 1985. My friend Stephen Fletcher invited me to come to an auction that he was conducting for the Fine Arts Work Center. It turns out that this was the Tenth Annual Benefit Auction. An unpretentious catalogue accompanied the event that adequately described the offerings of the evening. The crowd was overflowing with artists and supporters and a good time was had by all. Chaim Gross was still alive to correct Steve when he mispronounced his name from the podium. To put things into perspective, some lucky patron bought a Jim Forsberg oil for \$400 and a Mary Hackett of "Abraham Lincoln Visits Mary Hackett at 5 Nickerson" for \$325. Heft with an 18th-Century English Fly Fishing Samples Box for \$65 and a Pair of very Rare 18th Century Plates for \$150. I have attended many of the subsequent auctions and have learned what is like to compete with their best patrons to walk away with works by their best artists. Each year they have an exciting artist project theme from plates and bowls, mirrors and boxes to clocks and candlesticks. My personal favorite category has been the monoprint project organized by Michael Mazur. This was/is a great opportunity to put together a noteworthy collection at a modest budget and support this important community organization. All lots offered are 100% donated by the artists, local businesses and patrons of the Center assuring the buyers that every dollar spent goes to FAWC.

In 1988 after selling a Blanche Lazzell color woodblock white-line print for a then record \$12,100 at my own Cambridge auction house, on the recommendation of Napi Van Dereck, I was asked to sell the consignment auction for the Provincetown Art Association and Museum that summer. I managed to break my own record by selling Blanche Lazzell's Provincetown Print, "Sailboat" for \$15,400. There were other artists that sold modestly at the time including an oil by Ross Moffett for \$1650 and a John Whorf watercolor \$2640. This auction was set up as a consignment auction of early Provincetown artists (deceased). The gross proceeds of this auction was \$106,000, more than doubling the best total of any bene-



JIM BAKKER AT PAAM AUCTION, 2003 PHOTO BY MIKE WRIGHT

fit auction held in PAAM's history. After expenses and commissions, The Provincetown Art Association and Museum netted \$25,308. The concept was a good one and 16 years later I am still standing with my gavel to turn art into money for this worthy cause. Last year there were so many consignments that the organization expanded to produce two events, one in the spring in addition to the annual fall event. Collectors have an opportunity to build or upgrade their collections while knowing that their commissions and buyer's premium support the annual operating expenses of PAAM. Many loyal patrons of the arts wait patiently and save their money in anticipation of the excellent selection. Every year there are new discoveries of artists who lived and worked here as well as old favorites. The audience is a Who's Who in the Arts competing to take home a piece of Who Was Who in the Arts.

The Aids Support Group of Cape Cod holds there benefit auction at Town Hall on Saturday of Labor Day Weekend every year. The live auction follows an extensive Silent Auction held the night before. This summer will be the 18th annual auction. I am amazed and impressed by the generosity of those artists and businesses that every year rally to make this a highly successful event. As one of the past auctioneers of this event, I can attest to the commitment of the board and volunteers who do everything within their powers to assure that this auction runs smoothly and brings in the dollars and goodwill needed to benefit the ASGCC Client Fund. Last year a large oil on canvas titled "Tom Tom" done in 1943 by Oliver Chaffee generously donated by the live auction co chair Berta Walker stole the show at \$16,000. A wonderful early oil by Arthur Diehl made \$1700 and a Raphael Soyer lithograph sold for a mere \$275. Many works were purchased at figures substantially lower than would be paid in

a gallery by astute buyers who follow these auctions religiously as an opportunity to acquire fine art and support a worthy cause they believe in.

Helping our Women has bowed out of their annual Live Auction and now holds one spectacular Silent Auction on Friday, October 15th after Columbus Day Weekend. which now includes all the great artworks once included in the live auction. This causes intense interest and competition among the locals as well as those from out of town attending Women's Week. One can always anticipate something wonderful from artists Anne Packard and Marian Roth among others.

Castle Hill Center for the Arts in Truro will be bringing their auction to Town Hall in Provincetown on Sunday, August 8th at 6 P.M. They will hold a silent auction on Saturday August 7th from noon till 4 PM. Their annual auction fundraiser is traditionally a great place to shop for unique art, ceramics, hand crafted jewelry, etc. I certainly still enjoy my platters by artists Paul Bowen, Dan Ranalli, and Pasquale Natale purchased several years ago there.

Terry Catalano of Outer Cape Art Auctions, with five years behind him in the business, is the new kid on the block. Starting out with the help of the great Jan Kelly, Terry started in the dead of winter at the Crown & Anchor to fill a niche that would support local artists in the winter when most galleries were closed. Terry had found his calling and off to auctioneer's school he went to take to the stage on his own. What began as a simple two-page listing including artists Arthur Cohen, Cy and Miriam Fried, Michael McGuire and Mary Giammarino, among others, has evolved into a 28-page color catalogue with elaborate biographies of the artists and ads for local sponsors of the event. The auctions, now including artists no longer living, are posted on the internet and advertised nationally.

The commercial nature of the auctions feed off the supply and demand for the art created here over the last century. Although Catalano has produced record-breaking prices including the \$31,920 (including the 12% buyer's premium) paid for an early portrait of a young boy by Henry Hensche, the vast majority of the items sell at more modest amounts in many cases well below estimate allowing customers to purchase original artwork for the price of framed reproductions. Outer Cape Art Auctions plans to hold approximately four auctions a year planned around the Holidays. The Big Summer Auction is planned for July 24th followed by Columbus Day Weekend on October 10th.

Many question whether there are just too many auctions to survive. As you can see there is a full schedule for the year to satiate any needs you may have to acquire art at auction for the beginning to most advanced of collectors in every budget. There will always be art at the auctions, but at what price? At auction, it's your choice.

JAMES BAKKER is a trustee and past president of the Provincetown Art Association and Museum and has served as a volunteer auctioneer for their annual benefit auctions since 1988. He has curated numerous exhibitions and authored articles for the New England Antiques Journal and the American Art Review.

T.J. Walton

TRUE COOL

BY HEIDI JON SCHMIDT

hen I ask T.J. Walton why she opened her own gallery rather than show in one of the many on Commercial Street, she tells me that back when she started, none of them would have her. Why? "Because the work sucked," she explains, laughing. Her candor lights up the room, the walls filled with paintings whose cool simplicity is as inviting as a vernal pool. T.J. has come a long way.

She can seem a descendant of Myron Stout, obsessed with depicting one solitary shape-a horse, a bowl, a container ship-stripped to its essence, bold and plain at the center of the canvas. Nearly always there are "floating circles" hovering near the central motif, and occasionally the floating circles are the motif, as with the beautiful bowl of white tulips floating without stems. Hot colors are rare-the world is green and gray like a Provincetown spring.

Two men in top hats and morning coats link hands in a series she began for the wedding of a friend-there is an air of grace and sophistication, an old fashioned ideal of manly relations, and here the gray and green seem to be Parisian colors. T.J. explains little-the floating circles are always there in her work, she says, for reasons she's never understood. But they elicit interesting comments-one visitor said they seemed like thought bubbles, as if the container ship in the center of one painting is mulling something as it lies at anchor in the bay.

In 2001, after T.J. had moved her gallery several times, paying the characteristic appalling Provincetown rents, a benefactor offered to lend her the down payment to buy the former Berta Walker gallery in the West End. So began a great adventure: the storefront gallery, set so exactly on Commercial that you can get your knees broken by the trolley if you try to drink a cup of coffee on the stoop, came with a basement of perhaps 350 square feet, an excellent setting for a nightmaredark, wet, walled off into fetid closets, unused for years. Any good Provincetonian could see its potential as a high-end rental unit, but only an artist would dream of making it her home.

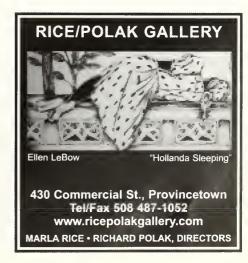
Acting as designer, general contractor and laborer, she tore out walls, scrubbed forests of mildew, and, most daunting, faced the building inspector. Immediately she discovered that the building had to be shored up with steel I-beams, which cost almost the entire renovation budget. The process went slowly, by trial and error-"the first time, we got everything wrong and had to do it all over," she said, straightening a piece of trim that was infinitesimally askew.

She began again with the help of Eastham builder Joe Wheeler. Six months later they'd built a

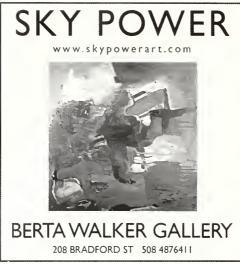


cool, serene space in the Provincetown tradition of homemade artists' houses where ingenious designs mock the luxurious bourgeois ideal. Here every inch offers something wonderful to look at or touch. The shower is probably my favorite spot: it's made of glass so the hundred-year old brick walls behind it still show, and the floor is all smooth stones, varying browns and greens as if it was a river bed. It's still not perfect—the fountain in the bathroom, meant to plash meditatively along a wall of rock, shoots its stream across the length of the room instead. But there it is, T.J.'s 350-foot home has a fountain in the bathroom wall.

Every surface offers tactile pleasure-brushed stainless steel appliances, Victorian closet doors straight from the junkyard, whose blistered paint alludes to layers of history. The walls are cabinetgrade plywood, finished so the grain is beautiful as fine paneling. The sofa is a mongo triumph: it was once a Chinese carrier, such as one reclined









on while being carried through the streets of Peking. Now it doubles as a guest bed, three steps from the kitchen, in this apartment that works, and feels, like a ship's cabin. The bed sits high enough to allow a large storage cabinet underneath and to take advantage of the light from small windows, whose sills are angled downward to catch the afternoon sun. A stacked washer and dryer fit under the staircase, which began as a sculpture in its own right: another waterfall, slabs of sea-green stone she installed herself-only to have the idea vetoed by the building inspector, so they had to be broken up and replaced with regulation treads. One of the glass shower walls has ended as a sculpture too: when T.I. removed it for cleaning it broke under its own weight, and she has contained the fragments between two glass panels, so it gives the effect of a fountain in the middle of her living room.

She lives in a T.J. Walton. Glass, water, cool shades of green. A bowl of cat grass is making a brilliant spot of color on the windowsill, like a moment in a Japanese garden. Is she conscious of an Asian influence? No, she says, that's way too trendy. But in the back dooryard, where she means to start a shade garden, are two boulders with Chinese symbols inscribed. What do they say? I ask.

"Buy T.J. Walton," she tells me, and I find myself thinking: Indeed, the ancients were wise.

HEIDI JON SCHMIDT is author of The Bride of Catastrophe, a novel reviewed in this issue.

The Pollock-Krasner Foundation, Inc.

Announces its ongoing Grant Program, which provides financial assistance to individual, professional visual artists. The Foundation welcomes, throughout the year, applications from painters, sculptors and artists who work on paper, including printmakers. There are no deadlines.

The Foundation will not accept applications from commercial artists, photographers, video artists, performance artists, filmmakers, crafts-makers or any artist whose work primarily falls into these categories. The Foundation does not make grants to students or fund academic study.

Artists interested in obtaining forms and information may download the application from our web site at www.pkf.org or may write, fax or e-mail their complete mailing address to:

The Pollock-Krasner Foundation, Inc. 863 Park Avenue New York, NY 10021

> Fax: (212) 288-2836 E-mail: grants@pkf.org

Albert 424 Commercial Street Merola 508-487-4424 Gallery

www.universalfineobjects.com





234 Commercial St. Provincetown Ma. 0265' 508 487 0233

TRACEY SANDFORD ANDERSON



THE CITY

PROVINCETOWN MA 02657 508 - 487 - 8300 www.galleriaartemisia.com

My Sister, Elise Asher

MEMOIR BY ROBERT ASHER

GIVEN AT POETS HOUSE, NEW YORK, MARCH 21, 2004

t is ironic that I, the oldest of Alice and Louis Asher's four children, am now the sole survivor. It has consequently been my sad privilege to say a few words at the services for each of my siblings—Martha, Fred, and now Elise.

Elise was 15 months younger than I; as children we were very close, separated by a fouror five-year gap from Fred and Martha, whom we called the "little kids."

Friends who have come to know Elise only as an adult may be unaware of how respectable and conventional her early family life was in our comfortable frame house on the south side of Chicago. There was ample household help. Coal, ice, milk, and eggs were delivered from horse-drawn vehicles. Out greatest treat was a drive to the grocery or the dry goods store in our mother's electric automobile. Doors at home remained unlocked from early morning to late night, and children were free to play without chaperone in the neighborhood.

So, if the weather was decent, we were sent into the yard after breakfast to play. The yard was uncluttered by the myriad of apparatuses now available for the development and entertainment of children. This means that were dependent on our own imaginations and resources to keep us occupied. Elise had a vivid and off-beat imagination. Two forked sticks linked by an old piece of string enabled us to converse at length "by telephone"—provided we remained within earshot of each other. A sprinkling can stuffed with dandelions and bits of fallen branches served as the centerpiece of an imaginary dinner table.

By the time we were ready to go to school, we had moved to more elegant surroundings—a spacious brick house, beautifully designed by an architect friend of our parents. Elise and I went to separate private schools. When Elise was only eight years old, our mother died of cancer and her death, I believe, had traumatic effects on each of her children.

Elise never distinguished herself as a student and was totally discombobulated by exams and quizzes. When she was 12 years old, our father, an omnivorous reader, persuaded her to try *David Copperfield*. A few days later at a Sunday dinner with some guests, Dad tried to show off his precocious daughter with the seemingly casual inquiry, "Elise dear, what are you reading these days?"

"Caper Dockerfield," she replied, to the bewilderment of our guests and the dismay of our father. His eyebrows came to a triangular point in mid-forehead. Elise used to describe this to me as his "Wrigley's spearmint expression," because of its resemblance to the figure on Wrigley's chewing gum packages."

Elise was enormously popular. She had a large circle of girl friends and, from the age of 12 or 13, a succession of male admirers.



As soon as we were allowed to go out on "dates," she and I did a fair amount of what was then called "double-dating," two couples out for a movie or an evening of dancing.

Elise's first marriage, a conventional one in 1935, took her from Chicago to Rochester, New York, and proved to be an unhappy experience marked by psychosomatic illnesses. In college, if not sooner, Elise had begun to shed conventionality and take a more bohemian view. Her history, before and after college, bears an uncanny resemblance to that of a famous relative whom I knew, but Elise never met—our great aunt, Else Lasker-Schueler—Grandmother Wormser's younger sister, who lived in Germany until forced to flee when Hitler came to power.

Else, like Elise, was born to a well-to-do family, enjoyed a haute-bourgeoisie childhood, had an unsatisfactory first marriage, rebelled against conventions, and eschewed fashion-

able clothing. She became a major avant-garde figure in Berlin in the pre-Hitler period and was internationally known as a poet, artist, dramatist, and friend of the leading intellectuals of the day. She died in Palestine in 1945, and currently is undergoing revival, with a street in downtown Berlin named after her, exhibits of her art and performances of her plays on almost every continent, and belated recognition in several other ways.

The most fortunate event in Elise's long life was meeting and marrying Stanley Kunitz. Some of her images illustrated and supplemented Stanley's elegant poems. I am thinking especially of my 1992 Christmas gift, a signed copy of Stanley's "The Flight of Apollo" illustrated by a print of Elise's oil on canvas, entitled "Aloft." Elise has also left us a rich legacy of highly original, vividly colored paintings that adorned our home in Washington for many years.

We cherish also our affectionately inscribed copies of her books, The Meandering Absolute and The Visionary Gleam. In my wife's view, Elise's imagery is reminiscent of William Blake's. However I leave it to others to say more about her poetry and painting, and the ways they interact.

Elise loved shopping for unusual birthday and Christmas presents—new or second-hand items that were intriguing and unique. We have a collection of those too.

Elise's last few years were marked by suffering, exacerbated, I suspect, by her fear and horror of doctors. Her death may have come as a release.

As a sister, she enriched enormously my life and the lives of my siblings. She will live in the memories of all of us as a perceptive, lovable, gifted, unforgettable person.

ABOVE: ELISE ASHER, SUNDIAL, WATERCOLOR

Robert Cipriani

BY MARGARET CARROLL-BERGMAN



ROBERT CIPRIANI, WELLFLEET, OCEAN TO BAY #1, 2004, ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 48 x 36 INCHES

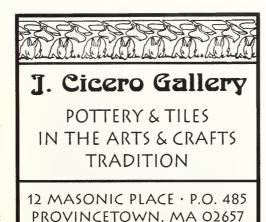
obert Cipriani hit the Wellfleet art scene running last year with his first show called Transitions at the Left Bank Gallery. Transitions symbolized the artist's career shift from graphic design to painting, a bold move for the 65-year old who labored 40 years in the design world and first started to paint six years ago. Immediately Cipriani created a signature work before the paint dried on his first landscape. One may never look at the land again without first seeing it through Cipriani's eye, which is more of a diamond prism than a camera lens.

He splices the scene into fragments and reassembles light and color into an interesting psychological montage. A Cipriani painting may have as many as 20 different little paintings all in one larger picture. Each segment of the painting is carefully crafted and fits together like puzzle pieces, but not without Cipriani first turning the piece over and over again in the viewer's mind. In "Wellfleet, Ocean to Bay #1," sweeping dunes and bay are painted in one corner while in another are high cliffs and ocean. In the center of the work is a close up of the dune, and in the forefront is a study of beach grass so realistic, one can feel the deer ticks hopping onto the skin. The perspective changes within the same painting oblige the viewer to examine and reconsider the different elements in the work.

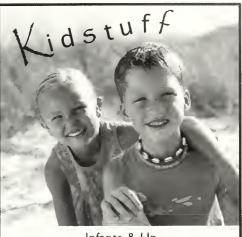
Cipriani's show this year at Left Bank is Transitions 2. The fragmentation of the realistic takes on an abstract expressionist interpretation. In Cipriani's Tuscany series, the artist paints the land from an aerial view, so the farms become square and rectangular blocks of color, resembling a flattened totem on the plane. He experiments with texture by combing through the paint to create the look and feel of plowed fields. His lines are simple and

his colors are rich blues, oranges, mustard yellows, and greens. Cipriani credits Long Point Gallery artists Robert Motherwell and Budd Hopkins with the development of his new work and in his move towards the simplicity exhibited in Native American art. He studied with Hopkins at Castle Hill Center for the Arts in Truro. The abstract landscapes have a translucent surface texture, built up with layers of acrylic paint and glass beads, which becomes a world unto itself. The sky is a rectangular block of blue with white clouds; the ocean, a more forbidding blue; the dunes are sand-colored winged shaped blocks of color, lined by a comb to resemble grass; even the road that runs through the National Seashore is abstracted by thin whiteand-blue and mustard-colored lines resembling the backbone of the feather of the totem. Cipriani is a new painter with promise of doing something masterful.

MARGARET CARROLL-BERGMAN is publisher of Provincetown Arts.



508-487-3111



Infants & Up Now More for 7-14 Beanie Babies, too! 381 Commercial Street PROVINCETOWN 508.487.0714



Hot Clothes for Cool Kids!

Infant - Size 12

Beanie Babies, too!

LITTLEBITS

214 Commercial Street PROVINCETOWN • 508,487,3860



You only live once, live it to the fullest with LOTS of color



371 Commercial Street Provincetown 487.2992

ARTTALK

An artist statement is the verbal expression of a visual artist. It may be a remark written on a scrap of paper and pinned to the studio wall, where it may remain for daily guidance. It may be any expression the artist believes is authentic. Often it is a motivational credo connected to the artist's desire to do the work in the first place.

TRACEY ANDERSON

That there is compelling and surprising beauty in something which is generally considered merely functional is nothing new. Marginalized places are rich in experiences that help define the harsher realities of life. In my current paintings, cities and factories are positioned as if posing for a group portrait, a portrait in which the maligned and the ugly reveal deeper obligations to those who created them. Collectively, they challenge the viewer to find something worth contemplating in their solid and unchanging purpose.

My father was closely involved with buildings. A utilitarian by nature, he knew how to design and make them, and he took great pleasure in their role in the landscape around him. My recent work is a testament to his quiet inspiration and his ability to understand the wisdom of buildings. He knew that what he made would outlive him.

The stillness in the paintings heralds an inevitable truth: bricks and mortar provide a longevity denied to flesh and bone. These works recognize that truth and register my intent as a painter. I am a creator like my father; these paintings form the bond which connects us still and anchors me in my knowledge of myself and my work. What I make will outlive me.

AMY ARBUS

I am documenting the faces of our time. It is a sociological study, if unscientific, of our ceremonies, customs, and rites of passage. Included are portraits of people in parades, pageants, con-

tests, feasts, re-enactments, festivals, graduations, high school proms, guinceanera ceremonies, and sweet-16 parties. Of particular interest to me are the costumes and uniforms of the JROTC, marching bands, dancers, cheerleaders, and debutantes. I hope to capture what is timeless, timely, fleeting.

KATHERINE BALTIVIK

Provincetown's myriad differences adhere through interconnected relationships. My art shows fragmentation connected through color, line, and symmetry.

VIVIAN BOWER

I look to create an atmosphere that responds to transformations of light. The landscapes are nonspecific; I use the literal as a door to elemental form and feeling.

ROBIN BRUCH

No static objects. No static being. Existence is a fluxing web whose threads are the energy of form and emptiness. Tension in the thread affects the web. Pattern dances with chaos.

ERNIE BYNUM

All my paintings are works in progress, evolving in time. Color creates the inner light and I look to color as a means of reducing my imagery even further toward elemental impressions of warmth and tranquility.

DAVID CARRINO

The act of taking pictures allows me an authentic moment with a desirable stranger. The camera gives me license to be strong, confident, powerful, in control. Something, too, is mournful because the pictures document the moment when fantasy is about to collide rather painfully with reality.

JOSEPH CARUSO

I pay attention to shadows, values, textures, proportions, and the direction and reflection of light. My challenge becomes what to leave out. I've been striving to simplify my work by focusing on larger shapes and reducing the amount of detail.

MICHAEL CARROLL

I make things in response to the materialism of the world and to counteract my own personal poverty. In the studio, these two conditions are not different. I take a wood surface and apply hand-made gesso. I sand it and touch it for a long time, considering what a perfect surface might be. When I start an image, based on some dynamic pattern, I know that the image will only be embedded in the final picture. I am wasting my time and not. The piece becomes interactive with my daily life. All the ways I am need to become marks, gestures, edges, or lack of them. Mostly it takes a year to get something I'm satisfied with. I work on several pieces at once and I love it when everthing sings.

SASHA CHAVCHAVADZE

Matches are tiny units of energy. Combined with



TRACEY ANDERSON INDUSTRY AND MORTALITY



MICHAEL CARROLL



ERNIE BYNUM WHARF SERIES





VIVIAN BOWER PASTEL



KATHERINE BALTIVIK PROVINCETOWN LANDSCAPE



YOU BROUGHTOUT THE BEST IN HER



ROBERT HENRY BEYOND OUR CONTROL



HANANIAH HARARI LIFE AT BEACH APARTMENTS



ROMOLO DEL DEO SKETCHBOOK PAGE







SASHA CHAVCHAVADZE NABOKOV'S MATCHES



TAKAHIRO MARUNC

paper they are a perfect metaphor for our combustible culture. I use matches to explore the archaeology of nostalgia, not of sentiment or elegy, but its vital aesthetic form, reveling in the anxiety of the moment while considering exile a desired condition. This body of work grew out of a description of a match game in Nabokov's Speak Memory. Nabokov describes meeting an old general as a child who, to amuse himself, laid out match sticks on a sofa, placing them end to end saying, "This is the sea in calm weather," then, changing the sticks in a zigzag and saying, "a stormy sea." The general was a commander in the Russian Army in World War I. He was last seen after the Revolution, dressed as a peasant, asking for a cigarette light.

Matches lend themselves to the language of fragmentation and loss (splinters, bones, shards), suggesting violent upheaval (fire, war, games), and the shifting of patterns, both internal and external. As one life is replaced by another (match games). In my series of works on paper, I use wooden matches as a medium to slow down time to countable units. breaking it apart "stick by stick." The matches are applied to paper with glue, and the patterns are sometimes interspersed with drawings and "splinter" narratives in ink. In some pieces, matches are applied to folded paper, creating three-dimensional objects like a hairbrush or flower.

For Nabokov, fragmentation was not an end in itself, but a form of syncopation to be searched for "thematic designs" in the layers between past and present. Matches lend themselves to the language of syncopation: musical notes, drumsticks, tiny paint brushes. Placed in patterns, grids, or spirals, they lend themselves to the language of physics.

My work traces the trajectory of my own family history, which mirrors Nabokov's in our loss of an entire ornate life in Russia and its re-composition in the immigrant culture of the United States. My grandmother was a Russian princess whose family was executed almost in entirety by the Bolsheviks, and she went to live modestly and happily in an old house on Cape Cod. Her house and its

surrounding garden, woods, and marsh are an archeological site that I mine for images, from the land's earliest formation as a glacial moraine to the impending threat of development today.

KAREN COILL

I am drawn to the translucency in frayed edges of fading fabrics, handmade papers, and periodicals, materials that create a subliminal allegory beneath the surface composition. As I veil the imagery, one layer upon another, new patterns emerge. I work the materials obsessively, tearing, gluing, placing, painting, cutting or slicing, as if to wound and heal as I smooth and wrinkle. Sometimes I take an assemblage apart, and then put it back together, painted, printed, salvaged, wrapped, and distressed.

ROMOLO DEL DEO

pursuing fragments of almost archeology of dreams from the pages of a notebook I cannot find taken from a shelf that does not stand in the room that's left no trace evade and tantalize my lost library

ELENA GUTMANN

My interest lies in infinite arrangement, pairing, and sequence.

HANANIAH HARARI

A cheap vacation at the water's edge in Provincetown gave me many sights to behold. This human beehive-type scene was an assemblage of several of them. The woman in the foreground did her daily walk, followed by her dog, followed by lobster, crab, and a trail of seaweed.

ROBERT HENRY

My favorite statement about painting: Every work of art defines itself. Content and form of the work set the criteria by which that work is understood, and wonderful mysteries are created when we can't figure out how to appreciate a particular work. Is there some universal quality that trumps the individual work's self definition? That's not the sort of question often asked these days.

PATTI HUDSON

My work is about telling stories, using 1) the recognizable form of a face (or cheerful songs about painful subjects); 2) found metal (or knowledge with enough experience to be more than information); 3) faith in the viewer (or love is blind while friendship is clairvoyant). Sometimes the story has a moral. Lawyers do math with words. Doctors do mechanics with anatomy. A good story should be told again.

JOHN KEARNEY

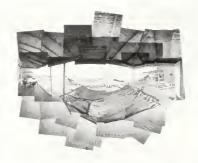
I've spent my summers in Provincetown for over 45 years. I made my first bumper sculpture from steel from the town dump. Some of my largest pieces were done in Provincetown, including three large dinosaurs weighing almost three tons. The day after Pearl Harbor, age 17, I joined the Navy. In the South Pacific I spent four years as the pilot of a landing craft and a deep-see diving unit. I drew constantly. Mustering out, I learned of the G.I. Bill and was accepted at Cranbrook Academy on the basis of my drawings from the Navy. The freedom to work with wax for bronzes or the spontaneous forms from old automobile bumbers has been my great pleasure. I will be 80 in August and I am still going strong.

TAKAHIRO MARUNO

I moved from Tokyo to New York in 1994. These etchings are the calendar of my seasons in New York, these four seasons that come from my love of the earth in general. No place other than New York City is so delicately connected to nature. Printmaking is a highly refined skill and a beautiful accident. I am a friend of accidents.



LINN MEYERS



RICH MCKNOWN OVERCAST PORCH



JEANNIE MOTHERWELL HUMAN EDGE



THOMAS NOZKOWSKI



ERNA PARTOLL ON THE BRIDGE



JOYCE ROBINS



ROY STAAB ICHO



CHRISTINA SCHLESINGER STUDIO WALL

RICH McKNOWN

Photography slices the continuum of time. I assemble an image from many separate images, making a landscape out of details we remember. Innately, a photograph contains a universe of structure and detail, and the original photograph contains the soul of the image, recorded by light. Without the techniques of wet photography, these works are put together seamlessly, with a level of control only possible with digital technology. The outer shape of the picture becomes a sort of irregular sculpture, in which the wall becomes part of the work.

LINN MEYERS

The repeated mark, the drawn line, or droplets of paint is a moment in the context of all the other marks within the piece, which are considerations of what came before and what came after. From a distance, my images appear as monochromatic fields, growing into layered webs as the viewer draws near. The finished work is a record of accumulated moments in the studio. Sometimes I count the dots as I draw, simply to maintain focus on the work at hand. I like a cadence like breathing. My images grow organically out of the conditions that created them. I work with anticipation of knowing how the image will evolve.

JEANNIE MOTHERWELL

In early childhood, my father and stepmother encouraged me to make drawings with my poems. Like many, my parents pinned my work to the refrigerator; also they framed many of these mementoes. It was a marvelous validation for me and influenced my love of painting. My collages combine acrylic painting with torn, ripped, or cut images, and often include text. I appropriate the text from disparate sources, including poetry and conversation, hoping to bridge reading and looking. I am always hopeful.

THOMAS NOZKOWSKI

I have been an abstract artist as long as I've been an artist. In 1975 something happened to my idea of what abstraction could be. I came to think it possible that abstraction could be a method of reporting on the structure and meaning of the visual world. Do we not make pictures because there are things we cannot say? I find images in my life that bring forth the colors and shapes on canvas. Taught by abstract expressionists, I believe their method of composition, followed by rigorous self-criticism, is good. As a painting grows, I let it speak back to me.

ERNA PARTOLL

No painting is without a message and the more powerful the message, the less it can be put into words. This was chosen as the cover image of a college textbook, Reading with Meaning: Strategies for College Reading. I think the idea of expansion of knowledge into something new, as expressed by this abstraction, was creatively understood by the person who designed the book.

JIM RANN

At the ripe age of 61, I am challenging myself. It started with a nude with an abstract painting hanging on the wall behind the nude. This gave me a way to include abstraction while continuing my original style with the figure. Now it's 10 years since my first one-man show at Art for AIDS Gallery Space. Making art has helped keep me happy.

JOYCE ROBINS

For some time now I have been making clay polychrome sculptures, often in groups related by a specific three-dimensional idea. I am interested in how installation, light and color affect our perception of visual forms; how the simplest of changes can create a world of difference.

Inspired by all sorts of patterns, natural and man-made, I use textures and perforations to create scale and manipulate the play of light. Light can rake across a surface, penetrate the skin of a piece or seem to emerge from within.

Color offers more possibilities in charging a 'simple' object with ambiguity and nuance. I combine glazes with washes of transparent ink and opaque pigment.

I generally work with basic geometric shapes allowing me to better understand the implications of these strategies.

With its flexibility, its history and its sensuality, clay is without parallel as a tool for the sculptor.

CHRISTINA SCHLESINGER

On my studio wall: photographs of my daughter and myself as a child. And from Wen Zhenheng: "To live out in the far country is best; next best is to live in rural areas; next come the suburbs. If we must settle in city houses, we must ensure our pavilions suggest the outlook of a man or woman without worldly cares. The studies should exude the aura of a refined recluse, with fine trees and interesting plants, a display of antiquities and books, so that those who live there forget about age, and their guests forget to leave."

SELINA TRIEFF

Our tears connect us.

ROY STAAB

Since 1992, almost every year, I have been making ephemeral sculptures at the same site in Provincetown, in the Moors inside the Breakwater, at the north end of the white fence. This year I had a short time in Provincetown. The best talls reeds come from downtown Truro, infested with poison ivy. I got what I needed and went to my favorite site inside the Breakwater. Stones were

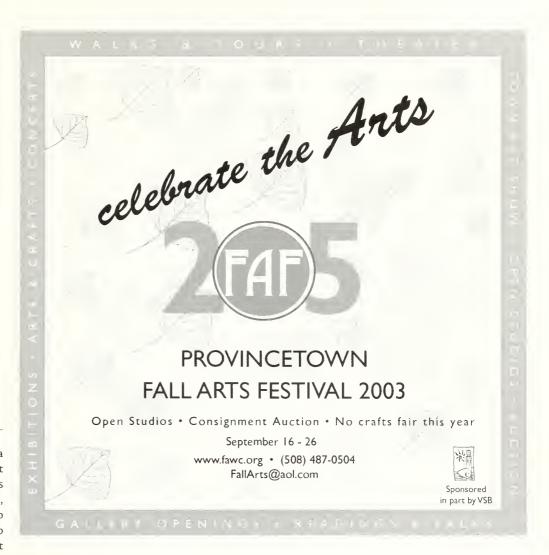


PAUL WIRHUN THE SKULL PROJECT

coming out of the sandflat where once was a mound. I make my work by actually drawing it out in the sand at low tide. A group of artists from the Fine Arts Work Center were scattered, panting the Moors. I walked around talking to them. About noon the tide was out far enough to start work. Suddenly I was center stage, laying out the work from the sketch I had made in the sand. Just when the other artists left, my work was just beginning. I started at the deepest end and followed the lines with a measuring reed and a metal barbecue skewer to make the hole where I would then insert a reed. When the tide starts to turn, it becomes a race. When all the verticals are completed, I weave he horizontals, made of thinner reeds soaked in water so they are very flexible. The tide is the perfect tool to see if the piece is level. To photograph my piece I move my van to the No Parking zone, climbing on top to videotape the invasion of the water. When a policeman came to ask me to stop, I went over to Alix Richie's and borrowed her ladder. It was not as good as being on top of the van, but it was the best I could do.

PAUL WIRHUN

From 30 years of experience I have come to know that egg-making is a meditative process. Traditionally, Ukranian pysanky are not drained of their inner contents, for that would remove the very life force of a fertile egg. Over time, the albumen dries to dust and the yolk hardens to a small rubbery ball. As long as the shell is not cracked, the egg will not smell. The project is participatory, allowing visitors to paint their own skulls, choosing from one of 12 countries whose soldiers have died.



WOHLFARTH GALLERIES



Lisa Farrell Lazy Day At The Pamet 12" x 24"

398 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657 508,487,6569

3418 9th Street, N.E. Washington, DC 20017 202.526.8022



YARDARM LIQUORS

Open 9 am to 11 pm 38 CONWELL STREET, PROVINCETOWN 508-487-0700

The Largest Selection of Fine Wines on the Outer Cape

20% WINE SALE • MIX & MATCH **CASE** 750 ML 12 BOTTLE CASE



Open 9 am to 11 pm 172 ROUTE 6. TRURO 508-349-3715

THE OUTER CAPE'S LIQUOR **STORES**



Orleans Eastham Elks

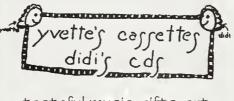
Outstanding indoor facility to host your wedding reception, banquet or party.

Air conditioning, Catering available, Capacity 150 plus, undercover Pavilion available

One McKoy Road, North Eastham, MA across from the Sheraton Four Points

> 508.255.4258 www.elks.org





tasteful music, gifts, art

new location next to New Art Cinema!

212 commercial street provincetown 508-487-5777

WEDDING GUIDE

The M-Word

By Andrew Sullivan

HAT'S IN A NAME?

Perhaps the best answer is a memory.

As a child, I had no idea what homosexuality was. I grew up in a traditional home-Catholic, conservative, middle class. Life

was relatively simple: education, work, family. I was brought up to aim high in life, even though my parents hadn't gone to college. But one thing was instilled in me. What matters is not how far you go in life, how much money you make, how big a name you make for yourself. What really matters is family, and the love you have for one another. The most important day of your life was not graduation from college or your first day at work or a raise or even your first house. The most important day of your life was when you got married. It was on that day that all your friends and all your family got together to celebrate the most important thing in life: your happiness, your ability to make a new home, to form a new but connected family, to find love that puts everything else into perspective.

But as I grew older I found that this was somehow not available to me. I didn't feel the things for girls that my peers did. All the emotions and social rituals and bonding of teenage heterosexual life eluded me. I didn't know why. No one explained it. My emotional bonds to other boys were one-sided; each time I felt myself falling in love, they sensed it, pushed it away. I didn't and couldn't blame them. I got along fine with my buds in a non-emotional context; but something was awry, something not right. I came to know almost instinctively that I would never be a part of my family the way my siblings one day might be. The love I had inside me was unmentionable, anathema-even, in the words of the Church I attended every Sunday, evil. I remember writing in my teenage journal one day: "I'm a professional human being. But what do I do in my private life?"

So, like many gay men of my generation, I retreated. I never discussed my real life. I couldn't date girls and so immersed myself in schoolwork, in the debate team, school plays, anything to give me an excuse not to confront reality. When I looked toward the years ahead, I couldn't see a future. There was just a void. Would I ever have a "most important day" in my life? It seemed impossible, a negation, an undoing. To be a full part of my family I had to somehow not

A Personal Case for Marriage Rather Than Civil Union

be me. So like many gay teens, I withdrew, became neurotic, depressed, at times close to suicidal. I shut myself up in my room with my books, night after night, while my peers developed the skills needed to form real relationships, and loves. In wounded pride, I even voiced a rejection of family and marriage. It was the only way I could explain my isolation.

It took years for me to realize that I was gay, years later to tell others, and more time yet to form any kind of stable emotional bond with another man. Because my sexuality had emerged in solitude-and without any link to the idea of an actual relationship—it was hard later to reconnect sex to love and self-esteem. It still is. But I persevered, each relationship slowly growing longer than the last, learning in my 20s and 30s what my straight friends found out in their teens. But even then, my parents and friends never asked the question they would have asked automatically if I were straight: so when are you going to get married? When is your relationship going to be public? When will we be able to celebrate t and affirm it and support it? In fact, no one-no one-has yet asked me that question.

When people talk about "gay marriage," they miss the point. This isn't about gay marriage. It's about marriage. It's about family. It's about love. It isn't about religion. It's about civil marriage licenses-available to atheists as well as believers. These family values are not options for a happy and stable life. They are necessities. Putting gay relationships in some other category-civil unions, domestic partnerships, civil partnerships, whatever-may alleviate real human needs, but, by their very euphemism, by their very separateness, they actually build a wall between gay people and their own families. They put back the barrier many of us have spent a lifetime trying to erase.

It's too late for me to undo my own past. But I want above everything else to remember a young kid out there who may even be reading this now. I want him to know that his love has dignity, that he does indeed have a future as a full and equal part of the human race. Only marriage will do that. Only marriage can bring him home.

ANDREW SULLIVAN's essay appeared in Same-Sex Marriage: Pro and Con, reissued this year by Vintage Books. He is the author of Virtually Normal: An Argument about Homosexuality and Love Undetectable: Notes on Friendship, Sex, and Survival. He is a part-time resident of Provincetown.

pannia's biquors Wine Beer & Spirits

we stock all you need

- Barware Service
- Special Orders
- Ice

68 Shankpainter Road Provincetown at the Grand Union 508-487-1111

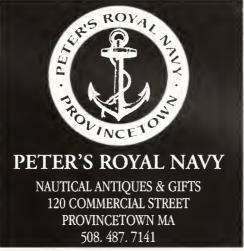


CATERING & EVENT **PLANNING**

Creative Menus **Unique Venues Party Rentals Flowers**

Ask about our new take-out service!

508.487.6450 dave@ptownparties.com











THE CAPE CODDER **GUEST HOUSE**

Old-fashioned comfort in the quiet east end

Private Beach • Parking

570 Commercial St. Provincetown • 487-0131

Deborah Dionne, Manager



"Highly Recommended" –Out and About

"A sophisticated yet unpretentious style all its own." The Guide

> 508.487.9555 800.559.1220

44 Commercial St. Provincetown, MA 02657 www.westendinn.com

Full gourmet breakfast • Spacious rooms/private baths Air conditioned • On-site parking • Convenient location Editor's Choice Award 1999-2003 - Out & About 160 Bradford Street, Provincetown 800-563-0113 508-487-2283 info@provincetownseasons.com www.ProvincetownSeasons.com

Get online... not in line!



Go to www.CapeAndIslandsPlate.com or get form RMV-3 from your insurance agent and get your Cape & Islands plate. Funds are used for grants, loans and training to enhance our economy & well-being.

Surfside Hotel & Suites **Newly Renovated Oceanfront Rooms** Visit our New Lighthouse Bar! Walking distance to P-Town Shops, Restaurants & Marina. Free Continental Breakfast Provincetown, MA · 543 Commercial St. (800)421-1726 · www.surfsideinn.cc MEDICAL STREET, STREET

LODGING GUIDE

THE ARBOR

600 Commercial Street 508.487.0941

Owner: Jeanne Busa

Large sprawling house and compound, including an artist's former studio and a doll's house cottage, offers long summer leases for seekers of quiet. Private gardens surround separate living spaces. May through September. Parking.

BEST WESTERN TIDES BEACHFRONT MOTOR INN

837 Commercial Street

508.487.1045

Situated on six acres of beachfront on the border of Provincetown and Truro. Discover dramatic twelve-foot tides-walk the flats at low and swim the three-mile length of town at high.

THE BRASS KEY GUESTHOUSE

12 Carver Street

508.487.9005, 1.800.842.9858

Innkeepers: Bob Anderson & Michael MacIntyre Luxury lodgings in 34 guestrooms and cottages, swimming pool. Center of town. Glowing reviews from Fodor's Best Bed and Breakfasts, Out and About, Hidden Boston and Cape Cod, Cape Cod Travel Guide and Genre. Please see our color ad on page nine.

THE CAPE CODDER GUEST HOUSE

570 Commercial Street

508.487.0131

Manager: Deborah Dionne

An old-fashioned guest house in the quiet East End with a private beach and seasonal continental breakfast. Shared baths.

CAPE INN

698 Commercial Street

 $508.487.1711 \ 1.800.422.4224$

Enjoy the best of both worlds. Picnic on the harbor beach or relax poolside and enjoy charbroiled hamburgers and cold drinks at the outdoor grill. Locals love the movies at the Whaler Lounge.

CARROLL COTTAGES

Nantucket

508 487 3559

Town, country, and oceanside houses available for weekly, monthly, or seasonal rental. Each home is appointed with clean sheets and dry towels.

CHRISTOPHER'S BY THE BAY

8 Johnson Street 508.487.9263

Overlooking Provincetown harbor, this three story, mid-century Victorian Inn sits on a quiet side street in the heart of town. Well appointed bedrooms and suite, named after famous artists feature bay windows, wide plank hardwood floors, a fireplace and stunning views.

Wake up to freshly prepared breakfast served in the sunny dining room or private outdoor garden. Choose from an extensive video library for in-room use, relax by the fireplace in our spacious front room, or explore the local restaurants, shops, and art galleries just around the corner.

COPPER FOX

448 Commercial Street 508.487.8583

Elegant Captain's house newly converted to a guesthouse with a homey feel. Great attention is paid to detail in the wrap-around porch, the gardens, the conservatory, and the sunroom. Located near the Art Association in the art and restaurant district, the whole area to play host to Provincetown's wonderfully eccentric art community, especially during openings on Friday nights.

FOUR GABLES

15 Race Road

508.487.2427 or 866.487.2427

Enjoy peace and quiet in newly renovated 1940's style cape cottages located just a short walk away from the harbor and Commercial Street. Each cottage and apartment is equipped to make your stay comfortable and enjoyable whether you are looking for a cozy hide-away or a retreat to accommodate your family. Pet friendly.

HARBOR HILL

4 Harbor Hill Road

508.487.0541

Manager: Donna Zoppi

A most enticing perspective on Provincetown. Thirty individually decorated luxury and turnkey equipped condominiums. Ideally located halfway between town center and the Cape Cod National Seashore. Open year-round.

LAND'S END INN

22 Commercial Street

508.487.0706, 1.800.276.7088

Innkeepers: Robert Anderson

and Michael McIntyre

A turn of the century inn, Land's End is perched atop Gull Hill, commanding a panoramic view of Cape Cod Bay. Built originally as a summer "bungalow" for Boston merchant Charles Higgins, the inn is furnished with an eclectic array of wonderful antiques, amid luxuriant gardens.

MASTHEAD

31-41 Commercial Street 508.487.0523, 1.800.395.5095

Innkeeper: John Ciluzzi

The Masthead offers beautiful waterfront cottages, apartments and rooms overlooking Provincetown Harbor with 450 feet beach, private sundeck, beautifully landscaped grounds and gardens and distinctive accommodations in an authentic Cape Cod setting. Quiet West

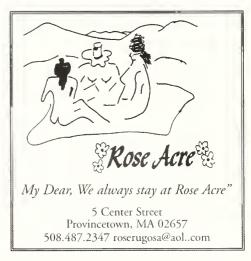




offering "Classical Comfort Year Round"

> 140 Bradford St. Provincetown, MA 02657 508-487-3533 www.johnrandallhouse.com







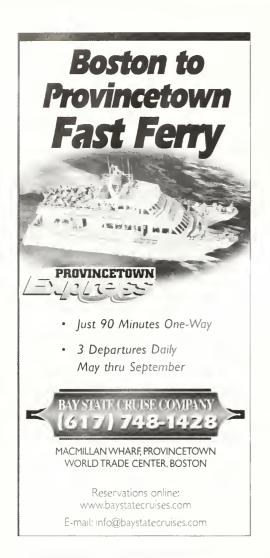
HARBOR HILL at **PROVINCETOWN**

Condominiums

Luxury accommodations that invite and nurture... Call us.



Harbor Hill at Provincetown 508/487-0541 4 Harbor Hill Road Provincetown, MA 02657 www.harborhill.com



End residential area. Open year-round. Received the highest ratings from AAA, Fodor's Best Places to Stay in new England 1996.

IOHN RANDALL HOUSE

140 Bradford Street

508.487.3533 or 800.573.6700

A Victorian style bed and breakfast, this rambling twelve room inn located in the heart of Provincetown offers classic comfort with your choice of double or queen bed, shared or private bath. Expanded continental breakfast. Plenty of parking; open year round. Visit the house online at: www.johnrandallhouse.com.

ROSE ACRE

5 Center Street 508.487.2347

Rose Acre is a rambling 1840 Cape House, tucked down a private lane in the center of town. This woman's only guest house is close to the bay for water views, the sound of the fog horn, and the sweet smell of fresh salt air. Designed for comfort and the artist in all of us. Help celebrate a place where the light is bright, the streets are narrow, and minds are broad.

Seasons, An Inn for all Seasons

Innkeepers Rick Reynolds and John Mirthes 160 Bradford Street 508.487.2283

Built in the 1860's as a whaling captain's summer home and conveniently located adjacent to the Fine Arts Work Center, a short walk to the gallery district and town center, Seasons is a graceful reminder of the elegant Victorian era comfortably updated with modern amenities. Each morning at Season begins with a freshly brewed carafe of coffee or tea delivered to your door followed by a full gourmet breakfast served in the parlor.

SURFSIDE BEACH CLUB AND SURFSIDE INN

543 Commercial Street.

1.800.421.1726

Located on the white, sandy beach of Provincetown's harbor, the Surfside Beach Club and Surfside Inn is a far from the hustle and bustle of the town center, yet ideally located within walking distance of Provincetown's famous East End art district and downtown. Enjoy king-sized bedded guestroom, complimentary buffet breakfast, free parking, and access to a large, outdoor heated swimming pool.

WEST END INN

44 Commercial Street 508.487.9555

Out & About's 1997 guide to Provincetown claims "This house on the quiet west end has undergone thorough renovation and emerged a real winner." The inn has tastefully appointed guest rooms with a spacious and comfortable common area. Friendly and helpful staff.

MASTHEAD RESORT

COTTAGES • APARTMENTS • ROOMS

Same owner/management since 1959

Top-rated for 30 years AAA 450 feet of private beach

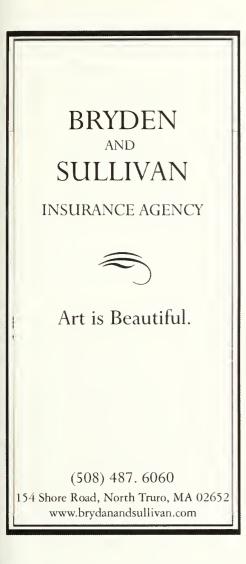
Sun deck on the water • Landscaped grounds New Luxurious kitchens & baths Mooring & launch service available for visiting yachtsmen.



OPEN YEAR ROUND

AARP & Senior Discounts

P.O. Box 577 • 31-41 Commercial Street, Provincetown, MA 02657-0577 Tel: (508) 487-0523 or 1-800-395-5095 • Fax: (508) 487-9251 http://www.capecod.com/masthead





ATLANTIC BAY REAL ESTATE



Sale & Rental **Listings On-line**



www.atlanticbayre.com

Phone: (508) 487.2430 Fax: (508) 487.6571

Email: info@atlanticbayre.com

168 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657

Gregg Russo, Principal Alan J. Wagg, David M.Nicolau, Sue Buerkel, Brokers Lincoln K. Sharpless, Kenneth J. Russo, Associates

"Please patronize the arts"





Fireside Insurance Agency Inc.

Box 760 #10 Shank Painter Common Shank Painter Road, Provincetown, MA 02657 508 487-9044



Provincetown Chamber of Commerce, Inc.

P.O. Box 1017 • 307 Commercial St. Provincetown, MA 02657 Phone: 508-487-3424

508-487-8966 info@ptownchamber.com www.ptownchamber.com

RUTH GILBERT

REAL ESTATE

487-2004

REALTOR

Open Daily 9 to 4 Sundays noon to 4

RESIDENTIAL SALES COMMERCIAL SALES VACATION RENTALS

167 COMMERCIAL STREET POST OFFICE BOX 553 PROVINCETOWN, MA 02657

web site: ruthgilbertrealestate.com

OFFICE: (508) 487-2004 FAX:(508) 487-9478



Mary Ann Cabral **Broker Associate**





LAINE CUNNINGHAM

Message Stick

By Laine Cunningham

Message Stick is the winner of the 2003 James Jones First Novel Fellowship. It is the story of a biracial Aborigine who discovers his heritage when he solves the murder of his best friend. As Gabriel Branch explores the outback, he must avoid the attention of the murderer, a Pitjantjatjara shaman. In the process, he finally comes to terms with having lost his family through a government-sponsored adoption at the age of three.

This excerpt is from the first chapter. Gabe Branch, the protagonist is introduced, along with his best friend, Ian McCabe. Dana Pukatja, the antagonists, sets the wheels in motion.

An's white Land Rover was nearly twenty years old and it still ran like a lizard drinking—non-stop and practically unstoppable. In the rear a skillet, bedroll and a case of green beans were strapped onto narrow shelves. A bottle of port nestled in its own padded compartment, and a few golf clubs were tied to the wall. Sleep, slurp and sport, he called the collection, everything a man could want in one mobile space.

He eased the truck down the track. The spur was rough, really a strip of earth scraped clean of boulders, but it saved nearly half an hour. Besides, the less traveled a road was, the happier Ian felt. Cities, he knew, were for suckers. Why squeeze into a rabbit hutch when the outback was right next door?

This area, so close to the Davenport Ranges, was typical of the Northern Territory. Wide plains of twisted mulga trees reached southwest to Alice Springs. A network of creeks and rivers that ran only during the Wet sustained gum trees taller than most buildings. Cockatoos raised their young in the hollow trunks, and after a rain lorikeets gorged on the nectar in the blossoms.

Grass was sparse, edged out by the ubiquitous spinifex that cut flesh as cruelly as broken glass. Only the toughest creatures survived, and half-feral Brahma cattle were the breed of choice. To a rancher beleaguered by drought and debt, every blade eaten by native animals robbed them of beef. Roo shooters were always welcome. And judging by the sun, Ian would arrive at the station house in time for dinner.

A flash of metal caught his eye. He stopped and scanned the pasture with binoculars. Nearly a kilometer away an unfamiliar SUV beetled across the hills. The red truck kept the ridges between itself and the maintenance roads, and moved slowly enough to keep its dust cloud low. The same tactics kept Ian from being detected as he followed.

Eventually the trespassers parked beside a long ridge. Two men got out and hiked toward a stone pinnacle. Ian stuffed the Land Rover under a mulga tree and lay on the ground to watch. The first man, a sturdy white fellow about thirty years old, clutched a rifle. His legs were bowed so severely he rocked as he mounted the boulders.

The other man, an Aborigine who might have been in his sixties, moved steadily upward. He was wiry in an insectivorous way with the grace of a predator. The outback was filled with men like that, truckers half crazed with speed and drifters who found the bush far removed from the law. But the Aborigine was so controlled Ian wondered if he hadn't misjudged the pair.

When the pair reached a pinnacle of rock, Ian got his answer. The elder retrieved a board nearly as long as his arm from a cleft. Ian had seen dancers perform with the spirit boards and knew they contained the essence of the Dreamtime. The cache surrendered another board and perhaps a dozen other artifacts. All would fetch a small fortune on the black market.

While the older man worked steadily, the bowlegged bloke couldn't keep a proper watch. First he rubbed his nose with the back of his arm, then he tugged at his shorts. He scanned the landscape for a moment, rifle at ready. Then he swatted a fly. Rubbed sweat through his hair. Tugged at the hem at his crotch. Abruptly he was alert again, scowling as the rifle grew hot in the sun.

Finally they retreated. At the base of the ridge, the Aborigine erased his footprints before joining his mate in the truck. Ian let them jangle out of sight, then picked up their trail. They traveled faster now, and corkscrewed around and across their original path multiple times. At the paved road, dusty tread marks headed toward the Stuart Highway. The artery was the major road throughout the Territory, and the pair could take any of a dozen unmarked byways along the way. The artifacts would disappear.

Ian turned onto the tarmac and pushed the Land Rover to its limit. Although the old truck handled beautifully in the bush, it was as speedy as a fly in winter. The needle was still climbing when Ian saw the red SUV parked beside the highway. He cursed his dumb luck. If he pulled over the men would surely notice when he followed them later.

The Toyota, a new model free of dents or scrapes, faced the road. The younger man smirked and the lines around his mouth twisted. Again Ian was struck by the elder's face. White pipeclay severed his forehead and chin, and bolts slashed each cheek. He was a jigsaw of violence lacquered with contempt

"So you've seen me," Ian murmured, "and I've seen you." He adjusted the rearview mirror but couldn't make out the tag number.

A roadhouse a quarter-hour away was a convenient place to watch for the men, but they never appeared. It was possible they had turned east toward the coast. More likely they had dodged off into the bush. As night covered the sky, Ian had plenty of time to consider his next action.

He didn't need a fraction of it. The kangaroos could wait.

Days later, the sun spilled a lemonade smile over the sea while Gabe and Chance lingered at breakfast. They packed the car, then hiked through the rainforest a final time. All was quiet under the dense canopy, and the air was the color of storms and lilies. At the edge of a clearing they spotted a colony of flying foxes, fruit bats with noisy temperaments.

"I heard an Aboriginal myth about the bats," Chance said as they walked back to the beach. "It was during a drought, and all the animals fought all the birds for water. Flying Fox is half bird and half animal, so he didn't know which side to take."

"Those stories have a lot of killing and spearing," Gabe said.

"They're meant to teach you things."

"What, about how to spear someone?"

"About your ancestry." She stopped near a stand of mangroves. "When I was a little thing, my mother and her mother and her mother told me stories. Dawn, noon and dark, all the time stories. Some were about my people, some about the island."

"You know I was adopted by a white family. I never had anything like that."

"Nothing stops you from learning. Doesn't your heritage mean anything to you?"

"Of course it does. I haven't had time."

"Forty-some years and you haven't even read a book." Her tone was gentle but her eyes . . . as always her eyes were wide, counting the rivets around his heart.

He turned toward the sea. When he was young, he used to think the water was speaking. A patient man, he thought, could decipher the code. But the epic was vast. In the course of a life a man could learn only a stitch of its cycle.

"I'm sorry." She touched the nape of his neck. "This trip was supposed to relax you. The last thing you need is this tired argument."

"It's all right. I know you mean the best for me."

The rest of the morning wore the silence couples sometimes enjoyed. In it they healed, always able to reach out with a hand or knee to ground themselves, to give and receive assurance. They swam for a time, meeting the tide far out along the mudflats, then returned to the car.

As Chance settled into the passenger's seat, Gabe rubbed his toes on the sidewalk. Boulders, he remembered, became rocks and pebbles. Rocks and pebbles became sand and dust. Sometimes the process was reversed, as when men mixed rubble and cement, but the products were always less durable and less beautiful. He laced his sneakers and folded himself behind the wheel.

Townsville seemed deserted when they arrived. It was shopping day, the one night a week when stores stayed open past five. The Esplanade was empty and the streets would be quiet until people returned home to unpack their bulging cars.

"Stay for dinner?" He tossed the beach towels in the hamper. "I've a pan of lasagna in the freezer."

"No. I think . . . we should talk."

She sat in the peacock chair on the balcony as a pair of rock doves fluttered onto the roof. Gabe focused on the horizon where water merged with air.

"You're like that bat," Chance said. Her voice was soft and wandering, but Gabe knew her grief would not stop her words. "I love you but . . . you're a flying fox who doesn't know if he should flap or crawl."

"What's wrong with that?" He hadn't meant to ask. He hadn't meant to say anything at all. He winced as she slapped the chair.

"You, that's what's wrong! You have to know where you come from."

Finally he looked at her. Courage in one person, he realized, required courage in the other. He watched as she gathered her things. He wanted to hold her, to be back on the beach with the sun burning his flesh until his sorrow turned to cinders.

"You...I'm an exotic to you, Gabe. I stopped dating white men a long time ago. I was a prize to them, a chocolate truffle in a heap of bonbons. They loved me, true, the way you love a sports car more than a station wagon. I won't be that for anyone." She paused at the threshold. "You have to decide, my love. Run or fly."

As she walked down the street, her footsteps echoed her words. Run. Fly. Run. Fly. Gabe was relieved when the neighbor drove up and the echo was lost beneath the motor's drone.

Ian had tracked the men for days without coming within twenty kilometers of the truck. The outback was so big and its population so small, a little luck and a few calls let him keep tabs on the thieves. He followed them to a tourist site called Devil's Marbles. A vendor remembered the odd pair distinctly, and pointed Ian west along a faint track.

When he finally located the Toyota, he parked some distance away and hiked in for a better look. What he found clouded his heart. Perhaps a dozen coffins had been removed from crevices in a wadi. He trotted back to the Land Rover and gunned the engine, rattling toward the ridge and all but honking to make sure they heard.

The plan worked. Dust rimmed the sun as the Toyota headed out. Ian parked at the mouth of the culvert, then walked into the gully. The coffins, each a cradle for the precious dead, were lined up in the center. Tarps and coils of rope had been left behind, along with cigarette butts and candy wrappers. The urine drying on the cliff face was still sharp.

Then Ian spotted the truck. It was the same one he had seen leave, he was sure of it. The guano he had noticed days earlier was still smeared on the side window. Yet the culvert had no other entrance except the one he had just walked through.

Then a bullet spun him off his feet. He heard nothing, not even the echo of the shot, as his shirt soaked in a red tide. The blood was brilliant at first, like the eyes of the metallic starlings that congregated around his boyhood home. He saw the Aborigine kneel beside him, and his breath fled past his tongue.

The man was older than he had thought, much older, and carried with him the aura of ancient things. He wore little more than a string belt, a pair of shorts, and bands on his arms and legs. Tufts of cockatoo feathers framed a radiant face. On his chest a swirl of dots and circles, made hypnotic by his breath, pulled Ian into a galaxy of red.

He was terribly confused. He tried to separate the ringing in his head from his memories. They ran away, he thought. He had seen them drive across the plateau that drained west of the escarpment, had watched them until they were out of sight. The tire tracks he had crossed floated in his mind. Only one set of tracks, he realized. The truck had never left. How could he have been so wrong?

As if to offer comfort, the elder caressed lan's forehead. The man's hair, shot with gray, looked nutmeg. It was as if his great age had worn the shine off the strands and leached away the pigment. His eyes were luminous, though, beyond the touch of time. Ian thought of the dingoes that gazed into his spotlight. The dogs always waited, knowing he would leave the kangaroo's heart and liver and kidneys for their feast.

Suddenly he understood. This man, with his cockatoo feathers and precisely painted designs, was a shaman. Ian had been lured into the culvert just as he had been tricked into speeding down the highway the week before. He smiled and reached up.

"There now," the man soothed, and flicked his blade across Ian's throat.

LAINE CUNNINGHAM, after camping alone for six months in the outback, began performing traditional Dreamtime tales and the music of the didgeridoo. She owns and operates a book editing service in Asheboro, NC, and is working on her second novel.

THE JAMES JONES FIRST NOVEL FELLOWSHIP



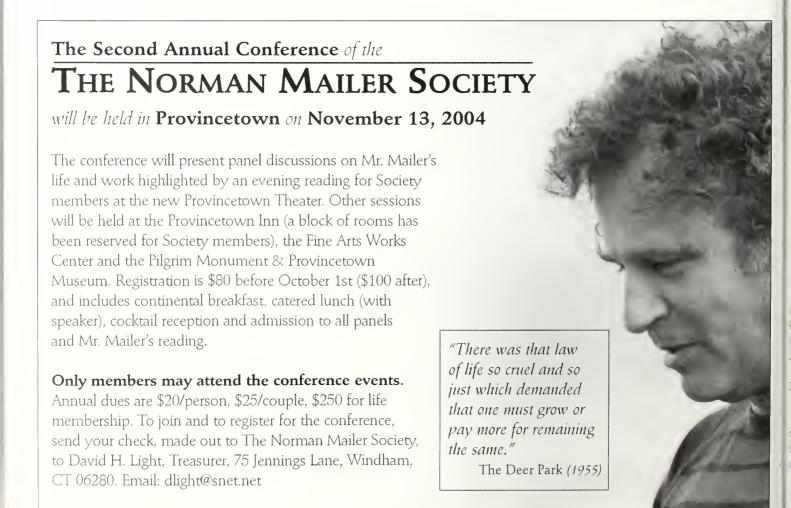
OLD SOLDIERS HEWER DIE.
THEY WRITE MOVELS.

The James Jones Literary
Society announces its annual
\$10,000 award for a first
unpublished novel and \$250
runner-up honorarium.
Submission deadline is
March 1, 2005. For eligibility
and guidelines visit:

www.wilkes.edu/humanities/jones.html

or send a SASE to:

James Jones First Novel Fellowship c/o English Department Wilkes University Wilkes-Barre PA 18766



Nine Letters from NORMAN MAILER, 1963-1966

Norman Mailer has said more than once that An American Dream, his fourth novel, may be his best. Controversial when it appeared, it is now generally seen to contain his most richly evocative and lyrical prose. This 100,000-word narrative follows the activities of a former congressman and war hero, Stephen Richards Rojack, now a professor of existential psychology and public intellectual. He murders his aristocratic wife in chapter one and things go up and down for the next 32 hours in this opera of a novel a libretto was written in 1969 by Charles Matz. At the conclusion of An American Dream, the following note appears: "Provincetown, New York, September 1963-October 1964." He wrote parts of the first, serialized version (which first appeared January-August 1964 in Esquire) in Provincetown and completed the revised version (published by Dial Press in March 1965) there as well. In the letters Mailer wrote to friends, family and literary associates during the months of composition, and later as he read the reviews, the intense effort required by his self-imposed challenge of writing a novel to deadline in the manner of Dickens and Dostoyevsky is almost palpable. But Mailer also comments on other events in his life—his marriage to Beverly Bentley, the births of his sons Michael and Stephen

and the publication of his 1963 volume of essays, The Presidential Papers-as well as the national trauma of Kennedy's assassination. Dictated in moderate haste to his secretary, Anne Barry, the letters are nevertheless rich in cultural insight and filled with Mailer's marvelous metaphors. The nine letters presented here are taken from a recently published edition containing 73 of Mailer's letters on An American Dream. Norman Mailer's Letters on An American Dream, 1963-1966 was published earlier this year in a limited edition by Sligo Press (67 S. Pioneer Ave., Shavertown, PA 18708). J. Michael Lennon, Mailer's archivist, who resides with his wife Donna part-time in Provincetown, edited the volume, the first selection of Mailer's correspondence to a variety of correspondents to appear in print. Lennon is also the editor of Mailer's collection, The Spooky Art: Some Thoughts on Writing, published by Random House in 2003. He wishes to gratefully acknowledge the assistance of the students in his Norman Mailer seminar, spring 2003, Wilkes University, Wilkes-Barre, PA. They are: Helene Caprari, Monica Cardenas, Justin D'Angelo, Patricia Dibble, Katherine Green, Mark James, Marcia McGann, Sabrina McLaughlin, Jessica Skutack and Gregory Specter.

TO: ANDRE DEUTSCH

Mailer's letter to Andre Deutsch is the first to lay out the plan of serial publication of a novel in Esquire followed by hard cover publication by Dial Press and soft cover publication by Dell Books. Deutsch (1918-2000) was the principal director of Andre Deutsch Limited, Mailer's British publisher from 1959-1966. Mailer married Beverly Bentley (1930 -), his fourth wife, in December 1963. Alain Robbe-Grillet (1922-) is a French novelist known for the flat, objective descriptions of his novels. The "big book" Mailer refers to is the one he promised in Advertisements for Myself (1959), a novel "fired to its fuse by the rumor that once I pointed to the farthest fence and said that within ten years I would try to hit the longest ball ever to go up into the accelerated hurricane air of our American letters." Walter Minton was the president of Putnam's, Mailer's American publisher for four of his books from 1955-1967, but not, as the letter indicates, An American Dream, which was still unnamed at that time. Charles "Cy" Rembar (1915-2000) was Mailer's first cousin, longtime lawyer and sometime literary agent, although it was Mailer's new agent, Scott Meredith (1925-1991), who helped broker the deal with Dial and Dell after Mailer himself sold the idea to Harold Hayes (1926-1989), the editor of Esquire. Corgi, an imprint of Transworld Publishers Limited, published the soft cover British edition of Advertisements for Myself in 1963. Diana Athill (1917-) was an editor and director at Andre Deutsch.

> 142 Columbia Heights Brooklyn, New York October 15, 1963

Mr. Andre Deutsch Andre Deutsch Limited 105 Great Russell Street London WC 1, England

Dear Andre,

First, a long belated thank you for the cook books, which Beverley [Bentley] received with glee and from which I expect to draw dividends over the years. They are, by the way, damn good books. I read parts of a few of them just for pleasure. They stack up very nicely against [Alain] Robbe-Grillet.

Much has happened since I saw you and doubtless you've had wind of it. I came to the grim conclusion over the summer that I was just not going to be able to do the big book well, considering my financial situation, because

although the advance royalties were quite decent I still would have been able to work only two weeks a month on the novel and the other two weeks would have to be given over to getting my pen hired for the best going price, or else giving lectures for fees. These secondary activities are always chancy and they open the danger of using up more effort than is commensurate. So I decided the only way out of my impasse was to dare a bold stroke. I contracted to do a novel in eight installments for Esquire, talked Walter [Minton] into releasing me for one book, and managed to sell this absolutely unwritten work for an incredible sum to Dial and Dell. This is in the strictest confidence, but they are paying me \$125,000 against the hard cover and paperback rights and so of course this solves my difficulties for a year or two, or ideally three or four. Now all I have to do is write a first-rate novel in eight months, and I can tell you this gives me pause. At any rate, I won't be working on the big novel for about a year (I think I'll need four months to recuperate from the next eight months) and that was why I told Cy [Rembar to tell you that I didn't wish to draw royalty payments yet.

Now as far as this new book goes, I'm quite ready to work up a contract with you right now if you so desire, but I think it might make more sense to wait and see how the book turns out. If it's a good book I might ask you for a fairly good royalty for it. If it's a bad one, I obviously could not. But if we wait there at least would be no feeling of A) holding you up or B) giving something away. And you can have my word and my hand across the sea on it that I will certainly give you first and complete crack at the book. In any case I don't feel there's a vast rush on this-at least I'm in no hurry. So if you'd like to wait and see what you're buying, that will be fine with me. Incidentally, to the best of my understanding all this happened very quickly, the paperback rights have already been bought by a subsidiary of Dell who paid a vast price—twenty-five grand, my friend, again in the strictest confidence. What bothers me about this last is that I've been very pleased with Corgi for the job they have been doing, but the English paperback rights were tied into this deal and I had reluctantly to go along with it, since Dial and Dell were paying so much for the American rights. I'm going to write a letter to Corgi today so they won't bounce too hard when they get the bad news.

And when I see you this January—I certainly hope you'll be making a trip this year—I'll tell you the story of how the ante got up so high. It's a rare account of the mating habits of that most curious bird—the American publisher.

Say hello to Diana [Athill] and my best to you,

Norman

Knox (1921-), one of Mailer's closest friends, met Mailer in Hollywood in the summer of 1949, which Knox recalls in his memoir The Good, the Bad and The Dolce Vita (2004). In the late 1960s, Knox acted in the dramatic version of The Deer Park and two of Mailer's experimental films. Mailer met the poet Richard Wilbur (1921-) in Paris in 1948. The book he refers to in the third paragraph is The Presidential Papers (1963), the dust jacket of which depicted Mailer sitting in a Kennedy-style rocking chair. Joan was Mickey's third wife and the sister of Mailer's second wife, Adele Morales (1925-). Mailer's friend Roger Donoghue was a professional boxer in the 1950s and early 1960s. Mailer introduced him to his wife Faye Mowery, a Provincetown native.

142 Columbia Heights Brooklyn, New York December 17, 1963

Dear Mick,

The Kennedy thing hit very hard here. Women were crying in the streets (mainly good-looking women), a lot of middle-aged Negroes looked sad and very worried, and then we all sat around in gloom and watched the television set for the next seventy-two hours. Altogether it was one of three events having something profoundly in common: Pearl Harbor Day and the death of Roosevelt being the other two. And the Ruby-Oswald stuff was just too much on top of it. I haven't felt like writing a word about the whole thing, I've been too fucking depressed every which way. The main loss I think was a cultural one. Whether he wanted to or not Kennedy was giving a great boost to the arts, not because Jackie Kennedy was inviting Richard Wilbur to the White House, but somehow the lid was off, and now I fear it's going to be clamped on tight again.

As for Oswald and Ruby, I don't know what was going on, but I don't have the confidence we'll ever know. I'd like to believe that the FBI had a sinister hand in all of this, but somehow I doubt it. I suspect the real story is that two lonely guys, all by themselves, put more grit in the gears than anyone ever succeeded in doing before, and it's just a mess, a dull miserable mess.

The book of course falls by the side in all of this, one of the million minor casualties. With Kennedy alive it was a good book, but with him dead, it's just a curiosity, and somehow irritating in tone. I don't even mind the loss of it in a funny way.

As for the movie piece, there's been a startling lack of interest in it, and no nibbles at all. I think if someone had five or ten million bucks, it could make a great movie. But I suspect it's not going to be bought

until something else I write is made into a movie and makes a lot of money. The trouble with it is that it's not the sort of thing that can be done by an independent producer or on a small budget because to be successful it would need epic treatment.

Which somehow brings up your remark about "intellectual adventurer." I'd forgotten that you'd said it, but your mention of the fact brought it back to me, except that you mentioned it in an altogether different way, using the phrase approvingly. The character around Kennedy who said it was of course using the term spitefully.

As for the debt, I guess you're right. I had of course not forgotten the cruel repayment I exacted by giving you that C.K. research project. Somehow I had the impression there was another debt. I realize now, thinking about it, that I'm dead wrong. So accept my apologies, old buddy. When you're back, we can exchange wedding presents. Incidentally, I saw Joan one night at the fights. She went with Roger and Faye [Donoghue] and I held up the other end because Beverly was tired that evening. We were sort of friendly but a bit cool, and she was kind of sweet, got tired early, and went home early. She said something about going back to Europe sooner than she originally thought she would. Who knows, she might even be missing you. As for the wedding itself, Roger was not excluding you. The only people present were Bev and me (because I was the best man) and a girl named Fifi Bergman who was bridesmaid for Faye. At the last moment Faye's best friend and her boyfriend arrived from Pittsburgh, but it isn't as if fifteen or twenty people arrived and you were passed by. That's the truth, Mick. Roger's really fond of you. I've never heard him say a really bad word about you. You're right that Roger doesn't have too much sympathy with my ideas, but then, what the hell, Roger was still taking his pitch from the Journal-American when I met him, and while I've had some influence on him I expect I'd be surprised if I had had a really large influence because we started from preconceptions which are too far apart.

The scene here is quiet. Much hard work for me and then more hard work. I'm plugging away on the serial and now have gotten through the third installment. It's a pretty good book so far but I just hope and pray I can keep it up, because the strain is tremendous. It's like being an old pro and fighting an eight-round fight when you're not in the best of shape. Anyway, if I can bring it off, next year ought to be more relaxed.

I'm damn sorry you left when you did. It always takes us a couple of weeks to loosen up around each other and this time was a damn shame because I think we're really getting to the point in our lives where our respective ears are getting better and we can listen more carefully to what each other has to say. The passing glimpses you've given of Yugoslavia are fascinating and if you get a chance, let me hear a little more of your impressions.

Love, Norm

TO: FRANCIS IRBY GWALTNEY

Mailer served in the Army with "Fig" Gwaltney (1921-1985), a teacher, novelist and native of Arkansas. During a visit there in March 1975, he introduced Mailer to the woman who became his sixth wife, Barbara Norris Church Mailer (1949-). Stendhal (1788-1842), Marcel Proust (1871-1922) and James Joyce (1882-1941) are writers much admired by Mailer.

142 Columbia Heights Brooklyn, New York December 20, 1963

Dear Fig,

Now you've really got me curious to read the rejected novel. Is your only copy at Secker and Warburg? Or could I get a chance to see it? I don't want to moralize, but the difficult thing about writing well when one is angry is that the truth of it tunes up one's whole body

physically so you tend to lose the cool sense of each moment passing into each new moment in your book. That sense of knowing when you're right and when you're getting off your balance. I know when I'm mad, I tend to accelerate not only in the physical speed with which my hand writes down the words but I also telescope the progression of the ideas and so something which makes sense internally to me is hysterical in its external manifestations. If it weren't for this difficulty I think anger might be the best single emotion to write out of, for it firms ups one's balls and burns out all the half-shitty half-loyalties to people who we don't really like or admire.

I'm working sixty days ahead of publication (that's my automatic deadline); I've now finished the first three installments of the serial. Everything is fine so far except that I can't describe a screw as thoroughly as I might like to, and I ain't moving quite as fast as I should be moving. In the first three parts I don't think I've gone a quarter of the way. It's a little like giving a course and taking too long on the earlier writers so you find you have one lecture left for [Marie-Henri Beyle] Stendhal, and a half lecture for [Marcel] Proust, a half lecture for [James] Joyce. But writing the serial is in itself fun. It makes me work.

Since it's been eight years since I've set out to write a novel and finish it, I think I would have taken forever to get somewhere if it weren't for the fact that I have to make my decisions in great haste and stick by them. It's a little like playing ten-second chess. You have to take the bold choice each time, because you know you can depend on getting something out of the bold effects—the subtler choices may prove too subtle and fail to come to life in the speed with which you have to write. I don't know how good the book will be, but it's interesting writing a serial. I' not so sure I'll say when I'm done, I swear, never again. Since I, like you, used to be very much of a second, third, or even fourth draft novelist, it occurs to me that much of the possibility in this may have developed over the last twelve months when I was writing against a deadline once or twice a month and so formed the habit, for better or worse, of having my first drafts become the basic body on which the final result was clothed.

Anyway, that much for shop. Bev is coming along nicely and should have the baby by the middle of March. She hasn't put on any weight

since this summer except around the middle, and we're both looking pretty good, although I am definitely on the plump side. If I get any fatter I'll need an old skinny gal like Ecey to shake some life into me. But now you tell me Ecey's getting plump too. God almighty.

As for *The Presidential Papers*, I'll send you off a copy tomorrow. I was working so hard on the serial that I goofed on preparing a list of friends to get the book, and so practically no one I know has received a copy. Only my enemies. The publicity girl at Putnam blithely went ahead and sent out copies to people I don't even speak to. That's the literary life, dear friend. Incidentally, you'll find the book very odd reading. Like everybody else, I discovered I cared a lot more about Kennedy than I thought I did, and so his death was directly depressing, and turned much of what I wrote. A lot of it seems off balance now. Anyway, let me know what you think.

And love to Ecey, Yee Yee, and Frank, Jr.

Merry Christmas

Norm

TO: DIANA ATHILL

Mailer complains here of the way the British edition of his novel is described in the Deutsch catalogue of forthcoming books.

597 Commercial Street Provincetown, Massachusetts July 5, 1964

Dear Diana,

On the negative side, I have only a few comments for the catalogue page. I think "evil wife" oversimplifies too much. I think "tragic, tormented, half-evil wife" or something of that ilk might be more satisfactory. Also, "sane love" with Cherry sounds hygienic. "To find some part of his dream of love" might be more what we need. Outside of that, I think it's fine. But I also think we're giving away much too much by saying that An American Dream is so unlike "mannerly British fictions," for it seems to me that the virtuoso aspect of An American Dream is that it is so mannered a book. Violent people always are mannerly, or chaos would result if there were not a spectrum of manners in their dealings with each other. Now this has always fascinated the British-[Dashiell] Hammett, [Raymond] Chandler, so forth. But of course the manners they showed there were essentially false ones. The reality is curious and somehow subtler, and I was trying to get toward that reality in An American Dream. But I think it would be a serious mistake to abdicate from any claims this novel can make in the dominion of manners, because it is precisely by the play of manners that I've tried to tell the story. One could even go so far perhaps as to argue that the novel is a study of the bizarre, incisive, and very elaborate manners of some of the kinds of people who live in the social worlds and under-worlds of New York. So I think we might emphasize the book is in its way as mannered as a novel by Henry James. What creates the—it is to be hoped—fascinating confusion is that the material is closer to a Mickey Spillane.

By the way, Diana, how do you all feel about the end of the book? There's been not a word about that from Andre [Deutsch] or from you. If you're unhappy, now's the time to talk, because I hope to put in about five to ten thousand words and take out a little of the old, all of this to be accomplished by September 1. Since I'm also going to do the Republican Convention, there'll be only a few weeks for this, probably from August 10 to September 1. But in the month between, there would certainly be time to get your comments. Please believe me, I'm not so delicate as to be afraid of negative comments. And this can go right down to the individual sentences. It's really a good idea to let me know now whatever bothers you and Andre. Of course, if the end is a vast disappointment to you . . . But then I hope not. I was so tired by the time I finished I was willing to accept any external verdict that it was very good or very bad. The good remarks I heard were that it was very good, but then it was the agent and publisher who said that, and they're not exactly similar to the critics in their interest. At any rate, give us a reaction.

> Best for now, Norman

TO: EIICHI YAMINISHI

Mailer never met Yaminishi, his longtime Japanese translator.

597 Commercial Street Provincetown, Massachusetts July 7, 1964

Dear Eiichi,

This is just a quick note. By now, ideally, you've received the last three installments (six, seven, and eight) of *An American Dream*, and so you can think about the book as a whole. Much of the news you have heard about the novel is untrue or inaccurate. For instance, it will not be published in October or November, but in January. Same for England. And it has not been sold to the films. Warner Brothers took an option but of course may decide not to buy it. That of course is all by the bye. The book may make a vast amount of money, it may not—but what it has done is to provide me with sufficient income so that for the next two

years I can concentrate on doing the best writing of which I'm capable without fear or wonder how to meet my expenses.

Apart from the fact that this was a commercial book (that is, one of the basic motives for its conception was the desire to make a great deal of money) it is also my attempt to write as good a novel as possible under the circumstances, and as I think you will see, the book, while conventional in many aspects, is also unusual in its "psychic world," and may in this sense go further than any novel I know. Incidentally, I'm going to spend a few weeks this summer making changes in the text. They will be little changes, but numerous ones. For that reason, I would suggest you do not start your translation until the middle of September when I can give you the final copy, unless it should prove necessary to go to work earlier. If that proves the case, we'll have to figure a way to send you the changes. That of course will mean more work for you and more work for me. At any rate, dear Eiichi, my best to you for now, and hope that all is well with your fine family, so many good sons and daughters.

Warmly, Norman Trilling (1905-1996) was a literary critic and wife of the Columbia professor and man of letters, Lionel Trilling (1905-75). Her 1962 essay, "The Radical Moralism of Norman Mailer," which appeared in Encounter in November 1962, is perhaps the most intelligent examination of Mailer's work through Advertisements for Myself. Mailer did meet Iris Murdoch (1919-1999) during his visit to England. Gilles de Rais (1404-1440) was a Marshall of France during the Hundred Years War. Accused of satanic beliefs, he confessed to torturing and killing over 100 children and was executed. E.M. Forster (1879-1970) wrote a series of novels of English social life in a crisp, tronic style.

142 Columbia Heights Brooklyn, New York March 25, 1965

Dear Diana,

It's perfect, but after all our talk about how reliable I am, I now pick up the pen (what a metaphor this has become) to tell you that we must go ahead and make plans for my appearance at Oxford even though I may never get to England at all. (That will touch you, darling, to be so genteel and fucking liberal) but you see, I'm having a disagreement at the moment with my British publisher. I don't like the jacket, I don't like the blurb, both of which of course they had to do themselves, and I told them I won't come to England unless we can agree on the kind of publicity. Knowing Andre Deutsch, he will probably want me to go on a round of television and radio appearances, and since I don't do that in New York for a book, I don't see any reason to do it in London. So I have posed other possibilities to him, and now must wait to see if he will agree. Odds are much better than even, however, that I'll be in England, the main reason being that I want to go. So look, let's set a date, I leave it to you, any time after the 23rd, except perhaps publication day, which is something like the 26th or 27th—a phone call to Andre Deutsch in London (Langham 2746-9) will establish the day, and then let me know which day you've chosen. It will be yours.

Now what I'd like ideally is a dinner for eight at your house and then perhaps a few more people in afterward. One can't possibly get to talk

to sixteen or twenty people at dinner by any method known to man, and the Senior Common Room, while appealing to the novelist in me, and very suitable and exciting if it should come to pass, promises still less in the way of a delight than dinner for eight in the charming small house you seem to possess. Surely even at Oxford people have been known to drop in after dinner. Isn't that remotely possible? I have only one firm request: you must get Iris Murdoch for dinner. I loved her novel, *The Severed Head*, and have always wanted to meet her since.

The reception of An American Dream has been-believe it if you can-more schizophrenic than anything of mine which preceded it. I've gotten the very best and the very worst reviews I've ever received. John Aldridge of all people, writing in Life, of all the places, said in effect that I was doing the most important writing in the country since Faulkner. Stanley Edgar Hyman in The New Leader said it was a dreadful novel. Philip Rahv detested it, so and so loved it. As you can guess, I've enjoyed all this secretly very much, because no vice of mine could be greater than my desire to create a sensation and be forever talked about. Sometimes I wonder, beloved, if I am the ghost of some long-dead London beauty. Well, well, I expect the British will give me good whipping with the thinnest strings of leather for the outrages I've committed in the name of literature. But when you feel in the mood, you must write me what you think of the book, even if you don't like it at all, although I suspect you might just like it, it's an extraordinary novel in its funny fashion, extraordinary, that is, in what it does with the art of the novel, whether for good or ill. It's as if Gilles de Rais had captured the style of E.M. Forster and was running amok with it. So far of course none of the critics have had even the remotest notion that the real debating ground of An American Dream is precisely on how it does and does not contribute to the grand art of the novel but I get them so poisonous and upset they can't think straight, and that always tickles my devil, for there is no sight in all the world quite so funny as an intellectual who is too agitated to think. They are then like elephants without a trunk, nothing but hippopotami.

> Love, Norman

TO: JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

John W. Aldridge (1922-) became friends with Mailer in 1951 shortly after Aldridge's After the Lost Generation: A Study of Writers of Two Wars appeared earlier that year. It contains the first major appreciation of Mailer's work; Mailer wrote an introduction to the 1985 reprint. Aldridge went on to write extensively about Mailer, including reviews of most of his books. Elizabeth Hardwick (1916-) wrote a scolding review that appeared in Partisan Review in the spring 1965 number. Richard Poirier (1925-) wrote a very warm review of the novel in Commentary, June 1965. In 1972 he wrote Norman Mailer, perhaps the most perceptive study of the first half of Mailer's career. William Phillips (1907-2002) was the longtime editor of Partisan Review.

142 Columbia Heights Brooklyn, New York April 23, 1965

Dear Jack,

I've held off sending you a batch of reviews, because there seemed no order to most of it. Just New York, dependably, whenever a review was done by someone who lived in New York, the review was bad. There is of course no vast mystery to this. The book was around in serial form for eight months and every literary mind in New York had an opportunity to test his message on every other literary mind, so the intellectual establishment was all bad. Philip Rahv bad, Elizabeth Hardwick in *Partisan Review*, Stanley Edgar Hyman in *The New Leader*, so it will go.

Only Richard Poirier in *Commentary* will be good, and that's not out until June. Also, grand surprise, *National Review* had a rave done by Joan Didion, who writes very nicely. At any rate, I'm getting together a batch of duplicates, and I'll send them off with this letter to you. But could you send them back after you've glanced through them, for I think then I'll be mailing the same set on to my daughter in Mexico. Finally, I decided to take out an ad in *Partisan Review*. Elizabeth Hardwick's review was so bad that I decided to oppose it with yours. Originally I planned to use your entire review on two pages, but William Phillips decided that was impossible because of the smallness of the print. And so he cut a couple of hundred words out. I just hope he did the job well. I wasn't here at the time, I was in Alaska, giving—what else—a lecture. And so was unable to see the copy before the deadline. He's conscientious, however, and so it should be all right. Although I must say cutting that piece of yours is not so easy.

The book received such violently opposed reviews that—forgive this weighted metaphor—it was as if the intellectual crust of the nation were suffering a seismographic fault. It was not just the virulence of the bad reviews, except they weren't good on their own terms, and usually they are. The put-down was declarative rather than analytical; the weight of the indictment seemed to be placed by most New York intellectuals on the improbability of the plot, which is of course the given. That the narrative clichés were chosen precisely because I felt they had been despised so long that a novelistic magic had returned to them seems not to have occurred to Rahv and Co. And so the tone of their reviews is puzzled, irritable, full of loud statement and bad faith. Like an uncle displeased with a nephew and profoundly worried. But

I go on too long. You've probably seen most of these reviews yourself, and the ones I send from the smaller papers will prove amusing I hope.

Beverly and I went off this week to Provincetown to pick a house. We'll be there four months I think, and if you're in Nantucket we'll get a chance to visit, for we know a man in Harwichport with a power boat. And so could reach you in two and a half hours door to door. Or if you have a boat, come visit us. We could pick you up in Harwichport. Nantucket after all is a place where people go to work. Provincetown is for sport. Naturally I choose Provincetown for work. At any rate, say hello to Leslie

and my regards to your four-year-old. The one-year-old is now somewhat less of a prick. I attribute this to the civilizing influence of his father.

> Best and all, Jack, Norman

P.S. I don't think we have a chance of a snowball in hell, but I'm asking my agent to talk to Jack Warner about having you on for a technical advisor.

TO: LOUIS and MOOS MAILER

The late Louis Mailer was the brother of Mailer's father, Isaac Barnett "Barney" Mailer (1891-1972). He and his wife Moos lived in South Africa but visited the U.S. several times. The first stage version of The Deer Park, in two acts, was presented at Act IV, a theater on the corner of Carver and Bradford Streets in Provincetown in August 1966, with Beverly Bentley as Lulu Myers. Cannibals and Christians (1966), Mailer's third miscellany, was published by Dial on 29 August 1966. Beverly gave birth to Stephen McLeod Mailer, their second son, on 10 March 1966. Basil is the son of Louis and Moos.

> 565 Commercial Street Provincetown, Massachusetts

> > September 25, 1966

Dear Louis and Moos,

I haven't written in ages. Please forgive me for not answering your fine letters, but this summer's been unbelievable. I haven't worked so hard in years. I got going at a great rate on a new novel and then just about the time I was half way through, everything in the scheme of things diverted me over to an old adaptation of The Deer Park, which I rewrote and

changed from a five-hour play to a two-hour play. We did it up here in Provincetown in a theater Beverly helped to start (she is, by the way, a superb actress—woe is me—I'm not used to other talent in the family), and the play turned out well enough to be moved to New York. So we're going to put it on Off-Broadway this winter and if all goes well, it might be exciting, indeed. I have some hopes at any rate. As for the rest, all is well. Mother's recovered completely from the operation, which proved, of course, not to be necessary—when will people finally realize that medicine exists first for the sake of doctors and their beastly hospitals. Cannibals and Christians came out and, to my surprise, received fairly good reviews. If Dad hasn't taken care of it, I'm going to make certain a copy gets to you.

As for the boys, Michael is all box-office, prima donna, narcissistic, brilliant, spoiled, electric, frighteningly sexy, a complete self-starter, and Steve all attention and reaction and soft smiles and chuckles and fun. They're going to make a great pair, knock on wood, as my mother would say.

As for the movie, An American Dream, don't ask. An absolute disaster. My only consolation is that I had nothing to do with the makings of it, except for the tarty action of taking a large sum of money in sale from a large movie studio, for which I had no respect.

> Give my best to Basil. Beverly sends love. Norman

TO: WHIT BURNETT

Mailer's story "The Greatest Thing in the World" won Story magazine's national college contest and was published there by Burnett in November 1941, marking the beginning of Mailer's literary career. His undated letter prefaces a selection from An American Dream describing the murder of Deborah by Rojack that was published in Burnett's 1970 anthology, This is My Best: In the Third Quarter of the Century. Mailer's letter is perhaps his most considered and perceptive comment on the novel.

Dear Whit:

Sometimes it seems useful to think of two kinds of novels—novels of manners, and modern explosive surrealistic novels in which the very notion of society, let alone manners, is bulldozed away in order to see what strange skeletons of fish and what buried treasure comes up in the ore. Out of my own work I suppose Why Are We in Vietnam? would most satisfy the latter category, and An American Dream might prove for some to be my most substantial attack on the problem of writing a novel of manners. They are

hard novels to do well. Now that we are approaching the end of the seventh decade of the twentieth century they are becoming novels which are almost impossible to do well. The old totemistic force of manners, the old totemistic belief that breaching a manner inspired a curse has been all but lost in the avalanche of social deterioration which characterizes our era. Yet what can appear more attractive and sinister to us than a tea ceremony at the edge of a cliff. So I often think An American Dream is my best book. I tried for more in this novel than anywhere else and hence was living for a while with themes not easily accessible to literary criticism, not even to examination. The passage I choose now is not obligatorily the best thousand words in the work, but comes from the latter part of the first chapter and therefore offers few discomforts of orientation to the reader, and no demand on me for a synopsis of preceding events. Perhaps it may also serve to illumine the fine nerve of dread back of every good manner. Manner is the mandarin of mood, and in the shattering of every mood is an existential breath—does laughter or the murderous next ensue?

> Yours, Norman Mailer

A Selection by Susan Mitchell

Something a reader of these poems may notice is that I have defied the zoning regulations of the literary world which assume that poets of a feather must flock together. Unlike editors who have an aesthetic bias of one kind or another, I have allowed the experimental to bump up against the more traditional, permitted poems by poets just starting out to rub against poems by poets who have had long and distinguished careers. There is high cholesterol language here, and low carb, too. Enjoy the diversity—each of these poems is aesthetically unique. And enjoy the bumps and friction. It's along lines of friction that creativity flourishes.

What these poems do share is their brilliance. They all surprise. Many of them demand that you give up your normal way of reading, that you as reader become creative. And that happens, I think, because many of the poets here have reached that place that Erika Kluthe describes in "Outline":

This is what I want: (something I don't understand) the place that takes shape, loose, frayed into something wild, the naked—

This is a place of breakdown, either of social conventions or conventions of language or of how we perceive the world. In Dunn's untitled poem, this becomes a kind of baptism. In Stern's, the narrator straddles two very different ways of thinking about a sexual encounter, and what's between is like a fault line, a place of tremendous psychic energy. And Foo's poem asks us to reflect on what it means to see. "I saw . . . as if my eye were still growing" Gerard Manly Hopkins wrote in his journal. Something all these poets ask of us. Or, to shift metaphors, I think they would all agree with Simone Weil's terse observation: "Obedience to the force of gravity. The greatest sin."

Eyes, definition (verb)

Josey Foo

1. to be the barrier—to be proven. 2. to be within, to take the form of roots of trees that have been dug up and re-buried, upside-down. 3. to witness—as faces pass by, to select, as surroundings change without distinction. 4. to tell what they knew existed, e.g., source of. 5. to follow, struggle, and flounder, with the world to gain. 6. to compromise, the seen as less than the accepted. 7. to plan, to construe, to line. 8. to create a new border, to base an entire day of thought, hope, and despair and to make a paradigm.

Outline

Erika Kluthe

(1)

(A-8-A Daire-56 A. Kisim, Atakoy Istanbul, Turkey)

(2)

crossing the bridge, fists full of maps, full of places, fists thick with pieces, with boundaries, with names and colors drawn in breath never felt in the flesh of the thing—

like necklaces bright as wrists, held in flicker and tease lifting its skirt, its boundaries, to walk and not wet the hem, exposed white thighs, its face flushed with what has been—

this place that held

the Bosphorus hot with heave, with testimony, arrested,

held like a carnival; the air wet with candles

as if sky had wished those spirals wax, pulled from mosques to mouths.

-were sugar and memories that sweet and lasting.

(3)

This is what I want: (something I don't understand) the place that takes shape, loose, frayed into something wild, the naked—

the crotch of a tree, deep and open, knuckling, buckled under, dripping amber by the hand-fulls shed from every crevice, every wound

wound I once heard mistaken for womb an inner slip or negligee necklaced inlayed scented wrist slender waist dressed her late her black and thick with the weight of air and expectation, it boomed and flailed in her face—

(this wasn't where I was going, not what I wanted to say—

the reason to tear this all up from the start, before it starts [in fact] before the thought of it even, because this is where it's going anyway)

Statements that lead like a sidewalk-

chalk drawings a child outlined in dirty purples, finger-pinks, the outline of a child's body a name: Jake—

bunny ear cat nose whisper fake-

He's asleep or No, he's not at home I'm afraid You've just missed him. He was here a second ago maybe catchim in an hour or two

(but again, I've strayed. I've let this all loose [pick-up-sticks] as if this were a game—)

What a shame you missedim

His bracelet and brush still smell of him—

In thick pulls and twists it comes through the window opened softly and cleanly as wrists

(4)

Europe and Asia sit two halves a single breast, the nipple in Istanbul feeding history a strange language: women wearing prayer, selling seeds in clay plates—

where it's all let go; urns burnt, mosaics re-kilned, the tiles fell, rang like shells on sills where mosques and churches shallow-domed, unarchitecturally sound, acoustically caught, singing in round; (the yellows, the browns) the day brandished in the

shapes of the archways where swallows open into explosion—

brunette-headed men in lines of open-aired markets sell roe, fleshy fruit, spice, carpet and shoes sold even in Christ's time

(5)

all of this in existence in cells, on shelves, thick-tongued conch yanked from shells—blown out—worn to sand the sky quickened—fastened blades of blackness—

what was old was young once

still it takes its turns—
its fat exact axis

Sons and Violets

for Sean

after Attilio Bertolucci

Cyrus Cassells

In the hush-a-bye woods, in a time that will never be over, your father caught you, dozing hobo-light in a truant bed of violets, and fashioned a thin belitting switch to whip you for the womanish place you'd hidden.

Now grown men, what we want is a leave-the-boy-be love: violets gathered with the patience that suddenly grips a boy's core when the time comes for the task—patience as inchoate, as secret as the violet as it waits beneath a showy carpet of topaz and carnelian leaves—

Grown at last, what we want is violets in profusion to fashion memorial bouquets; the only flower the close-to-mendicant woods have to offer this rapacious season to win the young gods back again, to venerate our virile and exacting fathers who died too young, too carewornwho are eagerly reborn in us now, as we bend, intent on beauty, recalling a boy's unbridled pleasure in a live-a-little bed of color:

supplicants, sons and archers, with the first-prize arrows of our concentration.

Untitled (Hialeah Park Baptism: 8/30/99)

Christopher Dunn

alighting all at once a church of flamingoes

or startled one and all the first steps drawn out, drawn

measured and slow—a tall, clumsy girl in a pink gown mid-curtsy

the water roils, reds and dark metals and froth, jagged like scales

what happens when young boys enter the water hurried

this is silent like a dream sequence or nearly so—only the faint

hustle of water as background noise, as comfort before

the retort of wings like entering a watery grave, the silence snaps

a bolt splitting a boulder, a flood, all at once

over me—so loud the world above only a suggestion

Hunting

Robert W. Fernandez.

1.

She told it, voice this paled red furniture:

in the going out there is first an agitation of roots. This is like a furnace that is not

certain of its nature having been raised outside the company of other furnaces.

Or this is like a moth nursed too long at a single faucet. In the house, there

remains this levitating tear, constant above us as the host of our ancestors.

Then roots travel over the body. Alignment of plough, spring grass,

movements of a fountain fluttering, escapes in a manner of Houdini's of

the body tinkering with their genius, revolutionaries, vertinigous scythes.

The travel is in relation to archipelago, verb signifying blue and green drift

or voided guarantees: Odysseus' long homeward opening its pitchfork arms.

Or the eye like a disc put off balance, a man putting at ease a vibrato of stilts.

This goes on behind the curtains of the lids as under the tend of a provincial circus.

2.

Midnight, blindfolded, is led out. FIRST RING: nailed up: *the hunt*

is ready, bring your guns, the target is as implausible as it is impassable.

The sheen of a fox wet with the holy ghost vanishes in searchlights, crosses the eyes

of its hunters. Starting gun: the ring leader divests; clouds cowbell-out like zeppelins.

The eye attempts to steady itself, halos, a lidless sky embers the snow of fainting

(why lights give salubrious dialogue over comatose patients). End. The eye shuffles

to bed, gown slit like a rose, holy in its frailty. Miraculous in its return! The eye has surfaced

like a diver, bringing up strange urchins, eels. It can sell these but does not know

it yet. There is a market in XXXXX where these are prized for their dense, bright oils.

3.

SECOND RING: a hand nailed up: winter in the fields has been hard and singular and

there is little hope for lifting the venom. Those who have seen oranges groves in sweat like

slaves rowing will understand the effect of blight: heightened sensitivity, the eye opening at random

in synthetic wild garlic. Take this arrow, finely-quilled—resembling a Creole Buddha.

In the field, a prescient hedgehog rests. Her oiled eyes open over the night and

fractal the acreage of the field. Take this arrow. . . when you see her, place it. Night will split,

new women rise in lamp oil and moths reveal themselves as spring's emissaries.

The eye is not familiar with cruelty, predatory verve, the boar's tusks like tonton machetes,

and instead stands quite naked, waiting for a wool of cicadas to pillow it back into the world.

The hunt and she is bristled in this signing—

zithers blue, intact—jaw bone like a crescent. THIRD RING: boy then nailed up: this Berlin

in the eye must reveal its internal color. Christ is the tree flowering, tacking up, up, the fox, hawk,

takes place as reversal, anagnorisis, revelation. We are hunted through new moon into our

child's coffins, papered-in by a starch of turnips. The archetype is a hawk looking for a new grip.

The eye as in the palace of the Duvalier's. Vultures reveal their cream-colored voices.

Moths are garnet, emblematic bandanas. We are otherwise taken by wind where

tomorrow sun lays over these meridian fields and the curve of the earth is more pronounced,

less this jagged, ancillary harp. This is a drill, athletic over a bouquet of mint, body muscled,

luster like a seal. Tomorrow, the eye goes down, hunt comes up. A stepping off point

leaves spring deluded. And the ocean, god of contagion, breeds devices-

more guns, more sound, more light. She tells us: going over, we witness

the moon playing its long feather of bone, the eyes peering beyond sheets of water.

Siren

Christina Davis

I'd been sitting on some rocks near Hernshead when a girl asked to take my photo for class. I said: What's the assignment?

To take a picture of someone who looks like something else. You look like a mermaid.

It's funny, I said, how people need permission. It's not like you're asking to cut a lock of my hair, or drain a vial of blood.

But don't you think it's your right to know that your face has been taken, that strangers will be holding you up to the light?

I thought that's what humans do, prop each other up in the light and talk about what the dark is doing to them.

(In the background, sailboats kept on capsizing, to the chagrin of little boys.)

Shepherd

Gerald Stern

Greece; the light of my life, but there was a man who taught Business and one day an ex-student from another college came to see him and she was gorgeous enough you wanted to die, and after thirty minutes alone they both came out and how he sucked his pipe I wanted to kill him, but he was critical for she lay on a hillside above new Samos and woke up to a bell for there was a shepherd and there was a dog and after how many minutes he fucked her with the dog barking, and how disgusting my colleague said, imagine, a filthy shepherd, and I was stunned by the word *shepherd*, it meant nothing to him; and what the sun was like that morning, the marble she fingered the while oh two or three thousand years there baking and freezing, but most of all I hated how I had to accept his version of a formal rift in order to fight him, how I retreated behind some broken stones, a fireplace, say, four hundred years old and we would have to argue about sulfa and penicillin, I wanted to pull the pipe out of his mouth, I wanted to have a dog like that, a bell either tied to his white throat or at my own neck playing Schubert or Mahler, down on my worn out knees.

Dreamt Dead Eden

Brian Teare

Two years you're dead, and still I write I'm Eden entire, bed down and force-bloomed in seasons

where flesh, untenable, suffers. Summer touches everything like metaphor. So nasturtiums furl

their botched silks, weave burn inward: nothing here dies alone. Endless replicate, grief breeds meaning

until the small utopias fall: love is written thus, and I the lapse between sign and dignified, Eden

and awful. It writes: I, cinder, I, ash, marrow and ten blackbirds risen, their thirst, too, shriven from brush-

fire. Husband, nothing has touched me like this. Thighs ensconce my cock the way a garden decorates a grave, cold

flawless plot, no Adam after you, and to what end? Come noon, what isn't a snake soft, black as tarmac heat-

mirage? Even roses sold roadside, ocean clutching its lip where waves stop and salt prospers their loss. I drop

the lyric voice down where heat sequesters the cistern, comes up only thin rope, a tin bucket: what answer?

The birds' rasp and clamor? They complain like hinges. Their wings open doors and go nowhere. Skyward's

oven, beneath sun, bakes its flat blue enamel. Though I can write rain into the picture, hang its eaves-born

susurrus outside the window, though I can make any thing happen, only the willow's tap-root broods

the fathomless under, the beneath, the where I can't tell of. Tell me: is pain the garden's only plan?

Pain, and the season failed? If I push words under ground, their roots clutch and crust, gutter like candles.

Thought tapers and snuffs; its thin wick sizzles. Dead you die again; I walk the graveyard garden schemata;

it plans assassination, my sex souvenired. Picture me there, neuter widow-widower, my young man's hands

clasped behind my back for the men who carried you straight to the graves' horizon knives from so many

stitches, skin patched back like awkward sod, i.v.'s several white shoots grown from cuttings. So thin.

By the end, breath required not even a mouth. Yes they had to cut your throat, but don't worry I am

making it beautiful, the tracheotomy's puckered flesh a flower, your voice drawn out by a thread

honeysuckle giving up its pistil. This is not just my need to control the image: I author this Eden

to keep you near. Understand? Outside, the real garden withers, too; the door warps and on the hottest days

won't let me out of the lyric, which can't keep anything alive. I'll tell you how I feel: fuck the real. When I write

butterfly, it's not ironic. It's a sweet name for a needle.

To the Universe

Jason Shinder

While lovers sleep, my nails dig into the earth, holding up traffic.

Just now a cloud has pulled up, while I was talking To the Emptiness of the Universe, and my voice plugged into

We waves at the bottom of the ocean. My heart is taped up

I ike a child's drawing of the moon over the broken window Of the Kingdom of the Sky, where the wind always comes back To fill my ears. I will dance on my shadow. I will open

My sleeping mouth with the air inside my mother's coffin. I will be the arrow breaking apart in the body of the blackbird

Which appears at my window, singing.

With Child

Anne Marie Macari

Stretched so, and part of her

entering the world before the rest, weighed down

as if in a hundred pockets of self she had crammed

her calcified secrets and regrets,

the minerals of things never said. So much longs

to be filled, down to the spaces between bones, cavities

and caves in her head, and for years the slack uterus.

Till finally the self is too solid, bursting,

her legs rooted, her head tilted to suck the light. Crossing

the street, the new thing turned inside, pressing down,

pulling its taut rope. She gasped in pain

wanting to squat right there and rock herself free while

the false gods of alchemy rushed by in their gold taxis

and one called out it's a boy, which is all they ever said.

A child in swirling brine, distorting her, crushing her organs.

She headed for something tall and strong to lean on,

alone inside her hundred cocoons, her private spinning,

the silk veils and blood-soaked

membranes. The crowd passed by as the infant

continued his lessons, her spine lining up against

the tree, his spine curled inside. Soon

he would arrive, though there was still so much to know,

and so many years to learn how to empty herself.

Cyrus Cassells is the author of four books, including More Than Peace and Cypresses, which is due from Copper Canyon in October 2004.

Christina Davis's poems and translations have appeared (or are forthcoming) in The American Poetry Review, Paris Review, New Republic, Boston Review, Colorado Review, and Jubilat. She currently co-edits Teachers & Writers Magazine and T & W Books in New York City.

Christopher Dunn's poems have appeared in the Paris Review, Texas Review, and Oklahoma Review. He is studying in the doctoral program at the University of Houston.

Robert Fernandez's poems have appeared (or are forthcoming) in Fence, New Orleans Review, and The Bitter Oleander. He enters the Iowa Writers' Workshop in Fall 2004.

Josey Foo is the author of *Tomie's Chair (Kaya)* and Endou (Lost Roads). She lives in New Mexico.

Erika Kluthe is studying in the MFA Writing Program at Florida Atlantic University. This is her first poetry publication.

Anne Marie Macari's second book of poems, Gloryland, is coming out with Alice James Books in Fall 2005. She teaches in the New England College low residency program.

Gerald Stern is the author of thirteen books of poems, most recently American Sonnets (Norton). His book of essays, What I Can't Bear Losing (Norton) came out last year.

Jason Shinder received Writer Magazine's Writer's Award for his recent poetry book, Among Women (Graywolf Press). His forthcoming books include True Minds: The Letters of Kerouac and Ginsberg and Hollywood Poets: Filmmakers & Their Favorite Poems.

Brian Teare's first book of poems, The Room Where I Was Born (Wisconsin) was brought out last year and was the winner of the Brittingham Prize. He lives in Oakland, California and teaches at California College of the Arts and

Susan Mitchell is the author of three books of poems, most recently Rapture and Erotikon, both with Harper Collins. She teaches in the MFA Writing Program at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton.

EUGENE O'NEILL

Beyond the Horizon



n June 1920 when the playwright Eugene O'Neill heard that he had won a Pulitzer Prize for *Beyond the Horizon*, he sprinted out of the Atlantic surf, crossed the sands toward his Peaked Hill Bars home, arms outstretched like a winning marathon runner breaking the finish tape.

O'Neill in ecstasy. This was a rare display for the usually sullen, spiritually-tormented Irishman. He had literally broken through—out of his apprenticeship to full recognition as one of America's leading dramatists. O'Neill was truly surprised by the Pulitzer, and its accompanying \$1,000 award, for he had not heard of this recently-created prize. The previous winter he stayed for weeks in New York working on the production, while his wife, Agnes Boulton and their four-month old son Shane, remained in Provincetown. Immediately after the premiere, O'Neill wrote his wife: "in spite of all the handicaps of a rotten first performance, *Beyond* has won. You never saw such notices! There was not a single dissenting voice."

Four summers before, when O'Neill first arrived in Provincetown in 1916, his mood and prospects were bleak. He was then a 27-year-old unknown writer, depressed and most likely hung-over. Dressed in sailor garb, mementos of his seafaring days, he carried a knapsack filled with his own plays. None had been staged, despite the efforts of his father, James O'Neill, a well-known actor and impresario. He disembarked from the noisy, crowded deck of the 1,650 capacity Boston excursion boat, the Dorothy Bradford, into the center of Town that

was jammed with thousands of tourists, who had come by rail, steamer, automobile, and bike. O'Neill edged his way down Steamship Wharf, turned right at Commercial Street, and headed easterly on the planked sidewalk toward a makeshift theater on an abandoned wharf in the East End.

O'Neill's plays were European in context and tone-experimental and introspective. They were his challenge to Broadway's current, and financially successful, entertainment-mostly hackneyed dramas and vaudevillian skits. O'Neill didn't want just to write plays; he wanted "to be an artist or nothing." The Provincetown amateur troupe, calling themselves the Provincetown Players in 1916, instantly recognized O'Neill's unique talent and enthusiastically staged his one-act sea play, Bound East for Cardiff on Lewis Wharf in a salt-encrusted fishing shack. Again O'Neill was lucky, for the play's setting, a cramped forecastle on a foggy night, was enhanced by nature's special effects-a high tide splashing through the creaking floorboards, and a foghorn wailing from across the wide harbor. This, his premiere play, was a rousing success. And it was the impetus for the Players to move their productions to New York.

O'Neill returned to Provincetown that winter, immediately following the New York productions. He stopped drinking and wrote incessantly. Provincetown became his chosen home: he stayed for nine years. There he married; had a son; moved into his first home; and won international recognition. It was the happiest and most productive period of his life. Later, in 1936, he received the Nobel Prize for literature, America's only playwright ever to do so.



From the beginning, O'Neill made his escape from the Town's hubbub and went to the outside ocean beach, specially to Peaked Hill Bars, the site of a former Life-saving Station, located two miles away from Town. The route is a slow, hour's hike along Snail Road through towering barriers of sand dunes that separate the Atlantic Ocean from the town proper.

There O'Neill found his dream house-the unoccupied Peaked Hill Bars Lifesaving Station, a spacious two-story shingled-style building only a few yards from the ocean. Not counting three storage outbuildings, the main structure measured approximately 1,828 sq. feet, only one-third less than O'Neill's family home in New London. In

1916 it was up-for-sale and fully furnished. In 1914 because of the eroding shoreline, the government had sold the property for \$1,000 and built a new Peaked Hill Bars Station less than a mile away. The New York socialite Mabel Dodge in 1914 persuaded her millionaire friend Samuel Lewishon, a copper magnate, to buy the old Station. With another thousand of his funds, she modernized the bathroom and kitchen and filled the rooms with high-style furnishings shipped

from decorator stores in Boston and New York. Sam Lewisohn used his summer cottage only a few days. He became discouraged when his carriage and entourage got stuck in the shifting sands. On the contrary, O'Neill delighted in the remote location, a place to write without inter-

In the spring of 1919 O'Neill and his new wife moved into the dream house, a wedding present

from his father. He wrote: "We have acquired a place of our own on the Atlantic Ocean with two miles of sand dunes separating us from inquisitive neighbors-a bear of a place-different from any other in the world."

Before he owned Peaked Hill, O'Neill spent many weeks around the Station-writing, swimming, sunbathing, and making love. In the sheltering contours of the Peaked Hill dunes, O'Neill carried out a secretive affair with Louise Bryant, the beautiful and seductive red-haired, green-eyed ultra-bohemian writer who was then living with John Reed, an internationally-known war correspondent. Actually it was Reed who had encouraged O'Neill to join the theatrics in Provincetown.



TOP: IN 1931 O'NEILL'S FORMER HOME AT PEAKED HILL SLIDES INTO THE SEA; ABOVE: LEWIS WHARF, SITE OF O'NEILL'S DEBUT

Gene and Louise's affair continued even after she married John Reed-covertly, in keeping with the bohemian practices of the time. For O'Neill, the ultimate autobiographic artist, this tormented affair became grist for his plays, as did most of the events in his life. While the affair was going on, he mocked the bohemianism of Bryant and the other Greenwich Villagers in his full-length farce, Now I Ask You. Years later, in the third of his

Pulitzer prize-winning plays, Strange Interlude, he depicted Bryant as Nina Leeds, a femme fatale who is both victim and victimizer. O'Neill's grievances lasted a long time.

Another woman whom O'Neill fictively demonized was the Provincetown Librarian, Abbie Putnam. In Desire under the Elms he cast her as an adulterer, one who murdered her own child. Oddly enough, he did not alter her name but used her full name, Abbie Putnam. O'Neill and Putnam had had "one hell of a fight" reported witnesses, who recounted how O'Neill entered the library, slammed his hand on the desk where Abbie sat, and shouted, "Now you know who I am!" She retorted in an equally loud voice, "Yes I do, and I

want you to leave this Library now."

What caused the fight may never be known, but the best guess is that it was about a missing book, perhaps the one stamped "Provincetown Library" that is now at Yale, part of the O'Neill personal library collection. This book, missing from Provincetown's Library, is the 1892 first edition of Stephen Crane's Maggie: Girl of the Streets, a compassionate tale about an unfortunate prostitute. Crane's popular novel was just what O'Neill needed to help flesh out his study of a fallen woman, Anna Christie

The O'Neill-Putnam fight most likely occurred soon after March 1920, when an Atlantic City try-out of O'Neill's sea play about a barge captain, Chris Christoperson, failed so badly that the New York premiere was cancelled. O'Neill had struggled nearly three years with this play but could not come up with a dramatic focus. After the failed try-out, O'Neill changed the main character from Chris to The Sixth International Conference of the

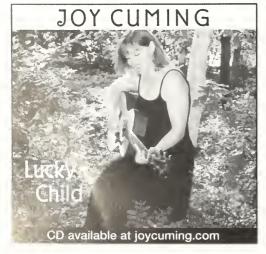
EUGENE O'NEILL SOCIETY

will take place in Provincetown June 15-20, 2005.



For information please contact Richard Olson, Conference Chairman, at 508-487-3539.





Chris' daughter, Anna Christie, who, because of ill-fated circumstances, had turned to prostitution. In the original Chris version, Anna was a prim puritanical daughter, a virginal, wide-eyed innocent who drinks tea. In the first act of O'Neill's final version, Anna is a sickly, world-weary prostitute who orders whiskey in a bar. Greta Garbo played Anna in the 1930 movie version of Anna Christie, and Garbo's first sultry words, famously the first words spoken by her in a talking picture, were

"Gimme a whisky with a ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby."

Anna Christie, O'Neill's play, premiered November 1922, and despite structural faults and a tacked-on happy ending, earned O'Neill his second Pulitzer Prize.

Books were extremely important to O'Neill, an omnivorous reader, who read in depth when developing scenarios. The Provincetown Library, during O'Neill's first years in town, was particularly vital to him—for its reference books and for background material, and for the quiet reading room with copies of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *New York Times*, periodicals he couldn't afford.

For the first three years, O'Neill could not check out books, for according to Library regulations, only property owners had this privilege. Even with a library card, however, he and other patrons did not always get the books they wanted. Abbie Putnam, a petite librarian, with a severe hearing disability but a steady eye, fiercely monitored the library, especially the fiction section, not allowing questionable books to circulate. On the guarded open shelves stood Stephen Crane's *Maggie: Girl of the Streets*, so essential to O'Neill but definitely risqué by Abbie's standards. How it came into O'Neill's possession shall remain a mystery.





PROVINCETOWN LIBRARY C.1916
COLLECTION OF THE PILGRIM MONUMENT AND PROVINCETOWN MUSEUM

In 1917 while living in John Francis' Flats in the East End, O'Neill did have access to a popular book in the non-fiction stacks, one about mystical philosophy, *Light on the Path*. O'Neill excerpted and stenciled phrases from this book on the rafters of his apartment, which to this day can still be seen. The inscription begins, "Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears!" In a letter dated December 14, 1941, O'Neill confirmed his handiwork: "I painted it [the quotation] on the rafters of a flat over Francis' grocery store where I lived in 1916-17—not in the house I afterwards owned at Peaked Hill Bar."

"Hard to get to and get out of but a grand place to be alone and undisturbed when you want to work." wrote O'Neill in 1919 from Peaked Hill.

There at Peaked Hill O'Neill was as happy and as productive as he would ever be. He lived a disciplined life. He stopped drinking; followed a rigid schedule of morning work, afternoon exercise—long nude swims in the ocean or long trips in his kayak; evenings, reading.

O'Neill was mystically attracted to the sea. He thought of himself as the "Sea-mother's Son" and even considered writing a series of plays with this title; he fact he used this as a subtitle for *Bound East for Cardiff*, the play that launched his career.

Peaked Hill was for O'Neill a mirror of his sailing days on the high seas—escape, isolation, and peace. There too the restorative and inspiring views—long ocean waves merging with crimson sunsets over a distant bending horizon. O'Neill delighted in nautical aspects of the Station: walls lined with storage lockers, roped companionways, pulleys and winches in the ceiling that had lifted surfboats, manned by Lifesavers who heroically rowed out in treacherous surf to rescue people from foundering ships.

Other than Peaked Hill, O'Neill resided for shorter periods in other Provincetown places-most notably Francis Flats 1917-18. In 1917 he roomed first in the Atlantic House; there he wrote three of his sea plays, which combined with Bound East for Cardiff, became the Glencairn

series. In the winter of 1918 he occupied a studio apartment on Conwell Street with Agnes Boulton, whom he later married in Provincetown, April 1918.

Peaked Hill was O'Neill's longest, most significant Provincetown residence. Half of his dramas, 19 short and seven long plays, were written before 1920; 12 had either ocean settings or sea-related elements.

Peaked Hill allowed him the freedom and gave him the inspiration to become an accomplished and recognized playwright, moving beyond the horizon. O'Neill said: "That place meant a lot to me . . . as solitude where I lived with myself, it had infinite meaning."

Eugene O'Neill International Conference, Provincetown 2005

Next summer, June 2005, the Eugene O'Neill International Society, a group of 330 scholars and enthusiasts, will, for the first time, hold its conference in Provincetown. Besides other conferences in the U.S., they have met in China, Japan, Bermuda, and most recently in France. In addition to papers and formal sessions, the conferees plan to enjoy the Town and to walk through the streets and byways that O'Neill haunted. In the East End they will find the same houses where the Provincetown Players lived and staged their first productions in 1915; the site of Lewis Wharf where O'Neill premiered, Francis Flats where he lived in 1917-18, before he moved into the old Peaked Hill Station. In the center of town is the Library where he spent days in the reading room on the second floor; Atlantic House, where in the winter of 1917 he wrote four sea plays; Town Hall where he attended the Artists' Annual Ball, costumed in a red wig and loincloth, his skin mahogany-dark as a South Sea Islander; in the West End the Methodist Rectory, where he was married; and on Bradford Street, the Barnstormer Theater where he saw Frank Shay's first production of his Glencairn plays, later taken to Broadway.

The summer of 2005 marks the 89th anniversary of O'Neill's debut on Lewis Wharf. To celebrate O'Neill's contribution to American theater, Provincetown's local theater companies, in conjunction with the O'Neill Society, will stage his plays, most likely on a stage in the newly-built Provincetown Theater. Ever since O'Neill's debut Provincetown has always had theater, but not until this year has Provincetown had a year-round building dedicated solely to theater. A new age has begun.

LEONA RUST EGAN, theater historian, is author of Provincetown as a Stage.



Express Café By Peter Donnelly

Music CD:www.peterdonnelly.com

eter Donnelly has been living and writing on the Outer Cape for 14 years, running the open stage at the Mews Monday nights in Provincetown the whole time. He's a generous host, wickedly funny in unassuming ways, especially if you just listen to his songs, which tend to be quite earnest. Many of them retain the signature sincerity that was part of his first release, A Sure Thing; this collection on his latest release, Express Café, also features some surprises, such as Man-So-Man, which is both hilarious and standard with its slack-jawed blues indictment of the ways his adapted town is changing. Put this song alongside his 911 and you get the huge range of cheeky to authentic.

This album is more stylistically rich, with varied arrangements and fine instrumental features that bring the songs to life with Peter's honest voice out in front. Duncan Watts whips up a twisted organ vamp in 911 to keep it from being too obvious a song, and his piano is lovely support for Peter's vocal in the title track, Express Café. Stephanie Winters' floating-boat-cello refrain takes The Captain out to sea. Also memorable were John Thomas' prayerful piano entrance on the bridge of Say It's Alright, as well as Kevin So's blues harp in No Train and Greg

Greenway's blues guitar in Man-So-Man-both of which keep the album light on its feet.

The songs go where they're supposed to, and that's ironically fresh in the days of open tunings and trying hard. The few exceptions to this come in the form of a single line in a song, and they can really clinch the moment: the lamenting blue note turn in The Captain; the revelation then return to normalcy of Dangerous Games.

It seems important to Peter to reveal parts of the life he leads. That might sound like a most obvious description of any songwriter, but for Peter it comes out in the form of story songs of other people living in his town, as well as his own take on the place, his attachment to the wilds and the sea, love, political discontent and the underbelly of hamstringing true nature. His beautiful voice has always been accountable on the ballads to deliver the goods with simple lyrics and lovely melodies, and does so here on *Morning Birds*, with the vocal reaches and time taken to phrase. This is a gem with Donnelly and co-arranger and producer Greg Greenway lofting their high vocal harmonies behind the lead.

KATE WOLF is a freelance writer based in Seattle.

the Good, the Bad, and the Dolce Vita

he author of this lively memoir is first an actor but second a literary man. He is also a Black-listed leftist, a linguist, a son of Brooklyn and a world traveler who has known many of the great actors, directors and writers of the last half-century. Mickey Knox has acted with Orson Welles, boxed with Mickey Rooney, arm-wrestled with Norman Mailer, danced with Marilyn Monroe, boozed with Richard Burton, dubbed for Sergio Leone, partied in Paris with William Styron, James Baldwin and James Jones, dined with Bertolt Brecht, played chess with John Wayne and bedded some of the most beautiful actresses in Hollywood. His crisp memories of encounters with the great ones keep the book rolling merrily along. For example, when Zsa Zsa Gabor invited him to "Come up to my room with me dahling," he gently turned her down. She then "smiled her 'you foolish boy' smile" and told him, "I am the greatest lay in the vorld!" Mickey replied, "The vorld is a big place, you know." On one level, Knox's memoir is a collection of such snappy anecdotes and punch lines, relayed with a professional actor's flair and timing. It is worth noting that Jimmy Cagney and James "Julie" Garfield, both quick-talking toughs, were his teenage heroes.

But Knox's story has much more heft than most Hollywood reminiscences. He is both enthusiastic and knowledgeable about literature and has had as many close friendships with writers as with actors and filmmakers. He also has genuine gifts of portraiture, and is never self-aggrandizing. His flubs and blunders get as much space as his achievements and this evenhandedness makes us trust his analyses of people and events. For an actor, he is thin on narcissism and is much more curious about others than himself. So The Good, the Bad and the Dolce Vita is not a thoroughgoing autobiography, but a genuine memoir. Knox's experiences as an itinerant actor on three continents for a half-century is the string; the pearls are his portraits of the great generation of writers and actors, directors and producers.

After acting in more than 30 plays in New York before WWII (he is a proud alumnus of Actors' Studio), Knox served in the Army in the European Theater. He returned with a French wife and settled initially in New York. In late 1946, he moved to Hollywood after being signed by independent producer Hal Wallis to a seven-year contract. His fellow actors in Wallis's "stable" include Burt Lancaster, whom he got to work with in his first movie, I Walk Alone. He made 17 movies through 1951, working with Humphrey Bogart, Charles hughton, Clark Gable and John Derek. He got to low his idols, Cagney and Garfield, and acted th Cagney in White Heat, a classic gangster film.

The Adventures of an Actor in Hollywood,
Paris and Rome

By Mickey Knox

Preface by Norman Mailer Nation Books, 2004

Howard Hecht and Garfield with Mailer to discuss a film version of *The Naked and the Dead.* Mailer had also just moved from Brooklyn to Hollywood, after the huge success of his first novel the year before. Garfield was interested in playing Sgt. Croft, one of the novel's key characters. It is a pity that the deal fell through; Garfield might have been tremendous in the role of Croft, the sadistic platoon leader. Knox went on to have many adventures with Mailer and they have remained close friends for 55 years. He appeared in two of Mailer's experimental films as well as his play about Hollywood, *The Deer Park*, and served as the go-between when Mailer and Gore Vidal patched up their feud in 1986. Knox and Mailer married sisters.

Knox moved to Europe in 1952 and remained there more or less permanently until 1995. His reason for going was the Blacklist; his leftist associations and sympathies and his refusal to recant (not to mention slugging Rep. Donald Jackson, a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee) meant no Hollywood studio would hire him. Knox is not bitter, however, about the

The KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE."

THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE."

THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE."

THE GOOD,

bad,

and the

cloce

vita

The Adventures of

an Actor in Hollywood,

Paris, and Rome

Mickey Knox Preface By NORMAN MAILER

Blacklist; indeed he says he had a "hell of a good life" overseas. He thrived in Rome and, to a lesser extent, in Paris. He worked almost steadily with all the great European actors, producers and directors, usually as a dialogue coach, but also as an actor and voice dubber. Listen to just part of the list of those he worked with: Sydney Pollack, Sergio Leone, Orson Welles, Anna Magnani, Daryl Zanuck, Anouk Aimee, Omar Sharif, Eli Wallach, Bette Davis, Laurence Olivier, Carl Foreman, Anthony Quinn, Yves Montand, Jean Renoir, Dino DeLaurentis, Henry Fonda, Sophia Loren, John Wayne, Ava Gardner and Pavarotti. After the demise of the Blacklist, he returned briefly to Hollywood in 1961 to act in Elvis Presley's first film, G.I. Blues. Knox has a exceptionally fine ear for dialogue (which makes his anecdotes a genuine pleasure to read), a skill obviously reinforced by helping French, Russian, Italian and Japanese actors with their lines in English and translating and adapting approximately 150 screenplays.

Knox devotes a chapter to most of those listed above; it is his essential organizing principle and it works. He sketches each personality quickly, moving from his initial impression of the person and a bit of legend and gossip to the conversations, collaborations and/or confrontations observed on location. Intercut with each profile is the story of the story: how the film was conceived, came together or, sometimes, fell apart. For example, in 1964 Orson Welles wanted to make The Chimes at Midnight, based on Shakespeare's Henry IV, Parts I and II, but was required by his Spanish producers to make another film first: a remake of Treasure Island with Welles as Long John Silver. So Welles went to work, but "a week after starting to film Treasure Island," Knox explains, Orson suspended filming, claiming that the pirate galleon needed a lot more work before he could film it. To save time, he'd start Chimes while work was being done on the galleon, then return in a couple of weeks to complete Treasure. He never did." The Chimes at Midnight with Welles as Falstaff, is, of course, one of Wells's finest films. Following this is one of the most hilarious accounts in the book-the story of a wild goose chase in search of a fabled Basque restaurant and the stoking of Welles's huge anger (at Knox) by his even larger hunger.

The Good, the Bad and the Dolce Vita is a fast, funny ride, one created, in effect, by the Cold War, the Red scare and the Blacklist. These events led to more than thirty years in Rome for Knox, where he became known, unofficially, as "the American Mayor." As he says in retrospect, "Thank you, Joe McCarthy".

J. MICHAEL LENNON is professor of English at Wilkes University, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and co-director of a proposed on-line masters degree in creative writing. He is the current president of the Norman Mailer Society.



SONG OF MYSELF STUDIO

Poetic Portraits

bradford fowler photographer

Studio & Gallery 349 Commercial St. Provincetown MA 508.487.5736 www.Songofmyself.com



PROVINCETOWN REPERTORY

June 25th and 26th July 14th - 25th August 24th September 15th - 26th October 20th - 24th

THE DIRECT LINE PLAY AS BEES IN HONEY DROWN VALLEY OF THE DOLLS THE MYSTERY OF IRMA VEP **ENDGAME**

directed by Phyllis Newman by Douglas Carter Beane, directed by Evan Bergman by Jason Cannon, directed by James Lecesne by Charles Ludlam, directed by Michael Wilson by Samuel Beckett, directed by Andre Gregory



















ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: LYNDA STURNER • 238 BRADFORD STREET • PROVINCETOWN, MA 02657 • BOX OFFICE 508-487-9793 • WWW.PTOWNREP.COM







Thoreau's Afternoon Walk

Mind and Brain at Walden

By Michael Sperber

t is unusual, when reflecting on the thought processes of a human being, to be able to journey from mind to brain, although we know they are one entity viewed from two different perspectives. Henry David Thoreau shows us how to do this offering the example of his own psyche; he was a painstaking observer of interior mental processes as well as exterior phenomena; he observed his moods, he said, "intently as a cat watches a mouse."

Thoreau found nature salubrious and aesthetic: "There is nothing so sanative, so poetic as a walk in the woods, even now [the afternoon of January 7th, 1857] when I meet none abroad for pleasure. Nothing so inspires me and excites such serene and profitable thought. The objects are elevating." This "sanative" walk took place on the afternoon of the 15th anniversary of the tragic, shocking death of Henry's beloved brother, John Thoreau, Jr. For Thoreau, it was therapeutic, productive. For us, it elucidates mind-brain interactions.

On New Year's Day, 1842, John Thoreau, Jr., while stropping a razor, sliced off the tip of his left index finger, replaced the severed piece, staunched the flow of blood, and bandaged the wound. A week later he experienced the onset of tetanus (lockjaw), an incurably fatal infection at the time, and died, four days later. Henry, who was an attentive nurse to John, held him in his arms when he died. Thereafter, he became withdrawn, and lost interest in his usual activities—writing and sauntering in nature. Suddenly, on January 22nd, Henry developed the symptoms of lockjaw himself and doctors were afraid he, too, would die, though there was no sign of a break in the skin and subsequent wound infection.

Gradually, over the days, Henry recovered from facsimile lockjaw, a psychosomatic disorder. However, post-traumatic stress disorder ensued. One of its symptoms, the "anniversary phenomenon," a reactivation of emotions connected to the original trauma, occurred 15 years after John's death. The relation between the two brothers had been complicated by a romantic triangle. In 1839, they courted the affections of a lovely young lady, Ellen Sewall, from Scituate, Massachusetts, whose family boarded with the Thoreau's in Concord during the summers. Henry surely wanted John out of the way to have Ellen all to himself, but deferred to the older brother, who proposed to her, and was turned down. Ellen also rejected Henry's marriage proposal, but after John's death, his guilt must have been extraordinary. Henry could expiate his guilt by dying as his brother had.

Thoreau's afternoon walk took place on a bitterly cold day, with a cutting northwest wind, the fifth consecutive day of wind and cold. The pond was a snow field, without even ice-fishermen tracks, because it was too cold for them to be out. "All animate things are reduced to their lowest terms," wrote Thoreau.

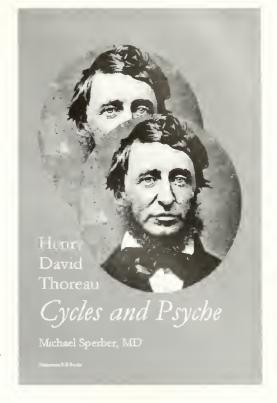
In the streets of town and in the society of men Thoreau almost invariably felt "cheap and dissipated." The man he met with was not often as instructive as the silence he had broken. But walking alone in Well Meadow Field in Walden Woods, even on this bleak and cheerless day 15 years after his older brother's death, Thoreau wrote, "I once more feel myself grandly related . . . I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homeless go home."

John and Henry spent much time together in this natural home, beneath the arrow pines. On this anniversary of John's death, Henry wrote: "It is as if I always met in these places some grand, serene, immortal, infinitely encouraging, though invisible, companion, and walked with him."

His nerves were steadied by this reunion. "There, in that Well Meadow Field," he exclaims. "I feel in my element again, as when a fish is put back in water," and "washed off of all his chagrins," announces: "All things go smoothly as the axle of the universe."

Smoothly? Thoreau's tactile simile unlocked the vivid memory of a childhood nightmare: "I can remember that when I was very young I used to have a dream night after night, over and over again, which might have been named Rough and Smooth. All existence, all satisfaction and dissatisfaction, all event was symbolized in this way. Now I seemed to be lying and tossing, perchance, on a horrible, a fatal rough surface, which must soon, indeed, put an end to my existence, though even in the dream I knew it to be the symbol merely of my misery; and then again, suddenly, I was lying on a delicious smooth surface, as of a summer sea, as of gossamer or down or the softest plush, and life was such a luxury to live."

He concludes the paragraph with a rather startling revelation: "My waking experience always has been and is such an alternate Rough and Smooth. In other words it is Insanity and Sanity." "Rough" appears to symbolize the depressed, "Smooth" the manic phase of manic-depressive (now called bipolar) disorder. Given



the capitalizations and the added emphasis, and considering Thoreau's documented bouts of major depression and episodes of florid mania, the diagnosis of bipolar type I disorder (the most severe variant) seems to apply. Thoreau stabilized his moods by sauntering in nature.

As we follow in Thoreau's footsteps on that afternoon, the first step is to understand the implications of some remarkable observations by two neurologists in the mid-1970s. Stephen Waxman and Norman Geschwind studied the personality of those with temporal-lobe epilepsy. Most cases showed no difference from the population at large. In some cases, however, they noted five personality traits, now collectively called the Geschwind Syndrome: (1) hypergraphia-an overpowering urge to write and to make the meaning of words absolutely clear. Underlining, use of parentheses, and capitals are frequent; (2) hyper-religiosity, or deepening of interest in moral or ethical issues; (3) emotional volatility with an unusual degree of aggressiveness; (4) and altered, usually decreased, sexuality; (5) circumstantialities-excessive attention to detail and over-inclusiveness—the need to bring it into play in relationships, writing, etc.

This Geschwind syndrome is remarkable. It brings personality traits into configurations like constellations coalescing in the sky and provides a clear testament of a mental condition causing major personality changes.

Thoreau's personality exhibits all five of the Geschwind Syndrome traits: (1) his Journal alone runs to over two million words; (2) his entire life, after being introduced to transcendentalism following graduation from college, was dedicated to its theory and practice; (3) aggressive outbursts are evident in his speechmaking against a government supporting slavery: "My thoughts are murder to the State," he proclaimed to a large



HIGHLAND CONSTRUCTION

BUILDING & REMODELING

P.O. Box 957 N. Eastham, MA 02651 508.237.1416 www.highlandconstruction.com

Continuum

Quality Restored Lighting Jewels For Your Home

Just one of over 400 completely restored antique lamps and chandeliers on display. From dining room to mud room, from floor to ceiling: we can help you choose just the right "Jewels" for your home. Specific inquires are invited.



DAN JOHNSON

www.oldlamp.com e-mail: dan@oldlamp.com #7 Route 28, Orleans, MA 02653 (508) 255-8513 fax (508) 255-8515

Open year-round. Call for hours or appointment.

Also at The Farmhouse, Rt. 6, Wellfleet

Always more than 400 quality restored lamps in stock.

audience; (4) decreased (or rather nonexistent) sexuality: "I think that none of my acquaintances has a greater love and admiration of chastity than I have."; (5) over-inclusiveness, evident in such projects as the natural history charts he called the Kalendar, an effort to classify his overwhelming collection of information regarding seasonal phenomena noted every day during a decade of meticulous field observations-bird migratory patterns, dates of plant budding and flowering, quantity of rainfall, etc.

Geschwind found altered temporal-lobe activity even in persons with the five personality traits who were not epileptic. Thoreau may well have had altered temporal-lobe activity even though he presumably did not have seizures. This makes it easier to understand his invisible companion, and feelings of universal harmony, which occur in those with temporal-lobe epilepsy.

There were few signs of life, no bird songs, and Walden Pond, Thoreau's alter ego, was a plain snow field, that afternoon. Socially isolated, Thoreau did not feel lonely: "Alone [on] my solitary woodland walk . . . I come out to these solitudes . . . I get away a mile or two from town into the stillness and solitude of nature . . . This stillness, solitude and wildness of nature is a kind of thoroughwort, or boneset, to my intellect. This is what I go out to seek."

He wrote not only of an invisible companion, but of faeries (non-human beings, ordinarily of small and graceful human form, capable of assuming any shape): "My faeries invariably take to flight," he wrote, "when a man appears on the scene." They took flight because human presence shifted consciousness back to "mean, narrow, trivial" cognition, away from the untrammeled mind induced by sensory monotony, deprivation, and acoustic stimulation.

"The bulk of the temporal lobes," A. Flaherty writes in The Midnight Disease, "is behind the ears. That is fitting, as parts of the temporal lobe are the site of sound processing, including language processing and music comprehension."

One week after stating that "all things go smoothly as the axle of the universe," bipolar Thoreau was once again depressed:

"We are ordinarily in a state of desperation; such is our life; ofttimes it drives us to suicide. To how many, perhaps to most, life is barely tolerable, and if it were not for the fear of death or dying, what a multitude would immediately commit suicide."

Acoustic stimulation of the temporal lobe reorganized Thoreau's Hamlet-like dejection: "But let us hear a strain of music, we are at once advertised of a life which no man had told us of . . . The field of my life becomes a boundless plain, glorious to tread, with no death or disappointment at the end of it. All meanness and trivialness disappear. I become adequate to any deed. No particulars survive this expansion; persons do not survive it. In the light of this strain there is no thou nor I. We are actually lifted above ourselves."

Immediately after Thoreau's self-diagnosis of alternating phases of "Insanity and Sanity," he intuited the need to moderate or stabilize his mood swings: "Might I aspire to praise the moderate nymph Nature! I must be like her, moderate." Thoreau moderated a bout of mania one day on

Concord's Old Carlisle Road by becoming quite compulsive: "I count 266 acorns on a branch just two feet long." (This is the same Thoreau who complained that "our life is frittered away by detail" and recommended: "put it on the back of a postage stamp, or a thumbnail.") Then he zoomed in on details of size, shape and color: "Many of the cups are freshly empty now, showing a pretty circular pink scar at the bottom where the acorns adhered. They are of various forms and sizes on different shrubs; are now turning dark-brown and showing their converging meridian light-brown lines."

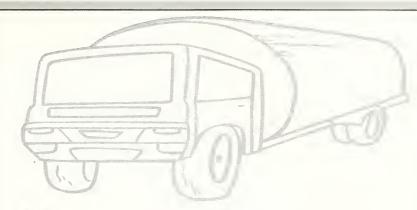
Thoreau also sought to stabilize his moods with his huge master chart, the Kalendar. In it he recorded immense quantities of seasonal phenomena. He reasoned that if he could predict natural phenomena, then, as a creature of nature living naturally, he would be better able to control his emotional highs and lows: "I would fain know when in the year to expect certain thoughts and moods, as the sportsman knows when to look for plover. After a while I learn what my moods and seasons are, periodical. The perfect correspondence of Nature to man, so that he is at home in her."

"Wilderness" is perhaps a misnomer for therapy that takes place in a natural setting, independent of interpersonal relationships, which uses Nature as therapist. Although the encounter with wilderness seems far removed from psychoanalysis, both therapies share a common goal. They seek to alter consciousness so that earliest memories of behavior determinants come to mind. Psychoanalysis also uses sensory deprivation. The analyst, seated behind the couch, says little to interfere with his client's free associations. On Thoreau's afternoon walk, it was his free association of turbulence and leisure a tactile simile that led to remembrance of his long-buried, early "Rough-Smooth" dream.

Wilderness therapy engenders the altered state of consciousness with sights, sounds, fragrances, and tactile stimuli of nature to shift consciousness to what is sensible: the feel of sand between the toes, the azure sea, a breeze in the pines, the bouquet of the salt-spray rose. Temporal-lobe activation by such sensory input appears crucial in wilderness therapy, whereas psychoanalysis relies more on sensory deprivation. Technique, in psychoanalysis and wilderness therapy, is similar. "The naturalist," Thoreau wrote, "accomplishes a great deal by patience, more perhaps than by activity. He must take his position and then watch and wait." Bipolar Thoreau, using Nature as therapist, analyzed a dream, diagnosed his mental disorder based on it, and prescribed its treatment.

Stress and mood disorders overlapped on this anniversary of a "Rough" time. Henry Thoreau, the Sigmund Freud of wilderness therapy, emptied his mind with sense data, and smoothed things out.

MICHAEL SPERBER, M.D., is a member of the Core Team, Neuropsychiatry-Behavior Neurology Program, McLean Hospital, Belmont, Massachusetts. This essay is adapted from Henry David Thoreau: Cycles and Psyche, forthcoming this summer from Higganum Hill Books.



Marcey Oil Company

HEATING FUELS - DIESEL BURNER SERVICE - INSTALLATIONS

(508) 487-0219

JON E. SALVADOR, Owner

37 Franklin Street Provincetown, MA 02657

SHOP THERMY POPCULTURE EMPORIUM

346 Commercial Street Provincetown



Richard Pepitone, Family, twisted ½" round steel sculptures and roiling assembly, 1997 pepitoneort.com

Entrance to the home of Ronny Hozel

authhors

What Narcissism Means to Me

By Tony Hoagland Graywolf Press

The poet must stand apart from any system of expertise confining to the intellect. As Keats suggested, the poet needs to be a specialist in little, if anything; that is, un-endowed with the "full knowledge" of any one discipline so he or she can travel back and forth freely across the boundaries that might contain subjects.

Tony Hoagland freely travels across the boundaries that would otherwise demarcate subjects, large and small, public and private. Part confessor, social commentator, political observer, philosopher, reporter, humorist, and historian, the poet skates in and out of envy, rage, guilt, sex, and shame.

Sometimes I like to think about people I hate . . . I take my room at the Hate Hotel

My lamp of resentment sputters twice

from "Hate Hotel"

In Delaware a congressman accused of sexual misconduct says clearly at the press conference speaking right into the microphone, that he would like very much to do it again.

from "Impossible Dream"

An agile poet, Hoagland uses whatever is within his grasp to create the fiction of the self, including confession, dream, story, lyric, and meditation. In fact, in almost every poem, one of his distinct strategies is the use of conversation much like a dramatist.

Success is the worst possible thing that could happen To a man like you, she said

from "Patience"

In a movie theater one night, you whispered,

"It's easier to watch than to live"

from "Catechism for November"

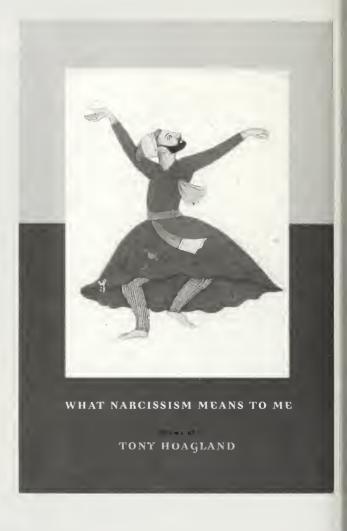
Then one of the students with blue hair and a tongue stud

says that America is for him a maximum security prison.

from "America"

There's Socialism and Communism and Capitalism said Neal...

and Sylvia said that in Neal's case



narcissism represented a heroic achievement in positive thinking

from "What Narcissism Means to Me"

With recurring conversations throughout the poems, the book emerges as a living document that aims to accrue insights and meanings beyond only that of the poet. They are frequent starting points in the poems, a provocative and irresistible text for the poet to comment and reflect upon himself, and the characters of his time.

Although sometimes seeming arbitrary, or perhaps too convenient a strategy to move from point a to b, the conversations pull the reader back to face the ways that evolving notions about ourselves are fraught with confusion and self-deception while continuing to shape and alter our identity.

When he links the internal ironic, defensive, vulnerable, and humorous workings of his mind (and the minds of others) to the subject at hand, he is in great command of his art—producing a discursive, conversational, self-reflective, intimate tone. His prose-inspired dynamic possesses lines unwieldy and long enough to convey the speaker's emotional swerves.

Often grounded in a seemingly ordinary narrative context (i.e. hearing loud music from a passing van; unwrapping a fortune cookie, staring at a blind man on the street; sitting on a lawn in mid-summer), Hoagland moves in and out of the story with wit, metaphor, and multi-Cineplex voices commenting in a language that aims toward Whitman's ideal "common mass of humanity."

What I notice today is the aroma of my chiropractor's breath

as he moves in over my supineness, asking me where I bought those shoes

at the same instant that he

Wrenches my head abruptly sidewise to crack my neck with a noise like popping bubblewrap

It's January, no, it's February, it's Pittsburgh and I've been so twisted by craving and loneliness and rage

from "Argentina"

Any real truth often implies the break-up of the truth as the poet has known it, the loss of what gave the poet his or her identity. As James Baldwin has suggested, truth only comes with "the end of safety," the letting go of what one often clings to when one is most scared or vulnerable. Ruminating on the elections in "Argentina," where the losing President won't leave his office, the speaker in Hoagland's poem whips together the public and personal, fact and imagination, in a self-directed questioning and breakdown of the "truth."

How did I come to believe in a government called Tony Hoagland?

with an economy based on flattery and self-protection?

and a sewage system of selective forgetting and an extensive history of broken promises?

What did I get in exchange for my little bargain? What did I lose? Where are my natural resources, my principle imports, and why is my landscape so full of stony ridges and granite outcroppings?

Hoagland recognizes that any honest understanding of the self in the pursuit of truth originates in deep fear, doubt, and mistrust of that truth. In his previous collections, Sweet Ruin and Donkey Gospel, he was often willing to pursue a deeper engagement with this contradictionstruggling with it in slower, more deliberate poems often from the perspective of the sensitive, honest, witty "man alone," seeking what William Blake called "a single vision."

In What Narcissism Means To Me, Hoagland is less certain any one vision is possible, believing he has spent too much of his vision-making (perhaps like his contemporaries) looking at his "self" in the mirror. However, when the speaker makes only passing contact with a subject, aiming to avoid the possible pale and sentimental, overly beautiful pitfalls of single-vision-lyricalconfrontation, passages (and sometimes poems) will miss their resonating mark and strain for metaphor and meaning.

it is a lonely piece of work trying to turn the stories back into horror

but somebody has to do it especially now that God has reverted to a state of fire.

A growing begetter of visions and voices, mixing poetry and drama, Hoagland has unabashedly set his sights on viewing, with passing pleasure and humor, the self-involved, confusing, grim, wrecked-by-success middle-class white male.

The big country beat the little country up like a schoolyard bully; so an even bigger country stepped in and knocked it on its ass to make it nice which reminds me of my Uncle Bob's philosophy of parenting.

It's August, I'm sitting on the porch swing touching the sores inside my mouth

from "The News"

And what I'm not suppose to say Is that Black for me is a country More foreign than China or Viagra

from "Rap Music"

Serious in the way that really matters, these poems are often inseparable from the pleasure of their being. A poem, Wallace Stevens said, "must provide pleasure." If the poet does not experience pleasure in the writing of the poem, neither, of course, will the reader. The majority of poems in the collection offer the reader a casual and seductive invitation to join an American journey that implicates everyone while, at same time, charming and disarming everyone with, as he says "the pleasure of Breakage / and then the other pleasure of discovery."

So, while you are paying what is owed the sweet juice fills your mouth for free

from "Fortune Cookie"

I was reading a book about pleasure how you have to glide through it without clinging

like an arrow passing through a target coming out the other side and going on.

from "Impossible Dream"

Like a marksman, Hoagland has set his sights on viewing the individual, alone and with others, from the middle distance of a life committed to poetry as the masterwork illuminating self and country-in crisis, contradiction, and celebration. He has hit his mark.

-JASON SHINDER

JASON SHINDER's most recent poetry book is Among Women (Graywolf Press). His forthcoming books include True Minds: The Letters of Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg and Hollywood Poets: Filmmakers and Their Favorite Poems. He is a Visiting Poet at the Hellenistic Institute in Greece.



and supporting the talent and business of art for over 150 years.

SEAMEN'S BANK

Cape Cod's oldest community bank 487-0035 ATM 221 Commercial Street, Provincetown 487-6053 ATM A & P Complex, Provincetown 487-2211 ATM Route 6, North Truro 349-2000 ATM Route 6, Wellfleet

Ready to Ship oil by Paul Schulenburg

SNOW SNOW

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Christopher I. Snow Ronald E. Friese

90 Harry Kemp Way Provincetown, MA 02657 (508) 487-1160 FAX: 487-2694

from "Fire"



Secret Frequencies: A New York Education

By John Skoyles University of Nebraska Press

During the summer of 1965, John Skoylesraised and educated in Queens, an outer borough of New York City-worked, with his aunt, at Paramount Pictures in the mailroom. Secret Frequencies is John Skoyles's coming-of-age memoir about that summer and the year following it just before he went off to Fairfield University in Connecticut. It is a quietly paced memoir, though ultimately an exciting one filled with sex and mystery, intrigues and terror. As in all coming-of-age tales, Skoyles loses his innocence in various ways. His Uncle Fred introduces him to women; his Aunt Linda tries to educate him more thoughtfully than her brother does. Neither relative-both of whom are his mother's siblings-have any sense of boundaries with their nephew, and that perhaps is where the greatest tension of this memoir lies. But it is also the source of great humor and discovery.

Though Secret Frequencies is a work of nonfiction, it often reads like a sequel to J. D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye. Both are tales of adolescence in New York City, though Salinger's chronicles a rebel's journey, while Skoyles himself comes off more bumbling Woody Allen character than anything else, especially as the youthful Skoyles discovers and learns more about sex. Another book which this reminds me of is Tobias Wolff's This Boy's Life; not so coincidentally Wolff is the general editor of the American Lives Series, of which this memoir is one.

Young John is not too hip, and yet he reads Kerouac, goes to poetry readings in the Village, and listens obsessively to all-night radio talk shows. In fact, the late night talk shows of New York City from 35 or 40 years ago are evoked beautifully throughout this book, creating a kind of secondary landscape to the one of the city itself. Names like Long John Nebel pepper the narrative, and Skoyles's uncle even introduces the young writer to Nebel at one point. The talk-show host tells John to apply to Wesleyan University, and when he does, to let Nebel know because he'll put a good word in for him. Later in the book, Skoyles does go for an interview there, but Nebel's associate never shows to help, and instead the author goes on to Fairfield University upon graduation from high school.

But the focus is on the dark side of male adolescent fantasy. Skoyles becomes an understudy to his Uncle Fred, a mob associate who forever is unveiling cons, hustles, and schemes. Aunt Linda, who lives below Skoyles and his mother in Queens, is the counterpoint to her brother Fred. She is sensible, hard-working, commonsensical, and a constant throb of erotic desire in young John's life. This aunt is never described in neutral, familial terms. Instead, she comes across like one of those subtle Hollywood beauties from the 1940s, sassy, no-nonsense, and very sexy.

"My aunt wore a yellow summer dress, backless, white powder dusting her spine and collarbone."

At home, Linda prods her nephew, inviting him down into her apartment, constantly provoking his adolescent desires with her explicit talk about sex, and even her demonstrations of what women wear underneath their dresses. At one point, she becomes a dominatrix, spanking Skoyles in her bedroom, and later in the book, even reveals parts of her body that she wants him to understand more clearly, not in the vague way Uncle Fred has introduced such matters to him.

For his part, Uncle Fred is what young John calls "a man's man." At the beginning of the memoir, when Skoyles, who is being raised by his mother because his father is away all the time on business, is about to spend more time with Uncle Fred, his mother tells him to wear a nice white shirt to the meeting.

"Even if he's wasted his life in the rackets, Fred has one thing, and that's sophistication," his mother tells him.

And yet Uncle Fred is not a stereotypical, bent-nosed New York Italian mobster. At a funeral they attend in New York City, his uncle tells John: "When you meet the family, shake their hands firmly and say, 'Sorry for your trouble.' Be calm and remember they lost someone. Also, remember the names of the people you meet and address them by their names, using 'mister."

Skoyles grew up an only child in a family that was English on his father's side and Italian on his mother's. But this memoir makes clear that the dominant ethnic tradition in the household was Italian. They are a tight-knit second-generation immigrant family, hyphenated Americans, still needing to stick together in order to survive the prejudices shown to Ital-

ians in those days, though truth be told, the prejudices were waning and, like the Irish, this ethnic group was about to flourish, not only in New York City, but across America, with judges, governors, lawyers, and professors everywhere.

In the meantime, John Skoyles was 16 years old, going to work every day at Paramount Pictures in Times Square. He would ride the subway into the city with his Aunt Linda, living in this tension between needing her guidance and wanting to have sex with her. Linda is not just a point of desire for young John; all the young men who work in the mailroom talk about her, too. Linda, for her part, is a single, professional woman, jilted earlier in her life by two lovers whom she can't ever forgive or seem totally to get over. All of her sexual frustrations seem to be focused on her nephew as she tries to guide him into adulthood.

Besides Linda and Fred, John Skoyles spends the summer with an assortment of oddballs and eccentrics in the mailroom at Paramount. During his lunch hours, he visits his cousin Nicky, who is Fred's ex-wife's son. Nicky lives in a sleazy Times Square hotel with his mother and his mother's new baby and new husband, who is constantly in trouble with the front desk and the hotel detective. His mother Jeanie, an aging bombshell herself, is another point of desire for young John, and in one of the saddest, most poignant moments of the memoir, she tries to seduce him into taking her photos to Paramount in order to get a screen test.

Nicky works in a freak show in Times Square, and this world-similar in its way to Diane Arbus's photographs—provides another layer of meaning, imagery, irony, and backdrop to the overall narrative. In one year, John Skoyles will go off to a Jesuit college in Connecticut. But for now, working in Times Square, his life is in constant flux about what he will do next, and how he will harness his desires around his aunt or even become a man like his uncle is. In the meantime, both Uncle Fred and Aunt Linda vie for his attention. Fred introduces John to bars and nightclubs on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Linda tries to draw him into her lair in the basement of their home in Queens, showing him her underwear on the bed, spanking him, asking him to hold her waist as she unscrews a light fixture in the ceiling.

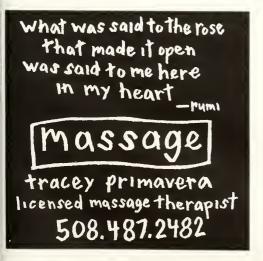
Aunt Linda is the more subtle presence in John Skoyles's education. She gets him the job at Paramount, and consistently gives him good advice about the decisions he needs to make in his life. Along the way, she prods his imagination with sleekness, her beauty, and her charm. Twenty years his senior, she is still a young and attractive woman and, as she tells Skoyles toward the end of the book, she probably knows him better than any human being in this world.

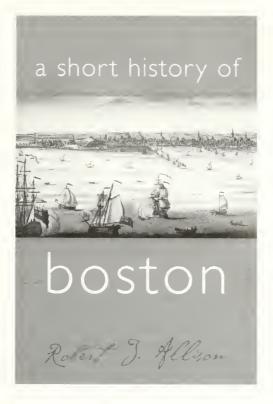
When Mrs. Skoyles asks John if he has met any nice girls at Paramount, and just what kind of girl he was looking for, he says, "Probably someone like Aunt Linda." Aunt Linda is no Mother Teresa, no Saint Lucy with a plateful of eyes, weeping for the world. She's a worldly woman, complicated almost to an extreme. Though hard-working and commonsensical on one level, secretly her own frequencies veer toward dominance and bondage, soft-core S & M, and an obsessive nature that constantly wants to erase the boundary between aunt and nephew, threatening to turn John into her in-house lover. When this goes too far, John becomes deliriously ill, and Linda realizes she has to back off.

Yet just as Uncle Fred, bordering on sleazy, comes off being more charming than corrupt, Aunt Linda exists in a glorious tension between the erotic and the domestic for young John. She is his feminine ideal no matter what she does or says. Of course, this domestic triangle between Uncle Fred and Aunt Linda and the author himself is not the only tension of this book. There is the absent father, his psychosomatic mother losing her voice, his weird cousin Nicky, and the late-night talk-show hosts Skoyles listens to in his bedroom at night. Then there is the city itself, evoked with love and tenderness, but also aware of its heartbreak and cold-heartedness, especially among the denizens of Times Square.

This part of New York City, lately, has been cleaned up. Hard to forget is the beautiful sleaziness of Times Square 35 or 40 years ago—the pimps, hookers, hustlers, weirdoes, tourists, working people, all converging on that point in the center of the city. Secret Frequencies is a nostalgic yet hard-nosed journey back to a world forever gone to us. Skoyles writes with the quiet power of understatement, subtly, and, lest we forget, with a raucous sense of humor, riveting love for his characters, and honesty that is unblinking and courageous, filled with generosity and big-hearted warmth.

MICK (M.G.) STEPHENS is the author of 18 books, including The Brooklyn Book of the Dead, which has been published to much critical attention in the U.S., England, Ireland, and most recently in Germany. His play Our Father was revived in London in spring 2004 at Pentameters Theatre in Hampstead where it received its English premiere nearly 20 years ago. He lives in London.





A Short History of Boston

By Robert Allison

Commonwealth Editions

There will be a lot of attention paid to Boston this summer, with the Democrats coming to town, a local boy running for the White House, and the Red Sox anointed to win the AL East, pennant, and world series, in that order. With exquisite timing, Robert Allison has delivered a first-rate short history of the city, lavishly illustrated, lovingly written, and instantly the best book of its kind.

Allison, a professor of history at Suffolk University, has an interesting pedigree. In 1995, he published a brilliant first book, *The Crescent Obscured*, on a topic that most American historians know nothing about, but should—the fascinating early relationship between the United States and the Islamic world. In those naïve years before 9/11, Allison was a rare voice calling for more serious attention to this essential dialogue between cultures ("clash of civilizations" is far too crude a phrase), and his important study was released in paperback in 2000.

Since then, Allison has carved out a role as an up-and-coming local historian, contributing to some books (*Massachusetts: From Colony to Commonwealth*), editing others, and promoting the history of Massachusetts in ways too numerous to mention. Certainly, this has something to do with geography—in addition to teaching at Suffolk, Allison makes his home in South Boston, not exactly an academic bastion, but as central to the story of Boston as Beacon Hill, Back Bay or the North End. Intriguingly, his new history has blurbs from Ray Flynn and William Bulger (and Bulger is not one to issue praise without good reason).

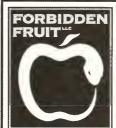
Allison's new effort is modest in scale (only 128 pages), but it does something very impor-

CAPE COD REALTY

Sales & Rentals

Box 719, Wellfleet, MA 02667 508-349-2245 www.capecodrealty.net





- · Versace dinnerware
- · Handblown stemware
- One-of-a-kind gifts from around the world
- · Venetian masks
- · Erotic art

Log on to our new wedding registry at: www.eatmyapple.com

173 Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657 508.487.9800

Peter Edmonds Custom Hat Designs

Mad As A Hatter, Inc.

360 Commercial Street Provincetown

Mass. 02657 USA (508) 487 4063

Krueger Associates ARCHITECTS

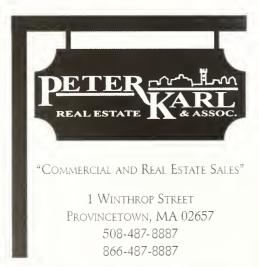
Fine Homes & Gardens **New / Renovated Homes**



PAULH. KRUEGER AIA, ASLA

TRURO, MA 02665 (508) 349-9764

CAMBRIDGE, MA (617) 481-8200





tant. For most of the Bay State's history, the study of its past, like its politics, has been contested territory. Almost from the very moment that the first Anglo-Saxons set foot on these shores, the story of New England has been told and retold with a kind of filiopiety that glorifies the early colonists and their descendants, and ignores most everybody else. It's an important tradition, ranging from William Bradford's Of Plimoth Plantation through the historical ruminations of John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster (whose speech on the bicentennial of the Pilgrim's landing is a masterpiece of the genre) to the 20th century Harvard historian who perfected the technique of history as ancestor worship: Samuel Eliot Morrison.

But this trend has not always sat easily with the many New Englanders without Mayflowers sailing in their DNA. And so, for decades, the Puritan view of history has been opposed by the same groups who fought the WASP ascendancy in politics, business, and every other walk of life. The Irish spring to mind, naturally, and Massachusetts has contributed plenty of important Irish-American historians, including Thomas O'Connor, and, one could argue, John F. Kennedy (who wrote a history of immigration in addition to Profiles in Courage). But legions of other historians have entered the fray since Morrison's demise, and the last generation has seen a remarkable outpouring of works arguing that Puritanism's importance has been overstated and that many different peoples and ideas contributed to the shaping of Massachusetts. Certainly, they are right, and the contributions of recent historians from Oscar Handlin to Laurel Thacher Ulrich have deepened and democratized the way that we now understand the past. But a new danger has emerged-the passion to override the history of earlier generations has often led to imbalance in the opposite direction. Winthrop, Bradford, Mather, Emerson, Webster, and the Adams are important, and should not be displaced with the hasty cruelty of a child choosing a new Pokemon. They are still here, and here forever.

Allison's book is important because it steers carefully between these traditions, with the skill and certainty of a Provincetown ferry boat captain. To his credit, he is respectful toward both the Puritan strain that built Boston and the countervailing energies that have left just as deep an impact. His Harvard Ph.D. and reverence for the tradition of history-writing indicate a high comfort level with the WASP dinosaurs who still tower over the history of Massachusetts, no matter how frantically modern scholars try to ignore them (the book is dedicated to the legendary historian Bernard Bailyn, who studied under Morrison and Perry Miller). It is also all-encompassing, seriously examining the important ways in which women, Irish, Jews, African-Americans, and other groups have also altered the destinies of Bostonians over the centuries. Allison chastises Boston when appropriate (as, for example,

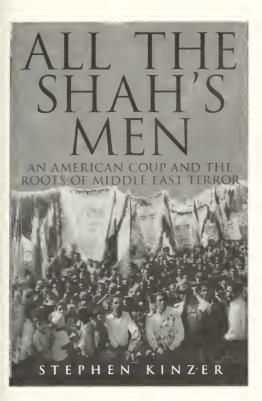
when precious little tolerance was shown to the immigrants flooding the city in the 1840s, or the equally brutal way in which the West End was razed in the 1950s and 60s). But an unmistakable affection for his adopted city pervades the narrative, and leavens the criticism.

Allison begins his history with a "View from Long Wharf," the man-made promontory, now near the Marriott, that has been jutting out toward Provincetown for most of Boston's history. In a few crisp paragraphs, he sets the scene, describing the harbor as it must have looked to the original Massachusetts natives, reflecting on the English departure in 1776, and mulling the recent controversy over the harbor's water quality. A point is made quickly that he never strays from: our history is still with us, surrounding us, and defining us, often in ways that we do not fully perceive.

Allison then moves effortlessly into early Boston, explaining the twin motivations of religion and commerce that drew so many restless Englishmen and their families. Throughout the book there are engaging short capsules of prominent Bostonians, ranging from John Winthrop and Anne Hutchinson, adversaries of the first generation, to Bulger, Mel King, Louise Day Hicks, and Fred Salvucci. In seven deft chapters, Allison moves through every major historical phase up to the present (even the Big Dig makes an appearance). Unlike so many academic writers, Allison has an innate understanding of everyday life, and includes knowing references to civic institutions like the Red Sox, Filenes's and the Boston Pops.

In his conclusion, Allison returns to Long Wharf for a final word, and here he becomes quite lyrical, celebrating the land and the people. Sewage treatment may not be the most decorous way to end a work of history, but Allison argues convincingly that the way Bostonians came together to save their harbor showed their continuing ability to evolve and fight new challenges. He gives particular credit to the late Joe Moakley, and it's refreshing to see him boosted into the Boston pantheon along with the Kennedys, Adams and other luminaries. In fact, Moakley gets the final word, reflecting on "the beautiful circle" his life had made when he looked out at the Fan Pier and the harbor in the last months of his life. It's a fitting way to end this refreshing book, equally learned about contemporary Boston and the many Bostons that have preceded it. In Allison's hands, this city is much more than a museum-it's a place to live and grow, from one generation to the next, with a story that is never quite over, no matter how much history lies behind it.

TED WIDNER, a native Bostonian, directs the C.V. Starr Center for the Study of the American Experience at Washington College. Between 1997 and 2000 he was director of speechwriting at the National Security Council.



All the Shah's Men: An American Coup and the **Roots of Middle East Terror**

By Stephen Kinzer John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

If a book jacket carries a blurb from Richard Lugar, Indiana Republican, chair of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a reader will expect a certain kind of book. If it has a blurb from Gore Vidal, trenchant critic of American foreign policy, the reader will expect something different. If it has a blurb from spy novelist John LeCarre, the reader expects something else. A reader attracted by the book Lugar touted would be repelled by the one Vidal praised, and vice versa. Either might seek to escape in the book LeCarre recommended.

When Lugar, Vidal, and LeCarre all praise the same book—what is the reader to make of it? The message all three messages give the reader is this: drop everything-including this magazine-and read this book.

Stephen Kinzer's All the Shah's Men is a gripping story, well-told. It focuses on one day in August 1953 that shook the world. The story, simply put, is this: on August 19, 1953, a faction of the Iranian military overthrew Mohammed Mossadegh, Iran's constitutionally-elected prime minister, and supplanted him with a government dominated by the Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi. Every Iranian knows this, and every Iranian knows that the American Central Intelligence Agency played a crucial role in organizing this coup d'etat. The coup came about because Mossadegh's government had nationalized Iran's petroleum industry in 1951, and Mossadegh had emerged as the first great leader of the "Third World," arguing his nation's case before the United Nations.

Another cruel irony: before 1953, the United States supported Iran's attempt to control its own destiny. Mossadegh had been a guest of President Truman's in Washington, and had been Time's "Man of the Year" in 1951. The British, through their Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, controlled Iran's oil resources, and exploited them without benefit to the Iranian people. The American State Department had blasted Anglo-Iranian in 1950 for making itself "genuinely hated in Iran" and Assistant Secretary of State George McGhee, a Texas oil man, said the British and Anglo-Iranian's "reactionary and outmoded policies" threatened to provoke a revolution in Iran.

In Abadan, Iranian workers lived in hovels hammered out of discarded oil barrels, in a shanty-town without a tree or a tea shop, and though Anglo-Iranian had promised to deliver schools, hospitals, roads, and a telephone system, it had neglected to do so. The British compound at Abadan boasted lawns and tennis courts. Anglo-Iranian paid a mere fifteen percent of its after-tax profits to the Iranian government; the British resented the fact that the American oil companies doing business in Saudi Arabia and other states shared profits equally. The British company and the British government (which owned more than half the shares in Anglo-Iranian) insisted that without cheap Iranian oil-Iran supplied 90 percent of Europe's petroleum, and extracted it without benefit to the Iranian people-the British could not "achieve the standard of living at which we are aiming in Britain."

The British failed to see that the colonial era was ending. An Israeli who had worked in Abadan recalled the British attitude there: "We

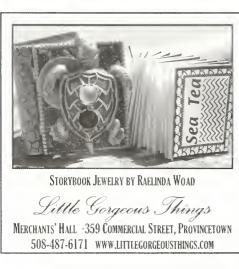
English have had hundreds of years of experience on how to treat the Natives. Socialism is all right back home, but out here you have to be the master." When Iran's Majlis (parliament) nationalized the oil industry in May 1951, the British planned an invasion-seizing either all of Southern Iran, or just the refinery area. President Truman bluntly told the British that the United States would not support either. Under American pressure the British gave up the hopes of invasion (some said that the military action would dispel England's post-war "dumps and doldrums" and show that the British could not be "pushed around by Persian pipsqueaks") but did send the Royal Navy to the Persian Gulf and three British battalions to Iraq. The British also exerted diplomatic pressure to prevent other European nations from buying Iran's oil.

Kinzer's book is superb on the global events behind the August 19 coup: the Cold War and Korean invasion, the importance of cheap petroleum to rebuilding the western economy. His book is even more interesting for his portraits of the players involved. Mossadegh, the son of a Qajari princess and Nasir al-Din Shah's finance minister, was nearly seventy-years old when he became the voice of the world's disenfranchised. The first Iranian to earn a doctorate in law from a European University, he had been finance minister under Reza Khan in the 1920s, but came to be a leader of the opposition when Reza centralized power and proclaimed himself Shah in 1925. Mossadegh retired to his farm west of Tehran, then topped the ticket in the first elec-

For those who prefer an original . . .

Levis, Rogues Gallery, Etro, Rogan, Jack Spade, Marc by Marc Jacobs

141 Commercial St. Ptown 508.487.4900





tions after Reza's abdication in 1943. Mossadegh's cousin said that he "did not look like a man to shake a nation," with his long nose and sad eyes, and a habit of being photographed working in bed. (President Truman bought more time during Mossadegh's Washington visit by offering his guest a stay at Walter Read Army Hospital). But beneath the seemingly frail exterior, Mossadegh was a competent administrator and a shrewd political player. After years as a critic of government policy and collusion between the Iranian government and the Anglo-Iranian company, Mossadegh became prime minister at the height of nationalist tensions. Prime Minister Razmara had been assassinated, and the British pressed for a new prime minister to resist nationalization. When a Majlis deputy loyal to the Shah opened debate minister by blasting Mossadegh for always being a critic, and never stepping forward to take responsibility, the old man rose slowly and announced that he would accept the office.

Mossadegh, old and shrewd, also outmaneuvered the British. With the Iranian nationalists not backing down, and the United States forbidding military action, the British decided to take their case to the United Nations. Mossadegh agreed to meet them there, and in October 1951 personally presented Iran's case to the world. Mossadegh's four days summation of Iran's travails at the hands of Anglo-Iranian (most of the speech delivered by his son, as the frail old man sat beside him) so moved the Security Council that it postponed any action of Britain's resolution condemning the nationalization. From New York, Mossadegh was off to Washington to spend nearly a month as a guest of President Truman. England's attempt to portray Mossadegh as, in the words of Winston Churchill, "an elderly lunatic bent on wrecking his country and handing it over to the Communists" had failed. Iran would control her oil reserves, thanks to the obstinacy of the British. Secretary of State Dean Acheson quipped, "Never had so few lost so much so stupidly and so fast."

Mossadegh made a great impression in Washington. Not so impressive, though, had been Iran's Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi. Forty years younger than Mossadegh, the youthful Shah, according to a British diplomat, "has no moral courage and succumbs easily to fear," and his twin-sister Ashraf (the British thought she was "as sharp and combative" as her brother was dull) once demanded that the Shah prove himself a man, or be revealed as a mouse. On the Shah's state visit to the United States in 1949, his "grandiose and unrealistic" military ambitions put off the Truman administration. The Shah seemed interested only in tanks, antitank weapons, trucks, ammunition, and Dean Acheson warned him that Chiang Kai-Shek had tried to solve social problems through military strength. The Shah, though, perhaps because he was personally timorous, focused on military strength. Also, since the Iranian Constitution restricted the Shah's power to military affairs (giving real power to the Majlis and prime minister) the Shah focused on what he could do rather than seeking to resolve problems in someone else's ledger.

The British recognized the Shah's weakness; they feared Mossadegh's growing power. How would the story have ended if Harry Truman had remained President of the United States? The Eisenhower administration brought to power John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State, and his brother Allen as director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Behind Iran's growing nationalist movement the Dulles brothers, with British help, discerned a growing threat of communism. Since the Soviet Union had occupied Azerbaijan well after the end of World War II, and since the Soviets made clear their desire to expand their sphere of influence, this interpretation was not entirely fanciful. The real push to nationalize did not come from Iran's Tudeh (Masses) party, but from patriotic nationalists like Mossadegh.

The United States dispatched Kermit Roosevelt, grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt, with one million dollars in cash to organize the overthrow of Mossadegh. From late July until mid-August Roosevelt (in Tehran under a false name) met secretly with the Shah every night at midnight, and during the day turned loose an anti-Mossadegh campaign in the press, the mosques, and the streets. The goal was to have the Shah, under public pressure, dismiss Mossadegh and appoint another, more pliable, prime minister. At first the Shah resisted, and at a crucial moment fled to the Caspian coast without signing the crucial firman. On August 15, the attempted coup failed; but Roosevelt, against orders, remained in Tehran and orchestrated a successful coup on August 19. Mossadegh was sent into house arrest, the Shah secured his power, and for the next quarter century would rule Iran through terror and military force.

When Roosevelt reported to Dulles on the successful coup, the Secretary of State "seemed to be purring like a giant cat." In the wake of a successful coup in Iran, the United States took up the policy of replacing governments in other trouble spots, successfully in Guatemala, Chile, Vietnam, and the Congo, unsuccessfully in Cuba.

But how successful was it? Was the quarter century of the Shah's reign worth the quarter century that has followed?

ROBERT J. ALLISON, a summer resident of Provincetown, is author of The Crescent Obscured: The United States and the Muslim World, 1776-1815 (Chicago, 2000). He teaches at Suffolk University in Boston.

Bride of Catastrophe:

Portrait of the Artist as a Young Woman

By Heidi Jon Schmidt Picador

A trope is a figure of speech, making a picture that presents itself through one of our senses. Listening in life is like reading in litrerature, something that can be done actively or passively with equal enjoyment, rather like some sexual positions. A catastrophe is a trope for sudden or widespread disaster, and in dramatic literature it marks the point where circumstances overcome the central motive, introducing the conclusion.

To be a Bride of Catastrophe must mean something negative about marriage, from the point of view of the bride. The novel's title is self-consciously lurid, with the gothic echo of exaggeration found in a 19th-century tabloid fiction such as Bride of Frankenstein. Schmidt considered making bride plural, because, besides one sister marrying a man convicted of armed robbery, Beatrice leaves her own catastrophe at the altar when she walks away from Stetson, her neurotic love. But her salvation is envisioned as a defeat by Bea's family. She is caught in the centrifugal force of a dysfunctional family, and she learns to escape the enemy by embracing it completely, as Poe did in his story "The Maelstrom," where the hero clung to a piece of driftwood whirling around the perimeter of the vortex, drilling into the ocean, where, gripping to the edges, one could breathe below sea level.

"I think it is a very brave thing that Beatrice leaves Stetson," Schmidt told me on the WOMR radio program I host, "ArtTalk," on the occasion of the novel's publication.

I was startled. "She leaves him. Or he leaves her?"

And Schmidt said, "No, that's right. He leaves her."

"And I think she pines for him," I said, "and she remembers those long kisses on the high hill above Hartford."

Schmidt sighed and said, "At the end, she is desperate for him."

Schmidt is good at evoking the wetness of the kiss without the kiss itself. She can recall a kiss on a frosted windowpane and yearn for a particular kiss that is warm on the lips. The same thing can render a different memory and this discrepancy is the source of Schmidt's wit. The wit of Schmidt is deep and loving, penetrating and soothing, resolving and wise. She allows a fictional character to break the heart of her fictional alter-ego. Fine, but the fact is she dictated the action of the man who jilted her.

Schmidt writes to make moments where all senses are activated, where the scene is vivid as a movie. Picnic at Hanging Rock, a favorite, has huge

amounts of deliciously suppressed feeling. A big user of language, Schmidt knows a novelist loses many things in a movie, especially passages of writing that could only be included via the intrusive voice of a narrator. She described the novel as "a hunk of life, living, blending. Things happen that change everything." I mentioned a Mary Gaitskill short story, "Secretary," that was recently made into a movie of the same name. Schmidt, whose first two books were collections of short stories, begs the movie industry to

consider short stories, not novels, as the ideal vehicle for the natural length of a film.

While in college at Bennington, Schmidt wrote a senior thesis on the writings of Oscar Wilde, a lifelong thread for her, since she saw the Importance of Being Earnest eight times in a row when her mother ran a summer theater and the same play played for a week. Wilde's topsy-turvy world was not separate from, but mirrored, Schmidt's own upbringing. In high school she played Beverly in Pirandello's play, Six Characters in Search of an Author. In Bride, six members of the family search desperately for an author. In the last chapter, Beatrice finds a key in her pocket that opens the branch library where she is director. Schmidt's husband, the poet Roger Skillings, told her that this was the major flaw of her book. A pen should have been in her pocket. Indeed, one can read the book as a portrait of the artist as a young woman.

Naturally different inclinations between the male and female artist drive this book. Schmidt wants the consciousness of Beatrice to develop in all the ways a woman's consciousness develops, wanting her character to find the confidence through small steps that incrementally increase the details of her growing personality. This portrait is in muted contrast to the shiny bronze monuments young men forge in the smithy of their grandiose soul.

In Joyce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, the classic novel of male artistic ambition, the youth that would become the artist first labors as a kind of Blakean blacksmith, hammering freshly heated sentences on the anvil of his desk. Joyce's character, Stephen Dedalus, knew in the smithy



of his soul that he was forging the conscience of his race—not merely the furtive graffiti of autobiographical memoir. Joyce's metaphors clearly make use of male occupations to express communal aspiration, leaving unwritten a sister volume of this genre, Portrait of the Artist as a Young Woman. If Stephen Dedalus was told by his mother that he would never become an artist until he knew what the heart felt, so Beatrice learns from her mother to ignore her advice.

Schmidt succeeds in making her alter-ego, Beatrice, sufficiently independent to surprise the author. During bad moments for the character, one feels the book is being guided by deep and unconscious humor, mother's love, smiling at tantrums. For example, one of Beatrice's sisters, Sylvie (named for Syliva Plath) suffers lifelong psychic damage while washing the dishes: a flash of lightning on a summer afternoon hits the house like a huge hammer, runs its vibrations through plumbing and gets Sylvie with her wet hands on the kitchen faucet. Bam! She is blown backwards and lands on a rubber mat, saving her life but destroying some brain cells. Schmidt teaches us that lightning does its damage mostly where it ends, just before it fizzles out.

The feminine hero differs from a heroine. Beatrice prefers to compete in male territory, or rather mixed territory, not some separate lesbian community like the one she explored in Hartford, following her graduation from a college, Sweetriver, that is described much like the bucolically radical Bennington the author attended. Her character will be no blacksmith, but rather a librarian, shuffling index cards and laboring to feed the sputtering embers in the furnace of the



Outer Cape Health

Quality healthcare right in your neighborhood.

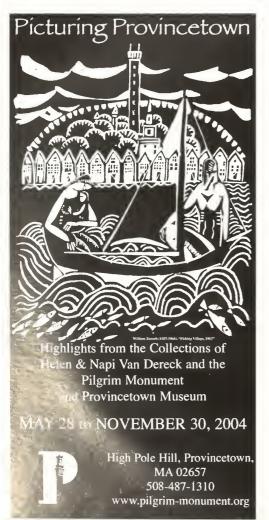
- Primary, preventive & urgent care
- Family care, from infants to seniors
- · Sensitive women's healthcare
- Complete HIV services
- Not for profit & financially accessible to all
- Affiliated with Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center

Provincetown 508-487-9395 49 Harry Kemp Way

Orleans 508-255-9700 Wellfleet 508-349-3131

www.outercape.org

Same day appointments available.



individual imagination. Beatrice does her duty dutifully, "like Danes in Denmark," as Wallace Stevens said in one of his poems that make perfect sense. The librarian does not hammer the point, but she helps those who seek knowledge, making sure that patrons of her branch library leave with books that are like charged batteries under their arms.

In Schmidt's world, love and catastrophe kiss like fire and gunpowder. I wondered if her book was a case study in the Electra complex, Freud's female counterpart to the Oedipus complex. I had studied Sons and Lovers, Lawrence's brutal enactment of mother-son love and son-father hostility. Was Bride of Catastrophe the female counterpart to Sons and Lovers? Well the daughter keeps the father absent in Colorado or flying airplanes or running a pingpong ball business in rural Connecticut, the balls imported from China and rubbed clean of their manufactured seams by tossing in a backyard tumbler in pumice fine as flour. (After which they are colored, drying in the sun with gentler turning.) The Electra complex describes a daughter who hostile to the mother in order to seduce the father. In fact, Beatrice seems to get along better with her mother than her father, but that is not saying much.

"One of the things I wanted to say about the sexual path a person's life takes, and the romantic path, is that is sure as hell starts out in the family, but it is influenced by cultural things. People say, 'Is Beatrice lesbian or straight?' I don't know." Schmidt does know the power of an influential teacher during the little flip from adolescent to young adult. This gymnastic feat, athletic as it is, has a sexual component, when the advisor and her star student substitute stern sitting on a hard bench, conversing in the conference room, to getting down and sinking as a couple onto a soft mattress spread out on the bedroom floor.

In the novel Beatrice observes her teacher scribbling away in the library, doing research on obscure topics such as the fashions of armor across a century of gladiators. During our radio conversation, we use a phrase, the weapon of language, to suggest the potency we felt could be embodied in sentences that directed the force of a feeling, like a spear, knife, or laser beam, with lethal force. A bride knows how to wither the organ of her lover most cruelly, and yet her mouth can still exhaust him with its kisses and cruel talk.

Beatrice is bewitched by Oscar Wilde, especially Wilde's combination of wit and tragedy, a mixed genre plaguing literature since Shakespeare's time, when one rival playwright so defined tragicomedy: "When the bad bleed, / then is the tragedy good." Schadenfreude, pleasure taken in the misfortune of another, has a large component of humor, and can be malicious and dangerous if not attended by the natural reflex of self-mockery. Schmidt believes that Wilde's wit during a dinner party conversation was not inspired by pondering all day what he would say at night. Rather, she says, "His tongue was naturally connected to

his unconscious. Wit is being conversant with your own unconscious. Most people try to make sure their unconscious does not pop up and do something to embarrass them, but when you are acquainted with your unconscious you are not so afraid. When you are not afraid, you can say much more.

"Writing is not casual conversation. You can take a statement back. That's the great thing about it." In order to make a correction, the writer must be willing to consider her mistake. She must say: This is bad; I will make it better. Ergo one must write badly before one can write well. In the growth of character there are revisions, alterations intended to show new emphasis, changing behavior or thought. The past mistake is a form of truth-telling, less a confession of wrongdoing than a clarification of present motive. Schmidt finished her novel, then began it again, sorting through 100 pages of notes she had compiled since she had sent the book to her publisher for revisions. She went to town and rewrote the book radically. from start to finish, in three weeks, because she knew it so well.

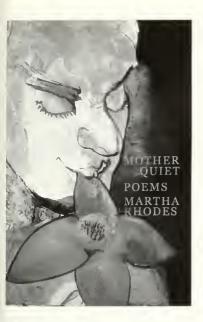
Schmidt used to write down arguments she had with her husband, word for word. She uses these observations for scenes in her writing. In *The Rose Thieves* there is a tiny moment where a character like Roger is reading a book called *The Ottoman Centuries*, his feet up on an ottoman.

If love affairs are the stuff of novels, why don't they teach students to read novels as training for love in real life? Sweetriver is a college where the professors are senior peers of the pupils; often they call each other by first name. But Beatrice graduates from college and possesses her own carnal knowledge.

Schmidt does not feel dependent on autobiography for her fiction. Now she is working on a new novel about a land dispute in Wellfleet. The book is set in actual Wellfleet but the house is on a cove that doesn't exist. Schmidt is a person who works with maps in her mind. She dreams about maps. Hartford was reconfigured in her mind, so that a main boulevard was renamed, as if the mayor made a proclamation. That's the way it will be, she says, for Wellfleet.

How long does a person have to spend to learn the boundaries between memoir and fiction? Bride of Catastrophe takes its epigraph from Proust, who recognized no such boundary. When her second collection of stories, Darling? was published, Schmidt found herself at a cocktail party hosted by Paul Resika, our cover subject for this issue. Resika had just read Schmidt's book and laughed about a figure that reminded him of himself. Schmidt's story, titled "Six Figures in Search of an Author," puns on Pinandello's play and also on the fantasy that publishers offer six-figure contracts to new authors. Resika presented Schmidt with a martini, took her aside and said, "We've all be through this before with Mary McCarthy. We understand these things."

CHRISTOPHER BUSA is editor of Provincetown Arts.



Mother Quiet

Martha Rhodes Zoo Press

Mother Quiet, the title of the Martha Rhodes's third book (forthcoming this fall), is a subtle remove from its poem "Mother, Quiet." The sly compression accomplished by the mere deletion of a comma-from the text's ashamed, line-broken admission "I did not say, Mother, / quiet, I've got you now," to the poem title's plaintive request, to the adjectival state which names the whole book-reveals Rhodes's attentive, simple deftness. Such a quiet, deliberate erasure announcing a new work. Even readers unaware that Rhodes's first two books dealt, at least in part, with her mother and family sense the slight early instabilities of a coming sea change.

The opening poem, "A Progression," moves in a mild surrealism which unsettles. The speaker, almost in and of herself, is a dreamscape of burden and escape which ends with the stanza

I'm wearing their house around me. September and the boiler full-blasting. Father with an axe in the backyard, Mother in the hallway, maybe.

The combination of assertive and contingent circumstance in this family realm shivers with underlying threat. In the second poem, the real dangers are revealed as the speaker repeats a voicing of life's dull, disgusting irritants: "Your mother drools, / your father pees everywhere, / your brother shoots up. / Come on, spare nothing, / tell me how badly / your veins hurt." Whether as an attempt to quiet memoir or as a more direct nod by the poet to her own mode, the poem concludes by resisting the complaints of its own insistence, "Yes, you're cold, I know, shhh. // You don't have to tell me more. / I'd prefer it if you'd stop soon, / even better if you'd stop now. Nice of you, good of you." Here is the bold possibility that a poet, in her third book, is telling her material to shut up.

The speaker is less reluctant about her awful muses (her confrontations are too brave to be called reluctant) than she is a large intelligence

disoriented by her own circumstance and alert sensitivity. For a miniature map of the emotional structure explored in this book, see the entirety of "Remorse":

While in long sitting She breathes in their smells. It's lunch and the young men nap in these

Yet how cold and dry their skin, as if they never received

Her most intimate expressions, just Last night!

The tamped shift in point of view between the two lines that straddle the poem's midpoint gives indirection to its once-precise agency-in grammar, as well as in the further possibilities of affection and/or sexual commerce. The conscious inhalation of scent is, at other points in this book, associated with death; indeed, "their skin" here, as they deny affection, is corpse-like. There is a suggestion that these young men, in refusing the intimacies they have (possibly) received, have brought on the occasion we attend. The loss that brings this "remorse" could be a simple one, but its meditation is emotionally complex and contradictory, its burden shared. The final exclamation both returns us to "her" voice and introduces the shrill insistence of unrequited love working up to (possibly) false accusation or, even, the denial stage of mourning. It is clearly telling, however, that the speaker is a step removed (or ahead) of "her."

Mother Quiet promulgates the idea of soul as a resource unrenewable to our loved ones, but infinitely recyclable by us, the individuals who follow them. This trope of organic inheritance often comes via a cranium, literally: "My head was enormous with her"; "They're giving us little heads to wear." Or it can arrive in a scent: "we no longer smelled of death"; "When our children smelled of perfume"; "transports // not a molecule of you to me." The total effect suggests the morbid regeneracy in the cycle from foul stench to its reincarnation in the perfume of a baby's skull. Such odd estates, however, are transferable without the need for speech. Rhodes's lines enact how the troubling indeterminancies of language often highlighted in poetic-thought-process do baffle our real lives.

These hushed dilemmas of Mother Quiet are fully manifested in the fifth section of the wonderful "Migrations," which concludes:

And again, even quieter, lighter than hush, he tells me what? What is he saying? What?

And lighter, softer than hush he tells me if he wanted me to hear him

I'd hear him.

The cycle of family silence, which is indeed a kind of violence, completes itself directly in the speaker's life. This quietist moment is one of the most

Rhodes's poetic intelligence, however, knows

both that the cycle won't end and that it need not be unproductive. Her written words are both silent and spoken. At the opening of the book's third and final section, "Closing the House" reiterates the request which the speaker was never able to make of the living: "Calm down, please dear, Mother, Mother, / it's been three years . . . yes, that's right, // you've found your way back, you can stay or leave, / but Mother, please hush, I need to work." With this, the third of three excellent books, such a synergistic and dual transition/insistence is one all readers should hope Martha Rhodes will keep.

ROBERT STRONG is content editor for the American Common Prayer Project and teaches at Saint Laurence



A Home...

It's the most important purchase you may ever make... Let me help you make sure it's a sound one.

Tracey Home Inspection

Licensed Home Inspector Member of the Society of Professional Real Estate Inspectors (SPREI)

Insured & Bonded MCSL# 75673, MHIL# 239

> P.O. Box 1514 Orleans, MA 02653 Office (508) 240-6336 Fax (508) 240-0266

> Patty Tracey - Owner





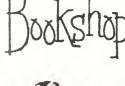


SERVICES

Design Construct Maintain Service

Frank Corbin, MLCP Wellfleet, MA 508-349-6770

> Books to Tickle Your Fancy. . .





246 Commercial Street

Growing the Story:

An Interview with Fred Leebron

By Sherry Ellis

red Leebron's novels include Out West, Six Figures, and In the Middle of All This. His stories have appeared in the Gettsyburg Review, Ploughshares, Grand Street, the North American Review, the Quarterly, the Threepenny Review, the Iowa Review, TriQuarterly, and Double Take; they are included in the anthologies The New Generation, Flash Fiction, and The Exiled. His essays are included in The Eleventh Draft and Bastard on the Couch. He is the co-author of Creating Fiction: "A Writer's Companion, and a co-editor of Postmodern American Fiction: A Norton Anthology.

In 1983 Leebron received a Fulbright Scholarship, in 1986 he received the Henfield Foundation Award, in 1989 he received a Wallace Stegner Fellowship, in 1990 he won the James Michener Award, in 1994 he won the Cohen Award, in 1996 Discover Great New Writer recognized for Out West, in 2000 he won the Pushcart Prize, in 2000 The New York Times recognized Six Figures on its list of Notable Books, in 1986 and 2000 he received a Pennsylvania Council on the Arts Literature Fellowship, and in 2001 he was the winner of the O. Henry Award.

Leebron completed his undergraduate studies at Princeton, he earned a Master's in Arts in writing at John Hopkins University, and an M.F.A. at the Iowa's Writers' Workshop. From 1993-1994 he was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. From 1994-1995 he served as director of the Work Center where he proposed and helped to develop the summer workshop program. Leebron is an associate professor of English at Gettysburg College and program director of the Queens University of Charlotte MFA Program. He has taught at John Hopkins, the University of Iowa, Stanford University, and the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. He has served on the advisory board of Provincetown Arts since 1996. He lives with his wife, the writer Kathryn Rhett, and their three children in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Sherry Ellis: *In the Middle of All This* takes place in Gettysburg, near the graveyards of war. It is a novel that deals with death and loss. "It felt like one long endless slide, as if they'd rolled the wrong number and found themselves tumbling down into a place so far behind that it wasn't a question of catching up anymore, they were just trying to stay on board." How important for fiction is choice of setting?

Fred Leebron: I think it's everything. It's not only where the story happens but it provides the impulse for the story. If you really live in the setting-I obviously literally live in Gettysburg-you can grow the story and you can expand, because the setting's opportunities are limitless. But you can never, ever fully know any one place. There are always pockets of energy waiting for you.

SE: In both the short-short story "Water" and the novel Out West you develop the premise of a character turning on a gas stove to kill a cheating lover. Which work came first and what made you decide to revisit the situation?

FL: "Water" came first by three years. I've written several short-short stories and I think they're really fun to write, and they allow for the opportunity to experiment and to really cut to the chase and be as deft as you can be. Sometimes you produce work that you want to re-explore; there's a lot more opportunity than you thought. So, I went back to "Water" because I thought there was more there to dig out and to learn. I went back and pursued it and it was a really good experience to re-inhabit the situation.

SE: Charles Baxter once said, "Try to get your characters into interesting trouble. Allow your characters to misbehave. Let them stay out after 11." In Out West you involve the characters Ben and Amber in a shared, sordid history early on in the book. How did you as a writer develop the dramatic relationship of these characters?

FL: Benjamin West was sort of the alter-ego for Nathaniel West. I wanted to rewrite the migration of Nathaniel West for the west coast, in a contemporary way. I started with him first and I didn't know that I would come to Amber. I wrote until I had nothing left to say in that very first part. I had the idea of "Water" in the back of my head, and I went and transposed the genders of the characters. I tried to figure out what it would be like to be this particular woman having done something like that character in "Water," and I saw a connection between the two in terms of guilt. They're both guilty from the get-go. I spent a lot of time in guilt myself being Jewish, and I became interested in occupying their guilt. I felt like I had a connection and empathy to both of them because of their literal guilt, which had grown so much.

SE: At the end of Six Figures the reader is left wondering if Warner is negative enough to have attacked Megan. How crucial do you think it is to leave readers with a sense of mystery?

FL: Mystery creates resonance. If you resolve all the questions that you pose then you seal the thing up tight and there's nothing left to wonder or speculate about. Paula Fox once said that a good story begins with a small question mark



FRED G. LEEBRON PHOTO BY TOM LEVY

and ends with a big question mark. That is something I've learned from. To really create that resonance, at least ambiguity is essential, and obviously ambiguity and resonance are closely linked. I once had an editor who suggested that I cut a last sentence from a story she was going to publish of mine and I wrote her back and asked are you sure you want to do that? She said that a writer always wants to be a little ambiguous and that a little ambiguity never hurt anybody. There's truth to that.

SE: In the beginning of *In The Middle of All This*, Warner Lutz has two mishaps in one day. "There was so much worse, he told himself, than two flat tires and a lost week of groceries. So much worse that it was all practically unspeakable." Can you describe the route you took in relating these seemingly minor upsets to the larger theme of this book?

FL: So much of the daily struggle is to find context and balance. A minor irritation can grow into rage, and that anger is one step from danger. To find their way back, characters must be trying to live with perspective, desperate for perspective, to find the rationalization that the character is in. I enjoyed that. I think the struggle of working for perspective is universal.

SE: In Six Figures you write of fatherhood, "The little wobble head was already imprinting an island of drool above Warner's heart. He felt the familiar surge in his throat of gratitude and awe at the unearthly ripeness of the boy's cheeks, the tender narrowness of his neck." How much do you think a writer needs to know about the subject matter they write about and how much has your own experience of being a father helped you

in writing such a sensitive scene?

FL: A writer does not need to know everything about subject matter, a writer has to have enough empathy to inhabit a character's point of view. Obviously for me I wrote the majority of Out West and all of the books after we had kids, and I think having children and being a parent has meant everything to my writing. To grow my own sense of the world and that perspective, to have that sense of the larger world is very important to me, and my children have given that to me.

SE: In In The Middle of all This you write of Elizabeth, "I am keeping a journal so that no one will have to hear how afraid I am, how being afraid of death is not good enough, how you can't give in to it and let it rule you, how exhausting it is, how careful you have to be in everything you ever do." How did you get inside Elizabeth's psyche?

FL: Well, inhabiting a point of view is the main way I get the energy to write. When I was living in Charlotte, I was teaching an evening class, and on the night of these classes I would walk to my car and look in the face of everyone I passed and try to imagine what their story was, try to find what they were capable in terms of empathy, in terms of other emotions and feelings, to feel who they were, and that's something I haven't been able to stop doing. It's a curiosity and hope that everyone is capable of empathy. On the flip side, my own sister did die of cancer some years ago. That obviously informed my writing. But this woman in this book is not my sister.

SL: Do you think it's harder to write from a male or female point of view?

FL: For me it's much easier to write from anyone who's not me. The invention begins with the first word and you can get out of your skin. Being in your skin for a writer can be pretty nasty and confining. I'm much happier being with characters other than myself. So the female point of view, being further away from me than the male point of view, is easier for me to write from.

SE: Peter Ho Davies said, "One of the things I enjoy about fiction is its slyness. The ability to slip things in spurs my imagination. I tend to find that I'll come up with two or three facts and then I'll be inspired to join the dots between them with my fictional imagination." What do you think of this approach?

FL: Everyone has different approaches, and I think everyone has different temperaments and different aesthetics. My own approach is to inhabit a situation, inhabit points of view, and see

David Eaton **Public Relations**

Creating and sustaining awareness and exposure for a diversity of clients across the fine arts, entertainment, corporate, and high-technology arenas.

Provincetown & Boston 617.212.8777 www.deatonpr.com



Fire & Light Press announces the publication of

COLLECTED POEMS

The Thirsty Fish and Later Days

by Constance Black

For more information call 508-487-3814 or visit www.fireandlight.info



JOHN F. (JACK) HOUTON

LAW OFFICES Florida & Massachusetts

Specialty:

REAL ESTATE GUIDANCE

- Northeast
- Florida

BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT

- International Trade
- Arts & Entertainment
- Personal

Licensed to practice law in Massachusetts & Florida

275 Yucca Road Naples, FL 34102 (239) 643.5051

Fax: (239) 261.1451 naval1@msn.com www.houtonlaw.com where it takes me—so to start with a single point and to grow it. In general, I think it would be harder for me to go from two different situational or factual points and grow them although in *Out West I* started with two. In *Six Figures* and *In the Middle of All This*, I started with the one and tried to grow the one into many.

SE: Library Journal said of In the Middle of All This: "Leebron's new work is being compared to works by Richard Ford and Raymond Carver, though he may be more reminiscent of the former than the latter. His third novel... focuses on a man caught in strong, eddying currents who wants to control them but cannot and must either make a separate peace or be drawn under." Do you think there are similarities in your work?

FL: Obviously I learned from both of them; in graduate school I read a lot of Richard Ford, I read a lot of Carver, I read a lot of Chekov, a lot of Proust, a lot of Kafka, a lot of Joyce. For me Carver's earlier work took language and distilled it into its essence, which was his primary accomplishment, and in his later work he was getting sloppier and more mysterious and I think I like that work better. Ford's work has a kind of vulnerable humility to it in that's he's never too afraid to come out and say this is what I'm going after here, this is what I'm trying to do here in terms of the characters. I admire that boldness but I don't really think we have that much in common. I'm not sure.

SE: Nelson Algren said, "A certain ruthlessness and a sense of alienation from society is as essential to creative writing as it is to armed robbery." In your essay "I Am Man, Hear Me Bleat" which appears in Bastard on the Couch you write, "I'm like a dog with a bone, and I can't let it go, and if the bone is more truly metaphoric—if the bone is something as intangible as one side of an argument—then I really cannot let it drop." What were the challenges of revealing your tenacious side in the writing of this essay?

FL: I concur wholeheartedly with what Algren is saying. I feel exactly what he says. There was no problem with revealing it. I'm not easily embarrassed and it's very hard to offend me. I say what I want to say and see what happens with the prose. That was what the piece was all about, asking and trying to answer the question: why is someone so argumentative? What are the virtues of being short-tempered?

SE: How do you choose the point of view you use in your writing?

FL: I believe it to be Darwinian—the struggle to survive on a moment to moment basis in the pieces that I write. Whoever wants it most gets it. And when that person's desire for language ceases then someone else takes it over.

SE: How do you choose time span, for exam-

ple, your novel *Out West* takes place over the course of a week?

FL: Yes, and I realized it wasn't ambitious enough so I tried to grow the time span in Six Figures and In the Middle of All This. I don't think I choose time span so much as time span chooses me, in that every piece demands its own scope of time that it wants to take on. As you begin the pacing, you begin to look at the situation and you begin to exhaust the characters. How long will the character speak to you? At the end of The Color Purple Alice Walker says, "I'd like to thank all my characters for coming" and in a way I view my role similarly as a medium through which characters speak and they begin to take on lives of their own. How much time are they demanding? The characters in the last two books wanted to demand more time. They wanted to own it and they wanted to own me for a longer time in terms of the narrative time, and so they did.

SE: Frank Conroy once said of the writer's life: "A certain amount of uncomfortableness simply comes with the territory"; and, "It is a hard life because one is dependent on forces that are not fully understood and usually impossible to control." Your thoughts?

FL: You write with the hope and the faith that you'll get better, and the hope and faith that what it is you're writing will eventually have an order and artfulness. At the same time, I don't know where the next word is going to be, let alone the next paragraph or chapter. There's a certain desperate quality to it. It's so hard because you're just stepping on air, in a sense, and that has its own discomfort. The imbalance of not knowing. I like it. I like being uneasy. I don't recommend it to everyone, but I like a certain tension. It's okay.

SE: And what have been your biggest challenges been?

FL: I think it's the everyday challenge. Just getting in there and trying to make something out of nothing—that's the hardest thing to do. And then going from there. It's all in the process. If you buy into the idea that you can write from the not knowing state and you're writing to discover something, then that pressure you put on yourself to be someplace you've never been before and find something out about it, can be very challenging.

SE: How important is it to for you to have a community or fellowship with other writers?

FL: I think it's important to have a small group of people you can show your work to who will be honest with you and help you make it better, and I think it's important to work in service of opportunities for other writers, for all writers, because we're all in the same boat together. And it's important to find a community without pretentiousness and without the heavy breathing that can happen among a

WILKES UNIVERSITY

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania is pleased to announce the establishment* of a

LOW-RESIDENCY MASTER OF ARTS DEGREE IN CREATIVE WRITING

beginning in January 2005

The 30-hour program will offer five tracks: fiction, creative nonfiction, poetry, plays and screenplays, and will be taught by established writers in these genres. It will be offered on-line using email and user-friendly WebCT.

During their course of study, all students must attend four one-week residencies at the University (January and June), which is located two hours west of New York City off I-80, and produce a manuscript of publishable quality. Other program features included:

- Manuscript critiques by agents, editors and other literary professionals
- Close interaction with writer-mentors
- Reduced tuition of \$500/credit
- Semi-annual conferences with master writer presentations
- Opportunities for public readings and presentations
- Focus on craft, technique and the life of a professional writer
- Distinguished Advisory Board, including Norman Mailer, Rick Bass, Beverly Hiscox, Melanie Lumia, Larry Heinemann, Samuel Hazo and Jack Scovil

*pending approval of the Pennsylvania Department of Education

For further information, go to www.wilkes.edu and click on Office of Continuing Learning, or call Margaret Steele, Director, at 570-408-4460.

You may also contact the program Co-Directors, Dr. Bonnie Bedford at bedford@wilkes.edu. 570-408-4527, and Dr. J. Michael Lennon at lennon@wilkes.edu, 570-408-4522.

Admission is selective and applicants must have a bachelor's degree and submit a portfolio of writing.

group of writers-false anxiety and self-congratulation. That is what I need. Hang out with people who are pragmatic and thoughtful and honest and vulnerable.

SE: Who are the writers who have most influenced your work?

FL: I like Tim O'Brien because I like how he phrases ambiguity, and I like the lyricism and episodic quality of Denis Johnson's work and I like the relentlessness of Flannery O'Connor's work, and I obviously love Kafka and Joyce and Chekov-and I learned the most from them.

SE: How does your experience as a teacher influence your writing?

FL: I like to work closely with students. I view it as a partnership, where the utility in conferences and actual real dialogue of workshops helps bring you to a new level of understanding of the work and hopefully maybe a new level of understanding of what it is people can do or are trying to do in their writing. I'm still learning something from teaching and I imagine I always will be.

SE: Richard Ford revises his work by reading it out loud to his wife, to reinvigorate himself in being interested in his stories. Can you describe your revision process?

FL: Well, I write on very small pages of paper in a stenographer's notebook, so that I'm not anxious

about filling a large page. And then when I type it up I do some revising. And before I type it up, every day I have to read what I wrote the day before. So, I'm line-editing it then. There are two sorts of line edit phases, in the re-reading of it and then in the typing of it. Once that is done, there is an endless process of getting to know the work and trying to shape it so that you can stand to look yourself in the mirror and say it doesn't suck. I do this thing at the end which I call the "random page reading test"-I have the whole manuscript and I'll just do one page after another randomly, never in sequence. I'll just read a page at a time and see if it can stand up. That's a really nasty experience, usually the last step. I want the thing to see the gaps and opportunities and overlaps.

SE: What do you think of Edna St. Vincent Millay's comment, "A person who publishes a book appears willfully in public with his pants down"?

FL: I think there's a certain sense of shame that comes with publishing a book and the realizing of one's limitations. There's no such thing as a perfect work of art. So I think she's utterly on target on that. There's a certain vulnerability that comes with trying to be completely honest on the page, and that's another way in which one's pants are down. There's a level of exposure, and that helps to make the writing life even more uncomfortable than it already is.

SE: What advice do you have for new writers?

Your One Stop Frame Shop

Picture Framing Professionals

The BEST in custom design and service. Our staff is creative and fast for ALL your framing needs.

> Formerly Truro Art Gallery @ new location:

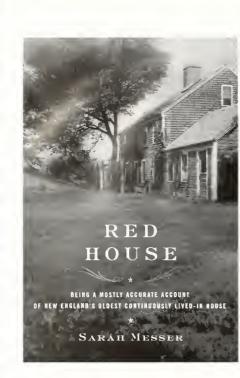
Main Street Mercantile Plaza-#9 N.Eastham, Ma. 02642 508-240-6555

FL: Read and write every day. A craft has to be practiced every day. Just keep writing until it gets better and until you're learning something new. These are the reasons to write.

SE: If someone were to offer a blurb about your writing career, what would you hope for?

FL: I would prefer not to read it, not to have any thought of the description.

SHERRY ELLIS is at work on The Goode Books, a novel. Her interview with Paul Lisicky appeared last year in Provincetown Arts. Interviews with Jill McCorkle and Lise Haines appear in on-line editions of Agni, and her interview with Elizabeth Searle appears in the spring 2004 edition of Post Road.



Red House: Being a Mostly Accurate Account of New England's Oldest Continuously Lived-In House By Sarah Messer Viking, June 2004

How much of human memory, given its unreliability, constitutes history? Does history reside solely in physical objects? Is one way of chronicling history more trustworthy than another? Is history a set of answers or a set of questions? Sarah Messer new book elegantly weaves together elements of memoir, biography, and history in pursuit of a central dilemma: how to define the slippery nature of history? Messer writes, "Men passed down wills, houses, land. Women, it seemed, chronicled what they could rub across their faces, hold in their mouths." The idea that history is a splintered rather than linear narrative permeates *Red House*.

William Hatch, who immigrated to the American colonies in 1634, built Red House in 1647, with the property remaining in the family until Richard Warren Hatch sold it to the author's father, Ronald Messer, in 1965. In the first section of Red House, Messer tells the story of the Hatch family's more than 300-year ownership of the house concurrently with the story of her own family's ownership. Throughout Messer questions who rightfully owns the house—the Hatches or the Messers-and if the house, as historical artifact, perhaps exists outside the bounds of ownership. At one point she concludes: "The house contains both the living and the dead, and there are always traces, because the house is not separate, has not one owner but many, has many beams, many different panes of glass, the way a body might have many lovers, the way each owner might look at the house as if at the body of a lover.'

In the book's second section, Messer works with her sister, brother-in-law, and others on a massive restoration of Red House. As the house is stripped down, revealing unlikely features such as leopard-spot walls, Messer exca-

vates her own ambiguous relationship to the house. It is both the childhood home where she spent nights holding hands with her twin sister across the floor between their single beds and the museum-like house with walls hung with Hatch not Messer family memorabilia. Messer combs through everything from official records of wills and land grants to colonial recipes for mixing paint and bleaching flax to letters and oral narratives from both families in search of the soft belly of truth she suspects lies underneath the stories she's heard all her life. She wonders, "If I touched every shingle of the house, every pane of glass, wouldn't I know the house with the same kind of intimacy? Wouldn't it reveal all its secrets to me?"

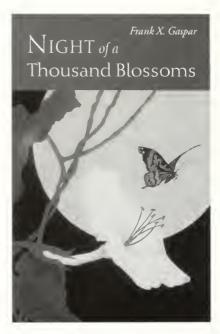
Despite Messer's collaging of an impressive number of disparate primary sources into the text as well as the many jumps in time, Red House flows seamlessly. At times the central story seems to meander, yet Messer's fluid prose steadily spirals the reader closer and closer toward apprehension. Though the significance of particular details-the meaning of the name "Hatch," the origin of the term "x-ray"-may not be immediately apparent, nothing is included that doesn't directly drive the narrative. At the beginning of almost every chapter, Messer includes epigraphs-one is an excerpt from a 1900 Popular Science article on "The Cause of Sighing." These ground the reader in a particular time period, framing out the timeline in a way that is both subtle and highly effective. In the hands of a lesser writer the material might have devolved into showing off, instead of deftly broadening the cultural contexts in which the book evolves.

Not always alerting the reader when she is fictionalizing the story, Messer she writes of Walter Hatch's grandson: "Israel, Jr. stood and watched the revolving stones, maintaining a minute space between them with hair-fine adjustments . . . Flour dust drifted in corners like a snowstorm pushing its way out, dusting everything, drifting into Israel Ir.'s lungs. He wore his own hole in the floor from all that standing and watching." By leaving the phrase "I imagine" implicit, she allows the reader to fully engage in the moment without the distance often created by the use of the conditional or the explicit calling out of those scenes that are surmised rather than directly known. Historians may quibble with this handling of historical text, but Messer completely pleases this reader.

She skillfully evokes the characters that people the narrative. Early in the book, she sketches Antipas, William Hatch's eldest son, as someone "whose mind had disappeared, head dull as a wooden bowl against the chimney jamb." Of her father's first visit to Red House: "he was moonlighting for extra cash and driving his sky-blue VW Beetle down dirt roads, into brambles and dead-ends." Members of both families are fully-fleshed, complicated people. Near the end Messer writes, "Houses, like bodies, are sometimes afflicted. One day the Red House may fall apart gently,

like the unclenching layered fist of a peony. Then maybe it will reveal its whole story." Till then, Messer speaks for Red House and the families it has sheltered in a voice that is eloquent, passionate, and compelling.

PAULETTE BEETE is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, DC. Her journalism regularly appears in American Spirit and WHERE DC.



Night of a Thousand Blossoms

Frank X. Gaspar Alice James Books

Provincetown native Frank Gaspar's *Night of a Thousand Blossoms* takes its title from a fragmentary question near the opening of its second poem, "One Thousand Blossoms":

Well, is it really wise to search for guidance in a small room

cluttered with books and papers, with a glass of whiskey

and a box of wheat crackers, with my eyes ticking like

the brass tide-clock on the plaster wall? When the house sleeps

huddled in the city's jasmine night? Night of a thousand blossoms
I can't name?

The passage is a good introduction of things to come in this wonderfully written book. Notice how all the hard c's and k's and t's of the first sentence click off the indoor distractions, which are temporarily smoothed by outside's sibilant sleepy blossoms, only to bump back up against "can't." Yet this passage also introduces an addiction to the poetic hypothetical question which will build to a preponderance some readers may find irritating.

The most representative of Gaspar's queries is perhaps found in "Isn't It Enough?":

.... How then to explain this torpor, this lack of breath and

sunlight when all the streets are steaming from the recent rain, and the birches and the sycamores and the chestnut trees are washed clean of their leaves, and the leaves lie along the curbs in drifts, and the bare limbs are smooth with muscles and tendons, white in the sky?

This question, as those above do, contains the answer Gaspar goes at again and again: a rhythmic repetitive observation of the natural world that builds into a sort of physical reflection of the abstract emotions and truths that trouble the poet. Gaspar, as we all can, admits elsewhere, "Sometimes I am seized with / great lamentation for the smallest reasons: a candy wrapper / in the wastebasket, / a pencil with a dulled point." The sum of recording these physical stand-ins for emotion allows the poet to imply, usually in a high poetic closure to each poem, the answer to this particular poem's title: Yes, it is enough "to offer this confusion its own chalice.'

For "chalice" read "poetry." "The Angel's Hand" is the one poem in this book which explicitly answers its own question and the answer explains the purpose of the chalice:

will make something out of them. Maybe it will be part song. Maybe it will be part honey and part gall. Maybe it will be nothing but another silence in the night of a thousand silences. Maybe you will take it and eat it, and then before you go to bed you will check the latches and you will listen out your windows. Maybe then you will be the one to make sense of such a thing.

"You" here, as throughout the book, is you the reader. Every rhetorical question is a wink in your direction: There's something here I can't put into words, but you understand, you fellow reader of literature, don't you? The casual second-person address establishes a clubby atmosphere of fellow sufferers after the universal human truths. It is the presumption that grates: Oh, that tortured Poet, the reader is meant to conclude, he reaches after the unreachable! One can only wonder if he does.

Gaspar recognizes that his truths are unreachable, even as he bravely strives after them and, in that most small-r romantic notion of poetry, elicits our cooperation when he is "drunk again on holy books and the late hours." Even the dingy, clueless neighbors behind drawn curtains are brought into complicity with this high calling; "they have done / a good deal of work for one night. They have reduced me. / They have distilled me."

Blossoms is far better written than most books this year has brought us. It is a work I have read, and will continue to read, repeatedly, both for the annoyance of presumption and the pleasure it brings me. The dilemmas Gaspar creates enact both themselves and the larger troubling questions of the voice and authority of The Poet. Any book that begins with a poem titled "I Go Out for a Smoke and Become Mistaken for the Archangel" and ends on the sentence "And so I kicked and kicked" is bound to contain grand evolutions, and Gaspar delivers. The path he so often weaves-from questions, through catalog of pathetic fallacies, to abstracted answer-can be a stunning rhetorical tapestry. Readers who fret a close reading of these poems will be rewarded with a sense of accomplishment and something akin to the poet's actual experiences. We can indeed finish a reading-which might take us from what "I can't name," through "the moral law" and "love," to the final, fraught image of "a car roll[ing] down the street / filling it with light then emptying it again"-and agree with the poem's conclusion that "It's like that. Just like that." ("One Thousand Blossoms"). What could not be named has, in that mysterious way possible only with the best art, been somehow named.

Working almost exclusively inside his sentences-every poem is a single stanza of prose-like line breaks-Gaspar can melt language right into your ear. This, from "The Lost Art":

Just now the moon is razing the yard, lighting the crepe myrtle and the camphor

and the fey birches-now, when going out among those shapes

might be the one significant gesture. [...] In the night, the worm and

the beetle, and a nightbird I do not know, and the glow-eyed

things from the flood-ditches—the raccoons and possums all

citified and nervous, and nothing, nothing at

to search for truth or meaning, because they are too busy, they

know that they must eat, and that when they slip, and they always

slip, there will be that hammer beak or the hairspring jaw,

or the palsy that binds like iron just before the dreadnaught wheels

and the numinous headlights that come on like time itself.

Gorgeous. What I have elided, however, are two symptomatic sentences: a direct, explanative address and a rhetorical question. Elsewhere, Gaspar interrupts his language by hanging out emotive neon signs insisting that "If a poem says weep, I weep" and that "I don't have / the nerve to say my heart is aching." Artistically, these moves are even more disingenuous than they are contradictory. Unameable human truths drive the Poet to write.

By all means, these truths are to be pursued. Provincetown poets, somehow, have a genius for these matters that eclipses the best of the rest of American poetry. But a key to their talent is avoiding the easy urge to perform their pain and its realizations. Denis Johnson and Mark Doty could be taken as examples for the two ends of the mode Gaspar is pursuing-with Johnson mastering the field of psychic pain and Doty the

shimmering spiritual aura of the natural world. However, when Johnson writes the glaring confession "Darkness, my name is Denis Johnson," he is halfway through a book which has made damn clear he's not on stage; he does not, in fact, have the nerve to say his heart is aching. So he doesn't. Not because he won't, but because he can't-which is exactly why his writing says it for him? When Mark Doty asks "If we're only volatile essence, / permeable, leaking out, // pouring into any vessel bright enough / to lure us, why be afraid?" he is, in fact, making a statement. And it is the physical set ing and poetic reverie that provoke this declaration, rather than the other way

Gaspar performs, in every poem, to our received notions of what his life and pain should be; he says, here is a question I cannot answer. The setting of the question is then described in terms of examples A, B, and C-and so there's your answer, the poems more than suggest. Gaspar knows, of autumn's leaves, that "They no longer wish / to be a burden" and yet he continues to tell us this is the case. But this is their only burden: to enter into the poet's imaginationequation for a "place" that's not "in the world outside the windows" or the world inside them. Of this place, Gaspar again asks us,

Would it make you ever want to lie down among the dry leaves,

but in your mind only? Would you find there the arms of all

the beloved, loving still another and another? If this isn't the false

idea or the true idea, then would you ask me to name this place?

("One Arm and Another Arm")

The final question here is a separate one. With it, Frank Gaspar is telling us that we dare not make such demands on the divinity medium of such abstract stuff. And we wouldn't-our ears are already mesmerized by his writing, and only the cornered mind asks art to explain itself-but the constant interrogation forces us to imagine the relief of a false confession, to plead guilty.

ROBERT STRONG is content editor for the American Common Prayer Project and teaches at Saint Lawrence University.



Vesuvius at Home:

An Interview with Jean Valentine

B obert Leleux

ean Valentine's New York apartment is a writer's lair: bits of poems are pinned to walls, notebooks lay open on tables alongside the piled works of foreign poets (Celan, Oosterhuis, Mandelstam), a framed coal rubbing of Emily Dickinson's gravestone hangs in the parlor. There is calm here, despite the jetsam of Jean's craft-her bedroom is painted a lulling seagreen wihich makes the bed appear the very boat of reflection. Jean and I sit at a wood table, and talk over hot coffee in blue Staffordshire cups. On this, the eve of publication of her collected poems, entitled Door in the Mountain: New and Collected Poems (to be released by Wesleyan University Press this November), she is telling me about the early years, of her beginnings as a poet. Occasionally she laughs that primal laugh of hers, which is so beautiful, and which makes one expect her soul to escape her body in blasts of "Ha! Ha! Ha!" She wears a purple velvet jacket, and her blonde curls have been freshly cut by a man who has told her that he is "in love with his life." "Every moment of it," he has said.

Jean repeats this with the glee of someone who has just won the Irish Sweepstakes. This is the way with Jean—she is a phenomenally gratifying audience of good fortune. "In love with every moment of his life," she says to me.

She shakes her head with wonder, and I can almost hear a poem being conceived in her thoughts. "I think that to love anything is the reason God put us here." Those familiar with Jean's poetry are aware that she is masterful at addressing the concerns of this very statement—the experience of love, and the nature of our earthly mission, concerns so broad as to make most writers this side of Dante tremble—with the authority of the Angel of the Annunciation.

Jean has, in the last few months, reread, with a copy-editor's care, every word she has ever published, including the seventy-two new poems of this collection—an overwhelming task which has newly recalled over forty years of her writing life. "This is a process," Jean tells me, "of developing compassion for my younger self."

"When I was a young poet," Jean says, "I could be in agony, for days, over a comma that som magazine didn't print right. But, now I feel, not only are magazines ephemeral, books are ephemeral. Going through the *Collected*, I cut out only a few lines. I could have cut a lot more, of course, but the idea was to have a *Collected*. But I had a real sense of well, there it is—that's what it's been. Okay." Jean holds up



IFAN VALENTINE IN 1965

her palms in a traffic-halting gesture that indicates Enough.

"Time gives you the ability to back off," she says, with a relieved expression of gratitude for having finally learned this lesson. "It allows you to be generous with yourself, and to think good for you for having written at all..."

"These poems go back to my 20s. So, I have real distance from them. There's that old feeling you always have when a book is published—that these poems must have been written by another person. But in this case, a few other people."

Rereading the entirety of one's work, with the distance of time and age, can also be a task of, if not self-compassion, cold evaluation. On this, Jean quotes Robert Lowell. "Lowell said that, when you're young, you read back over your poems, and you wince. Then, when you're older, you begin to think about whether you're more of a Wordsworth, or a Falstaff. You see, more largely, who your poems have been."

I argue that Jean's poems have been the modern-day descendants of Dickinson's. Jane Cooper calls Jean "our Emily Dickinson." Adrienne Rich agrees. Of Jean's Ordinary Things, she wrote: "Valentine's work, more than that of any contemporary poet, reminds me . . . of Emily Dickinson's." Jean has paraphrased Bishop's evocation of Dickinson as "a water-spider rowing over danger and death," which seems to me to capture perfectly both Amherst's Belle and Jean herself. The two women are members of what is, to my mind, one of the only pure American literary traditions—that of wired and radical women poets, including Amy Lowell and Marianne Moore, Hilda Doolittle and Gertrude Stein and Muriel Rukeyser.

In addition to heiress, I read Jean as sister/forebear—to a subsequent generation of "experimental" women poets, such as Fanny Howe and Brenda Hillman. This is a legacy of visionary poetics and feminist protest. And it is a strange thing that though none of these women, Jean included, could be comfortably referred to as a "political poet," they number among them some of America's most subver-

sive voices: Jean's included. There is no poet, in my opinion, who more powerfully advocates a change in the global order—who so fully calls us to, as she phrases it, "listen . . . listen to the Real Life," that realm of consciousness unpenetrated "by deception."

Jean began writing poetry as a seven-year old child from Bedford, New York-not the obvious birthplace of a twentieth century revolutionary. She remembers herself as a girl who "carried a little book of American poets around under [her] arm," whose affluent parents tolerated her writing. However, the real beginning, both of Jean's life as a writer and as a politico, seems to have been, perhaps unsurprisingly, her enrollment in Radcliffe College in 1952. Radcliffe was a greenhouse for feminist poets during the post-war years-turning out Maxine Kumin, Adrienne Rich, and Jean Valentine within the course of a decade. Of the three, only Adrienne Rich, who graduated in 1951, achieved prominence while at Radcliffe, winning the Yale Younger Poets Prize as an undergraduate.

"Adrienne and I, of course, didn't overlap at college," Jean tells me, "but she'd been a campus celebrity. We had the same dean, a wonderful woman who was one of the true, lucky lights of my life, Dean Wilma Kirby Miller. I think she'd written as a young woman... Dean Kirby Miller had a soft spot for poets, and she told both Adrienne and me that we didn't have to major in anything, that 'you writers should study anything you want!' Which was enormously freeing. Radcliffe gave us both a degree in following our noses, called General Studies," Jean says, laughing.

However, if Dean Kirby Miller's desire had been to foster the creative, scholarly development of young women, she seems to have been standing in opposition to the desires of the institution she represented. "I never remember thinking of myself as being, as a woman, a second-class citizen until I went to Radcliffe College," Jean remembers. "Everything about our treatment was inferior to the boys'—we

slept in very small rooms, two or three girls to a room. We were on a lecture system, so we rarely met faculty. Most of the professors paid little attention to us. I think that my friend, Professor Bill Alfred must have written every letter of recommendation for every girl who graduated Radcliffe College for 40 years-because he was really the only human being any of us ever met. Now, I was perfectly comfortable, so my complaint isn't so much with the 'quality of life,' as with the discrepancies. The Harvard boys had suites, with fireplaces, and living rooms, and studies. They ate meals in a dining 'hall' with their professors. ... It was clubby, empire—their education was taken seriously, and ours wasn't. We were in one of the women's movement's long backlashes."

Perhaps the most galling example of gender bias experienced by Radcliffe girls of Jean's generation was that they were not admitted into Lamont Library, where the Harvard/Radcliffe poetry collection is housed. "It was totally sleazy," Jean says. "Now, we had the Radcliffe Library, and we were allowed into Widener, and Houghton Library, but they kept the contemporary poetry in Lamont, where women weren't allowed. If Adrienne Rich wanted to check out a book of poetry, she had to call and make an appointment with the librarian of the Poetry Room, who would meet her outside the building, escort her to the collection, and later escort her out again. I could never visit Lamont for the four years I was in college-never check out a book of poems. And the reason they gave, for refusing to admit us into the library, was that it didn't have a ladies room. So, you see how I might have gotten the idea that I was a second-class citizenhow I really got it when I went to Radcliffe."

Jean graduated in 1956, and spent six months working in London on an extended graduation trip, meeting, through Bill Alfred, such poets as Louis MacNeice: "He had a Crown house. The Queen honored certain poets, and she gave you a house."

Returning home to America, Jean learned typing and shorthand, and moved to New York City. On her second day there, she reunited with James Chace, a college beau. They married the following September. Jean was 23, and in less than three years, both of her daughters, Sarah and Rebecca, were born. The new family moved to the Morningside Heights neighborhood of Manhattan, where Jean still lives today. "I just wasn't equipped for full-time motherhood," she says. "I should never have been home in the apartment, with the children, 24 hours a day."

For the next 10 years, before finally finding Dr. James Shea, a psychiatrist who offered help in 1969, Jean suffered from a depression that kept her in and out of hospitals, and a stifling, destructive form of Freudian analysis.

In and out of hospitals, medicated, alone in her depression, Jean wrote, "follow[ing] a string in the dark," as she has phrased it. Throughout her late twenties, she doggedly built the book that would become *Dream Barker*, and that would win her, in 1965, the Yale Prize.

"Dudley Fitts was judging the prize that year," Jean remembers, "and my husband James suggested that I submit my manuscript. And I got it. Unbelievably. I got a letter. We lived in the building across the street from where I live now. So I still pass the lobby where this happened everyday. I was walking the girls back from the park, and I stopped to get the mail, and the kids were running around, and Dudley Fitts had written, 'I hope you're half as happy as I am.' It was a beautiful letter. And I sat down on the floor, and I cried."

Jean looks winded and starry, even now, by the news of winning the Prize. "It was crucial," she says. "It was a great inner gift. It told meyour writing, this is poetry. And, at the same time, it gave me a community. Until this time, I hadn't known any other poets. My husband wrote prose, and he and his friends were kind to me-but they didn't get what I was doing. Dudley Fitts was really the first person since Bill Alfred, in college, to seriously consider my writing. I gained friends, and a sense of being worthwhile. But, I was still clinically depressed. Robert Lowell asked me, a few years later, 'Did the publication of your first book make a difference to you?' And I said, 'No. Did yours?' And he said, 'Oh, yes, I became employable. I could get paid. I met people I never would have met otherwise.' And I thought, 'Well, I guess all of that is true for me, too.' I mean, I met Lowell, for instance. And, I had met the two most important readers of my lifetime-Jane Cooper and Adrienne Rich, both of whom contacted me after reading Dream Barker. Not only poets, but women poets-who wrote poetry about being women. But, I was still clinically depressed."

Jean's depression was hardly unique. She managed to befriend, in Rich and Cooper, two women who thrived more or less soundly in the face of the social barriers placed on their lives and work. But Jean's suffering is more in keeping with the accepted narrative of being a woman poet in the sixties—remarkably so, in fact. The publication of Sylvia Plath's *Ariel* in 1963 had been a turning point in Jean's writing life: "Yes, women like Rukeyser and Bishop, Rich and Cooper were writing, but Plath's poems were so lost in their willed extremity."

Beyond appreciating the brilliance of *Ariel's* poems themselves, Jean's identification with Plath makes perfect sense. Both women had in common the combination of genius, two small children, a literary husband (James Chace was then a novelist and staff writer at the magazine GQ), and a slant towards sadness. The doubled expectations of Jean's life (and Plath's and Anne Sexton's, too)—those of wife and mother, and poet—must have seemed irresolvable.

Jean wrote, of her friend Eleanor Ross Taylor, in the introduction to *The Lighthouse Keeper: Essays on the Poetry of Eleanor Ross Taylor*, a collection which she edited in 2001, these words on the "woman's dilemma": "to be or not to be a poet, to follow or not... her destiny... her love for poetry... in direct standoff with her allegiance to family... Tradition is no abstraction; it is flesh and blood." Indeed, tradition influences, at a nearly inescapable, core level, the ways in which we are perceived by the world. The author of *Dream Barker* is, for instance, introduced on the

dust jacket in this way: "Miss Valentine, a graduate of Radcliffe College, is Mrs. James Chace in private life." "Which, of course, is funny," says Jean, "because in my private life I was writing my poems—early mornings, the children's naptimes."

By 1970, Jean had, with the support of Dr. Shea, found the beginnings of happiness, published a second book, *Pilgrims*, and become, in Lowell's word, employable. She had, in fact, fallen in love with teaching: "Barnard had given me my first teaching job in 1968. I couldn't believe somebody would pay me to talk about poetry. I came back from those classes floating on air. I was 33. It was the first time in my life I believed I could support myself, and my girls. There was tremendous healing in that. In general, that's how I see my life—healing after healing after healing."

That Jean's sense of wellness has incrementally risen as she has aged is obvious to the reader of her collected poems. The River at Wolf seems to serve as a turning point in the joy factor of her work, with each of her following books-Growing Darkness, Growing Light, The Cradle of the Real Life, and the new Door in the Mountain-suggesting increased levels of empathy, social awareness, and of confidence. Jean has said that with The River at Wolf, a "cloud began to lift" from her poems. This change in emotional climate-partially brought about by achieving sobriety after her long depression—has deepened the near-oracular authority of Jean's poems. "Blessed are they who remember," she writes in the title poem of The River at Wolf, "that what they now have they once longed for."

"I would describe this new work," Jean says, "as a collection of love poems. Many of my poems speak of unrequited love. But that's become increasingly less true. There's always been a lot of love in my life—wonderful friends, my children. But, when I was younger that was sometimes very difficult for me to see."

Jean paused, then said, "If I could show *Door in the Mountain* to my 25-year-old self, I think she'd be so relieved. As I was, at 30 with the Yale book, when I had the feeling that the world had answered me. I really needed that. Dickinson did without it. She's something else. I remember Galway Kinnell saying in an interview that when he was first told by a teacher in college that his poem was a poem, he was so relieved. Because it was life or death for him to be a poet. 'And because,' he said, 'if you don't get something back from the world, you'll go crazy.' I think that was my case, too. I meet students who are good. And they don't know it. And I always try to tell them."

Jean has taped an early draft of *Door in the Mountain*'s cover on her wall. She looks at its image: a lake at the base of a mountain range, a sun the color of a blood orange either rising or setting above the mountains, the perspective drawn so that the scene looks very far away. "I feel so lucky," Jean says. "I feel like that man who cut my hair." Jean tosses her hair, and laughs. That's what I want to feel like. In love with my life."

ROBERT LELEUX is a poet and memoirist.



Local

BY CINDY COBLE

ll I've been thinking about these past few weeks is this story I said I would write, the deadline days away, and I'm conflicted about telling the truth, except that I find comfort in telling the truth. So, I like conflict, and I'll tell all. It's not a murder confession, though this town could use one. It's not even anything illegal, like drug running or embezzlement or a sex/crack cocaine ring. But it is a sinful, lusty tale, full of summer's transparencies, proving that Yeats is right on with his conviction that "the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

Early summers of the past 18 years I have found myself in Provincetown or Truro, looking for the perfect rental. Soon I was looking for the reasonably priced rental, and then I was so hoping to not have to pay \$8,000 dollars a season to live in a cabin with an outdoor everything whose owners let me consistently know that they were going out of their way for me. Three years ago, I bought a huge ugly family tent from L.L.Bean and sucked it up paying \$60 a night to camp out for three months with three young kids. The pluses are its five minutes to Coast Guard beach. The minuses are innumerable.

Last May I set my sights high, aiming to somehow procure a trailer for my young family. Lofty I know, but I happen to be genetically predisposed towards this actually happening. My mother lived in a trailer; her mother lived in a trailer. There are even three trailer fires in my direct lineage. I fought destiny by waiting until I was 36 to fulfill God's plan. I already have three children by three men. I swear a lot. I smoke and drink Scotch. My children never have socks or underwear. But one thing I did not know was that God not only intended for my family to live in a trailer park, but as part of His great plan, He wanted me to seduce an almost married man for his 13-foot 1967 Tag-a-long with three sleeping bunks, a potty, and mini kitchen, complete with yard sale plates from the '70s that had never been scrubbed hard enough to rid them of their 15-cent stickers.

For the last two years, straight across from my camp site sat the sweet, dilapidated, funky red-and-white stripped trailer, gingham curtains with fuzzy pompoms and all. When a Cape Cod summer storm raged outside our tent and five-inch deep puddles encircled us entirely, I pined for that kitchened, carpeted Ritz Carlton of a shelter, high off the muddy ground, for the toilet that had an operational door, for the refrigerator, microwave, roof. We would curl up, my children and I, on our piles of molding sleeping bags and

blankets, try to read and sleep, intent on ignoring our current tenting state of affairs. I cringed when one of the boys had to go to the public restroom, a good five-minute walk away. I had to get up and get dressed and follow along. Motherhood can be punishing enough, but never did I feel more like a martyr. At some point I cracked, and in a sincere rip off of Scarlet O'Hara, fell to my knees and swore that as God was my witness, my family would never again live an entire summer in a tent.

In the summer I work in a jewelry store on Commercial Street. It's been there 35 years and I've been there 12. I love my job; I love my grumpy curmudgeon of a boss. He lets my unruly children who sport t-shirts announcing things like "How about a nice big cup of shut the fuck up?" hang out and sometimes even work in the store. The three of them are in and out all day demanding money. Between sailing school, the arcade, and surfing their summer seems idyllic. Everyone knows them and looks out for them; they become tan, muscled, and independent. None of us can imagine a summer spent elsewhere. Twelve hour shifts six days a week become tolerable when I remember how much money I make. I am also blessed by God, who wants me to drink, to work in close proximity to the liquor store. I am also friends with a clerk who works nights at the Provincetown Book Shop, which shares an entry way with the jewelry store. The owners of the book store are a ridiculously kind, quirky, intelligent male couple who have been together and in business forever. John Waters worked there before he made those naughty, brilliant movies that my children rented once by accident (uh, Mom that guy just took his penis out and wagged in front of that girl), and the place has retained an air of artistic fame. Best-selling authors are always popping in to sign their newest books. Camaraderie develops when people are thrown together in lifeor-death situations such as working 60 hours a week in a Provincetown summer. If, say somebody was pointing a loaded shotgun at me, I would share the last of my bottle of Scotch with any one of these people.

The owner of the campground disliked me within the first hour I was there, so much that he demanded I take down my tent immediately, pack up, and leave. If I was willing to not cause a stir, he promised not to call the police, and would even refund half of my deposit. I thought this only somewhat reasonable, as after arriving and pitching my tent, nothing had happened. The kids were at camp, and I was on my own. I gently tried to pry into his warped little mind and figure out what the hell. He told me that I reminded him of someone who had stayed at the campground 10 years before who, he was pretty sure, had dealt drugs. So, now that everything was making sense, I informed him I would not be leaving, nor would I be selling drugs. He was stumped, but did not have me thrown off the property. Right then I knew I was where God wanted me to be.

Mid-July, I noticed the trailer was still empty. I emboldened myself and walked to the office inquiring as to its status, and was told the owner * would be coming shortly. The owner did not

come for three years, and I gave up my pleas and offers to buy it. My third year camping, I noticed that employees of the camp scrubbed that trailer and moved it into the parking lot with a For-Sale sign slapped on the rear. I was in the office in less than two seconds. Some nice lady said, "It's been sold to some kid who fishes." I came home to find the trailer parked on the site right next to mine. I hated the asshole that bought my trailer and was audacious enough to flaunt it all fucking summer. Fuck him and his fucking fish. Two or three weeks passed, and the trailer remained totally empty. That gave me time to plan my assault. One night after 12 cigarettes and Glenfiddich, I urinated on one side of his trailer, thus marking my territory. Soon, I easily convinced the boys, ages six and 11, to do the same. Much easier than walking to the public john.

When would this mystery asshole show up? He was obviously casual enough about earning a living by fishing. Then, less than a month, after that Tag-A-Long was strategically positioned to ruin my life, a sturdy, clean white pickup truck pulled in. I warned the children not to talk to him, and made sure I was the epitome of stealth ducking from the car to the tent. For four days this went on, until he caught me spying on him through a hole in my tent as he was changing his shirt outside. He was tan. His muscles had muscles. He had shaggy, curly blonde hair, a perfect unkempt mess. He was my age and in no way resembled a drunken fisherman. I stumbled out of my tent in a leather skirt and not much of a top. I shot him a smirk as I brushed my teeth behind the tent with a spigot he and I shared. I spat and knew he was watching. I walked over towards him smiling, sliding on my heels for work; my car keys clutched in my teeth, my son Henry in tow.

I extended my hand and introduced myself, apologizing for my poor neighborly manners at having waited so long to welcome him to the campground. Without averting his gaze on me, he asked Henry how it was that his mother could come out of a tent looking like a million bucks. Henry shot back that he had never known me to look any different than I did just then. Robert (we'll call him that, because that's his name) asked about my summer situation: how long and why I was there. He asked about my husband (third question) and I cocked my head and took a step closer and asked him where he got his misinformation. I said that at one time I had been hitched. He asked if I'd be willing to come over after work and divulge any opinions I had about marriage. I said I'd be over around 11:30, and I'd bring the Scotch.

I was smitten. It's hard to hate someone who you're smitten with, but I tried. Half way into my shift at the jewelry store, a surprise storm hit. It poured forever, and I was worried about Henry who I'd left at the camp. I called our cell phone, but Henry didn't pick up. The store was packed with tourists, and I couldn't leave. As I was getting ready to call child protective services on myself, again, Robert walked in the store and presented me with Henry, saying he had found the

boy lying in a big puddle outside the tent. They went out to lunch, watched TV in Robert's trailer, and came to town. I was now officially in love, which entirely complicated my scheme to hate him and steal his trailer.

The end of work came fast, but I had time to buy little sexy baby blue Chinese pajamas, a \$60dollar bottle of single malt, and a pair of handcarved onyx shot glasses.

I primped, brushed my teeth and got into my new PJs. His light was on. In five minutes he'd told me everything I needed to know. He was engaged, but not in love. She had stood by him for a long time, and he felt obligated to marry her. He wanted to know everything about me. We drank half the Scotch, laughed so hard the space between us blurred. I sat across the tiny kitchen table from him, and soon he had my bare feet in his hands. I was very drunk. I stood up and said I would be going. He whispered please don't leave me. I looked over at his bed, rumpled and inviting, and agreed to stay for 10 more minutes. He sat on the edge of his bed and took off his shirt. I sat on his lap. Breathing him in, I weighed out the fast events of the day. I had never before knowingly engaged in a cheat, and I hated girls that did what I was doing. He bit my bottom lip, threaded my hair through his fingers and the next morning I was shocked to find large red scratches on my face. I don't recollect ever having such a rough yet delicate union. Garcia Lorca wrote of life being neither dream nor forgetfulness, but rather made up of brute flesh and kisses that tether our mouths in a mesh of veins. We did not have sex. I still imagine his mouth consuming me, of how wet I was the second I smelled him, and regret not getting down with him.

For what do we mature? Forget I asked that question. The rest of my summer evenings were spent in that cozy little trailer listening to Robert, master storyteller, full of fire, telling of his family, his loves, and how he was almost eaten by a bear. I could drink Scotch and listen to him for hours. So I did. To deny myself his company would have been a perversion of the life force. I relinquished my agenda for the trailer. He was getting married on Labor Day. She came to visit, his bride to be. We all went swimming and I liked her. A week before Labor Day, he left for Michigan. It didn't bother me. He'd call and leave me messages of confusion and lament. I understood he was going to marry her. My summer wound down in a hazy disappointment, and I ached for the ease of our affection and the early mornings sitting across from him at the coffee shop. He was gone. He called in early September to arrange a tryst, but I had left the Cape for Vermont and my winter job with the university. We've played tag on the phone, but I haven't spoken with him since late fall. The truth of this story is that it is a fruitful failure. I got the trailer, but not the guy. His fishing boat went down off the coast of Nantucket in an October storm. His crew was lost, but he was honeymooning in Utah with his bride.

CINDY COBLE is raising her three children to embrace their White Trash heritage.



An Off-Season Glimpse of P'town's Winter Writing Fellows

BY TED SIEFER

taxi is coming to take me from my bayside motel in the West End, the Masthead, across town to my editor's house in the far East End. Yes, it feels strange to take a taxi in a town that has only a single traffic light.

It is mid-March; odd patches of snow huddle in doorways or by the curb. At this time of year, Provincetown truly feels like an outpost of civilization shuttered against the elements. It's easy to imagine, not that long ago, how the town began as a few strips of asphalt, foundations formed from stilts being driven into the sand, and small houses sheathed in weathered shingles.

Provincetown is where the Pilgrims first landed, though Plymouth somehow stole the credit. But Provincetown is where the artists landed and stayed, having served as refuge or destination for such writers as Henry David Thoreau, Eugene O'Neill, John Dos Passos, Tennessee Williams, and presently Norman Mailer, not to mention scores of painters that have worked here, including Charles Hawthorne, Marsden Hartley, Edwin Dickinson, Edward Hopper, Hans Hofmann, Mark Rothko, and Robert Motherwell.

Provincetown is still a prominent peninsula on the world's literary and arts map. A great deal of credit is due to the presence of the Fine ALS Work Center, which since 1968 has given hundreds of artists and writers a seven-month chunk of time and space to do their work. The residency has served as a model for other programs around the world and remains among the most prestigious.

The heft of Provincetown's cultural heritage feels incongruous with the ramshackle ethos of

the place. Surveying the long, narrow street that travels east to west, I watch the sun set, amazed that this little community of daunting talent is as it was 100 years ago: a haven for artists and bohemians as well as "miscreants and thieves."

This is how Justin Tussing, a former fellow and the current writing coordinator at the Work Center, put it earlier in the day over lunch. "From day one," he said, "it was people at wit's end. You can find it in the historical documents."

Seated next to him was Roger Skillings, who in 1969 was among the first group of writing fellows, which included the present Poet Laureate, Louise Gluck. I sat down with them to discuss the Work Center and life in Provincetown, past and present. We were eating at Napi's, a restaurant and bar whose décor, like many establishments in town, plays up Provincetown's maritime history. Indeed the place, a former auto shop, looked as though it were put together with things that had washed up on the beach. Skillings, 66, is a lanky fellow with a long sharp-boned face. There is an ascetic quality about him; while the rest of us ate, he only sipped tea with extra lemon and doodled intermittently on a napkin.

When Skillings became one of the Center's first writing fellows, he didn't have far to go. He'd already been living in Provincetown, having left Cambridge for the town. (He grew up in Maine.) "I applied to the Work Center to make some friends," he recalled. "I fell in love with the town." Artists and writers were crammed into a large leaky building (which, one hundred years ago, housed the studios of Charles Hawthorne, the artist officially known as the colony's founder). When Skillings

arrived on the scene, the fellows had to find their own housing. "Back then they'd take anyone," Skillings said, perhaps too modestly.

Roger and others familiar with the origins of the Work Center have begun chronicling its formative years, a task that, as the founding generation passes on, has become more pressing. (Underscoring the point, Skillings, Hunter O'Hanian, the current director of the Work Center, and Chris Busa, my editor, were to leave early the next morning to attend a memorial in Manhattan for the wife of Stanley Kunitz, the poet, 99 years old this July, who, perhaps more than anyone, is the visionary and volitional force behind the writing residency.)

Several themes characterized the early years: perennial bankruptcy; benefactors rescuing the Center from the brink; and battles over the Center's mission. A passionate belief in its scripture kept the Center alive: "An institution encouraging and supporting young artists, and built on the belief that freedom and community are the best means and natural conditions for artistic growth."

For Skillings, Provincetown is more than a refuge to make his art; it is his art. His novels and short stories provide a window on a Vietnam-era Provincetown populated by raconteurs, drug-addicts, and itinerant philosophers. In *P-town Stories*, his now-classic collection of poetic vignettes, Skillings seemed to have melted into the ether of the town, roaming freely in and out of conversations on benches and barstools to glean lines

THE 2003-2004 WRITING FELLOWS (LEFT TO RIGHT): DOMINIC SAUCEDO, KIRUN KAPUR, SALVATORE SCIBONA, FRANCES HWANG, ESI EDUGYAN (NEXT BOOTH) EPHEN GLENN, CAITLIN GRACE MCDONNELL, KIRSTEN ANDERSON, SABRINA ORAH MARK, TIM EARLY

like, "Did you ever see a man fuck a horse?"

Skillings also captures the essence of living as a writer in a small community, a lifestyle that precludes the anonymity—and the pretensions—that often go along with being a writer in the city. Here one cannot keep up airs for long; one finds acquaintances on every corner. He writes in *P-town Stories*: "You know them both but sometimes it's years before you attach the name to the face. That's the nature of the place, there's one long narrow street from end to end along the bay and everybody uses it, it's a small town underneath the summer mob. You become visible again when the tourists leave."

This much may still be true, but otherwise Provincetown is a very different place today. "It is gentrified," Skillings said matter-of-factly. Tourism and real estate are the engines of the economy now. The median home price is half a million dollars, and has increased at double-digit clip over the past several years.

This is not to say that the town doesn't still have an edge to it. Provincetown remains a Mecca for counter-culture types, particularly gays and lesbians, only these days they appear quite well-heeled. The main drag is lined with boutiques, galleries—wistful seascapes are still to be seen—and clubs and bars, most still boarded-up at this time of year.

We walked Commercial Street and Skillings pointed out where the Fo'c's'le used to be, immortalized in his stories as an old-time fisherman's saloon, the last Men-Only on the Cape, until it admitted women in 1960. A different bar is there now, the Squealing Pig, but one gets the sense that Skillings will always know it as the Fo'c's'le.

As the town's fortunes have changed, so has the Work Center's. For the first time in its history, it's not running on empty. Skillings and Tussing credit the business and cultural acumen of Hunter O'Hanian, the Center's director since 1997. A former corporate lawyer and board member of WGBH and the Art Institute of Boston, O'Hanian brought imaginative fundraising prowess; he is a key force in the successful summer workshops and residencies, which dominate activity in the summer by offering over 900 students a wide curriculum of art and writing classes, taught by a renowned faculty.

Tussing is a beneficiary of the Center's replenished coffers. A graduate of the Iowa Writers Workshop, he was a writing fellow in 1999-2000 and returned to Provincetown to join a ninemember staff, serving for the last three years as the writing coordinator. Come summer, Tussing will face a familiar Provincetown dilemma: making ends, especially challenging now that most resort and restaurant jobs are filled by seasonal workers from Jamaica and East Europe. Tussing still isn't sure if last summer's job will work out: guiding marine life tours around the Cape. But his wife, for one, whom he met at the Iowa workshop, has come upon a modern solution to the age-old problem: she's teaching college writing courses over the Internet.

The taxi finally comes. We take a roundabout route, along a road that runs between bare dunes growing patches of beach grass. The cab driver is

a heavy set middle-aged woman. She came to Provincetown from California 20 years ago with her partner. They had been traveling around. "You know how you get that feeling somewhere, where you just feel like you've come home?"

Before the reading, Chris Busa and I walk from his house to a restaurant behind his house, Michael Shays. for dinner. Now that sun has set, the desolation of this town in the off-season becomes apparent. No lights light windows of the houses we pass, and no streetlights light the sidewalk. A cold wind blows from the sea.

In one house, an attic light is on. "Norman must be working," Busa says, pointing out Mailer's house, and a window where the author keeps the view closed with a curtain, mostly because of the bright sun in the late afternoon. The scene is oddly thrilling. It seems to present a tableau of the writer's life: toiling by the light of a single desk lamp in an attic along a desolate street on a remote strip of sand surrounded by wild water. But maybe Mailer was just balancing his checkbook.

We arrive at the Work Center, entering the glass doors of the Stanley Kunitz Common Room just as the reading is getting started. "Work Center" is a well-chosen name. Elongated like a barn house, this high-ceilinged hall, was once part of a lumberyard and railroad stop and was filled to the rafters with coal. Now the fossil fuel, Kunitz said at the dedication of the room, would be converted to a different form of energy—imagination.

Tonight two poets are reading: Zack Finch and Maggie Dietz. I know creative types, generally speaking, aren't known as team players, and having done another residency myself, I know that there can be friction. But when, by way of introductions, Finch and Dietz offer genuinely admiring—if not adoring—portraits of each other, it is immediately apparent that warm vibes prevail here.

After the reading, there is a reception across a little yard at fiction writer Emily Shelton's a small cottage, where she lives and works at a desk in a separate room. Initially the scene resembles a typical post-reading soiree, all nods and wine glasses. But steadily cheap beer replaces wine and polite conversation gives way to raucous din. The fellows and their friends (so called "bed-fellows") carry on with way more exuberance than one would expect of a group that has spent the winter months in isolation together.

By almost all accounts, this year's fellows have been an exceptionally convivial group. Indeed, the social life of the residency has largely revolved around dinner parties. The poets held bi-weekly dinners. And almost all of the fellows brought some form of cooking utensil. Fiction writer Anne Sanow brought knives. Writer Kathryn Maris brought pans. A former fellow named Salvatore Scibona, who replaces the retiring Tussing next fall, brought a rolling pin.

Angela Dufresne, a second-year fellow and a visual/video artist, counts off four things: "My G4, my Cuisenart, my dildo [we laugh; Angela doesn't], and my cast iron pans. That about covers all the bases, doesn't it?"

The general chumminess has extended

beyond just hanging out; it's also influenced and inspired the fellows' work. Writer Shimon Tanaka, a Japanese-American who lives in Tokyo, says: "We play ping-pong a lot but see each other's work and it's amazing to see other's work change over the course of the year. I find myself talking about my artistic process more with the visual artists than with the writers."

Other artists and writers have used the opportunity to explore different media altogether. Poet Jason Schneiderman and painter Viet Le, a Vietnamese-American painter, did a performance piece at the Center that involved their making out while splattered in blood.

Angela Dufresne made a video that starred several of the fellows, including writer Anne Sanow—in the nude. Dufresne doesn't go into detail on what the video was about, except to say that "there was killing involved." She adds, rather lasciviously, that Sanow "looked good!"

Now you wouldn't expect this generation of artists and writers to paint watercolors of seagulls and dune shacks or pen paeans to the sea, but still it is striking just how far removed the fellows' themes and settings are from their idyllic surroundings. Sanow's stories concern wealthy young expats in Saudi Arabia; many of Tanaka's are set in post-war Tokyo. And then there's the host of the party, Emily Shelton. She has been working on a true-crime novel based on Arkansas child murder case. The walls of her apartment are adorned with pictures of bloodied-up faces, including close-ups of Rocky's absurdly gashed, swollen mug. She wears red barrettes in her hair, red lipstick, and black-rimmed glasses. Depending on how you look at it, Shelton could be credited with either broadening or sullying the literary standards of the residency. Because of her, tabloids now make the rounds among the fellows. "Their favorite is The Star," she insists.

Shelton may not seem like the Cape Cod type, but after stints in Chicago and New York, she says that she has found a place to root down. She has made friends with other former fellows who have settled in the town, and she isn't all that surprised that they've chosen to stick around. "The Work Center grounds them. The place proves that the life I've dreamed about is really possible. It's incredibly heartening to be surrounded by people who make this work.

By the time I leave, rain pours at a slant. I settle into the cab and realize how thoroughly disoriented I am. I can't remember the name of where I'm staying. I can't even recall which side of town it is on. Yes, I probably had a bit too much to drink.

"The motel has some kind of maritime name," I say. The driver laughs. All I remember is it is on the opposite side of town. This at least gets us moving. Somewhere heading west in the darkness, the name dawns on me, "The Masthead!"

Back in my waterfront room, I regain my bearings. Where am I? I am on the narrowest, easternmost sliver of America. Outside my window is endless sea. And it is inspiring.

TED SIEFER is a Boston-based freelance writer and is completing his masters in journalism at Northeastern University.

aterfront Dining

geous Waffles

3-egg Omelettes

Every Day, All Day

Extensive Wine List

Free On-site **Parking**

7-grain Toast

Fresh-squeezed OJ

Homemade Muffins

Bubala Fruit Bowl

Costa Rican Coffee

Espresso, Cappuccino, Latte

Fresh Fish & Chips

Grilled Tuna Sandwiches

Fried Clams & Scallops

Caiun Calamari

Lobster Rolls

Famous Bubala Burgers

Chicken Focaccia Sandwiches

Veggie Burgers



Outdoor Streetside Patio

OK

Indoor Non-smoking Dining Room & Bar

Serving

Breakfast 8:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.

11:30 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Lunch

Dinner 5:00 p.m. - 11:00 p.m.

'til 1:00 a.m. Bar

Organic Brown Rice Salad

Lobster Salad

Chicken or Tuna Caesar Salad

Thai Chicken Salad

Pan-fried Sole

Steamed Lobster

Grilled Tuna Wasabi

Cuban Baked Cod

Filet Bourbon Blue

Lamb Chops

Roasted Jerk Chicken

183-185 Commercial Street, Provincetown on the water 508.487.0773

DEVON'S

MODERN AMERICAN FOOD

401½ Commercial Street Provincetown, MA 02657 508-487-4773 www.devons.org

Cafe Edwige A RESTAURANT AND GALLERY gourmet breakfast & fine dining 333 Commercial Street upstairs 487-2008

Club Euro Euro Island Grill

258 Commercial Street

487 2505

DINING GUIDE

WEST END

BEACH MARKET 508.487.4849

On the Corner of Bradford and West Vine. The first stop on the way to the beach. Freshly made sandwiches, delicious salads, deli items, and groceries. Located at Gale Force Bikes. Bike Rentals available for every cycling need. Eat and Ride.

BUBALA'S BY THE BAY 508.487.0773

A buzzing bistro with murals by artist James Hansen; low lighting, water views, late night music, and the sidewalk cafe are some other features. Bubala's offers serious food at sensible prices. Late night fare and a lively bar. Open Spring to Fall and parking in the center of town.

TOWN CENTER

BOX LUNCH 508.487.6026 Seasonal

A Cape Cod institution-Box Lunch started in Wellfleet and now has many other Cape locations. Box Lunch sandwiches ("Rollwiches") have to be sampled to be believed. You'll find no wedges of white bread here-Rollwiches are stuffed to the gills with imaginative variations of choice ingredients all neatly rolled up in pita bread. One sandwich is a meal.

CAFÉ BLASE 508.487.9465 Seasonal

The Town's most picturesque outdoor cafe, with pink and blue umbrellas, multi-colored paper lampshades gently swaying in the breeze, and colorful annuals in windowboxes abounding. The food is a touch more sophisticated than the usual with a definite European flair. A perfect place to sit in the sun, people watching, sipping a cool drink, or reading the Sunday papers; you'll also have the best view of the July 4th parade. Totally new menu this summer! On Commercial Street next to the Town Library.

CAFÉ EDWIDGE 508.487.2008

Café Edwidge offers a romantic dining experience in the center of town with views of Commercial Street. Its breakfast is easily the best in town.

CAFE HEAVEN 508.487.9639

A popular cafe that rivals the best New York has to offer. Breakfast is served all day, featuring fresh-squeezed juices; open for lunch, too. Dinner served May through October featuring Pasta Heaven. Thai menu changes weekly. Full service bar. Sorry, no credit cards accepted.

EURO ISLAND GRILL 508.487.2505

Seasonal

Once a church, then a movie theater, the Euro Island Grill has a style all its own. Exuding tropical charm, the Euro dishes up a unique blend

Maximillian's

Restaurant & Wine Bu

Small Indulgences

Café and Catering

8 Highland Road North Truro, MA 02652

508-487-6360



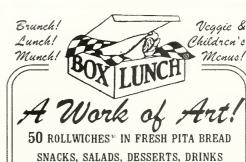
Serving our fabulous breakfast and lunch daily 8 - 3



Recommended by the 'New York Times"

508, 487, 9639 199 Commercial Street

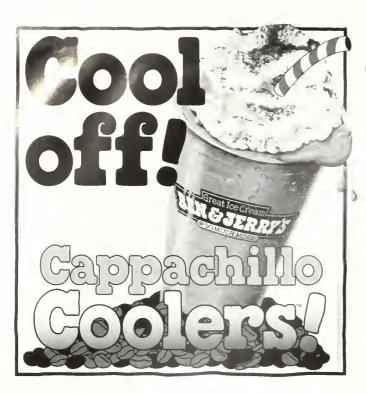
> Featuring art work by John Grillo



SNACKS, SALADS, DESSERTS, DRINKS

In Provincetown at 353 Commercial Street 508.487.6026

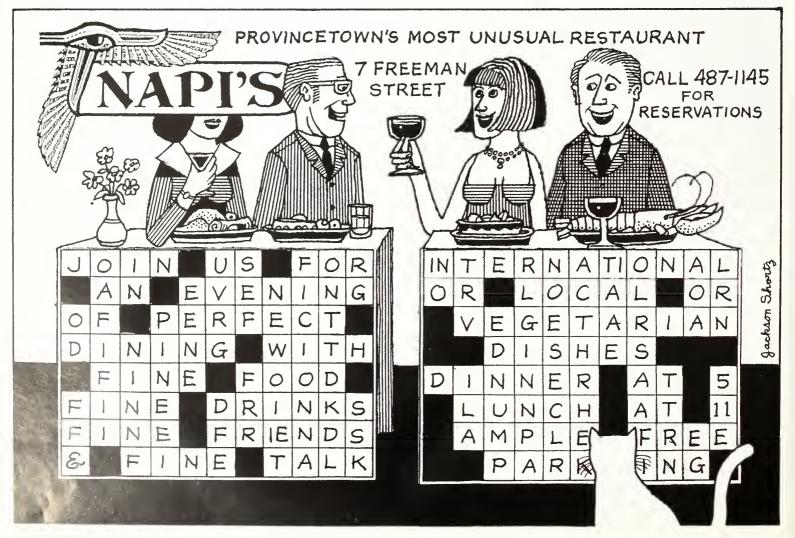
Also in Wellfleet, Brewster, Eastham, Hyannis and Falmouth

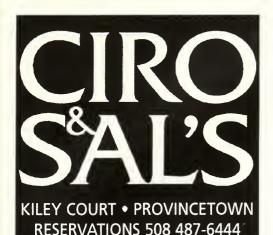




258 Commercial Street

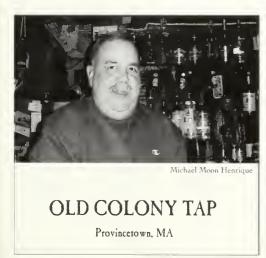
Next to Town hall Provincetown





www.CiroAndSals.com







of Caribbean and Mediterranean flavors. Enjoy lunch or dinner outside on the spacious patio one floor up overlooking Commercial Street, right next to Town Hall. Serving dinner until 10:30, light fare until 2 am, with excellent live entertainment-jazz, blues and reggae groups-at Club Euro throughout the season. Call for music schedule. Open May-October. A fun place, and great for people watching!

LOBSTER POT 508.487.0842

Open mid-April thru December

Owned and managed by the McNulty family, this bustling restaurant serves some of the best fresh seafood in town in a no-nonsense atmosphere where the main feature is what comes out of the kitchen.Just around the corner from Town Wharf, you can't miss the classic red neon lobster signs.

NAPI'S 508.487.1145 Open year round

Dubbed "Provincetown's most unusual restaurant," Napi's certainly has plenty on which to feast the eye as well as the palate. Owners Napi and Helen van Dereck have embellished their restaurant, built by Napi himself, with items from their extensive collection of Provincetown art and artifacts. The food is as unusual as the surroundings, featuring international, local and vegetarian cuisine, all prepared to the highest standards by Helen. Breakfast, lunch and dinner off-season, dinner ONLY in season. Parking.

NEW YORK PIZZA 508.487.6973

Great pizza, homemade ice cream, fast service, and right in the heart of Commercial Street. You'd swear you were eating in a New York deli.

OLD COLONY TAP

Not found in any tourist guide, the Old Colony Tap is the best place to find local writers, poets, storytellers, and fishermen and the women who love them.

ROSS' GRILL 508.487.8878 Open all year Above sea level, on the second floor of the new Whaler's Wharf, Ross' Grill takes waterfront dining to new heights. Experience the breathtaking views of Provincetown's shoreline and harbor in this intimate setting. An American grill with extensive beer and wine lists, featuring over 50 wines by the glass.

SURF CLUB 508.487.1367

On the water, the Surf Club offers a choice of indoor or outdoor dining. Casual, yet friendly, The Surf Club is where the locals eat and drink. Whether its people watching or enjoying the boats in the harbor, enjoy a quiet repast in the hub of Provincetown.









Join us and enjoy unique and innovative food, spectacular waterviews and sunsets.

Dine inside or on our outdoor deck overlooking Cape Cod Bay.

GOURMET BREAKFAST

8:00 am - 12:00 noon Gourmet omelettes, frittatas, cranberry pancakes & French toast

DINNER

From 5:30 pm until closing
Specializing in regional Italian cuisine.
Appetizers, salads, pasta dishes,
wood-fired brick oven pizzas and entrees,
local seafood, sumptuous desserts.

Featuring original artwork by local artists.

WEDDINGS & PRIVATE PARTIES

www.adriansrestaurant.com
Route 6 • North Truro
508-487-4360

EAST END

THE COMMONS 508.487.7800

Menu features handmade gourmet pizzas from the wood burning oven, fire-roasted free-range chicken, fresh native seafood, and French-style Bistro grilled steak, as well as daily specials, including some vegetarian dishes. The emphasis is on fresh ingredients and flavorful preparations. Fine wines by the glass, also cappuccino and espresso, and be sure to check out the cozy street-side bar.

DEVON'S 508.487.4773

The best of both worlds, views of Commercial Street on the patio and inside, Devon's has the feeling of being on a boat. The views of the harbor are breathtaking. Delicious contemporary American food. A favorite haunt of artists.

THE MEWS 508.487.1500 Open all year The Mews, where you can enjoy some of the best views of the bay from the dining room and upstairs cafe overlooking the beach. Cafe Mews offers a more casual menu. The Mews is situated in Provincetown's renowned gallery district, browse through the galleries after dinner, most are open until 11 pm in season. Off-season, catch the popular Monday night performance series coordinated by Peter Donnelly.

ANGEL FOODS 508.487.6666

If Angel Foods market doesn't have it, you don't need it. Alan and Liz will make you a sandwich to take to the beach or cater your art opening. Great coffee and pastry. A fully stocked store for the gourmet cook in all of us.

CIRO & SAL'S 508.487.6444 Open all year. Ciro and Sal's is Provincetown's best known restaurant, a romantic wine cellar serving an extensive menu of gourmet Northern Italian specialties. Enjoy dinner amid the worn flagstones and straw Chianti bottles downstairs, or join the convivial crowd for cocktails upstairs in the intimate candlelight lounge, accompanied by operatic arias. Reservations are essential in season and weekends off-season; you'll find it down the alley at Kiley Court in the East End gallery district.

FANIZZI'S BY THE SEA 508.487.1964

On the waterfront, you'd swear you were dining in a floating restaurant. At high tide, the water laps against the pilings. Fine dining, never stuffy. A full menu features locally caught seafood, fresh greens, hearty soups, and beef and chicken dishes. A great place to meet friends and make new ones.

NORTH TRURO

ADRIAN'S 508.487.4360 Seasonal

Your hosts: Adrian and Annette Cyr. On a bluff overlooking Provincetown Harbor, Adrian's serves fabulous breakfasts and dinners with the freshest ingredients on an outdoor deck or in an airy dining room. Regional Italian fare featuring authentic pasta dishes and gourmet pizzas is prepared in a wood-fired brick oven. Free parking.

SMALL INDULGENCES AND MAXIMILLIAN'S 508.487.8827

Small Indulgences offers a range of menu items from homemade waffles to fresh deli sandwiches and salads. Maximillian's offers a more sophisticated evening fare—at last fine dining in North Truro.



357 Commercial Street Provincetown

508.487.5900

I Used To Be A Tree

"The tree-mendous store" ...a fun place to shop

Gifts for any reason



MacMillan Pier at Lopes Square Provincetown, MA 487-1367

Lunch 11 - 5 • Dinner 5 - close

HARBORSIDE DINING

in a casual friendly atmosphere family oriented, children's menu also available



Cabot's Candy

"where art is sweet"

276 Commercial Street, Provincetown, MA 02657 Tel. (508) 487-3550 • Fax (508) 487-9563 42 Bradford Street Provincetown, MA 02657 508 487-8735 (voice) 508 487-4153 (fax)

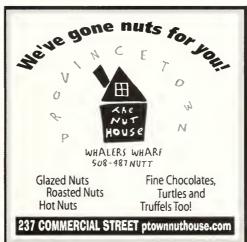
SALES.RENTALS.SER: ICE



PTOWN BIKES

ptownbikes@aol.com http://members.aol.com/ptownbikes







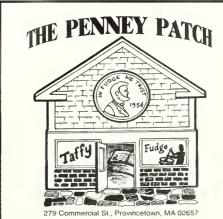




RENTAL - SALES - SERVICE & ACCESSORIES

144 Bradford Street Ext. - Corner West Vine Phone: 508-487-4849 Web: www.galeforcebikes.com

The Beach Market located on the premises



279 Commercial Street · Provincetown



Provincetown Arts Press

A Nonprofit Press for Artists and Poets

Provinceto 1 Poets Se les

First bases by poets with individual voi

→ Volume I

RIVAL HEAVENS by Althaus

Frontispiece by Susar Laner

\$15 paper/\$35 clot

→ Volume II

1990 by Michael Klein

Frontispiece by Bob Bailey

\$10 paper/\$35 cloth

→ Volume III.

EUPHORBIA by Anne-Marie Levine

Frontispiece by Elise Asher

\$15 paper/\$28 cloth

→ Volume IV

AT THE GATE by Martha Rhodes

Frontispiece by Richard Baker

\$15 paper/\$35 cloth

→ Volume V

ON HER FACE THE LIGHT OF LA LUNA

by Mairym Cruz-Bernal

Frontispiece by Michelle Weinberg

\$10 paper/\$35 cloth

■ Volume VI

SLOW BURN by Ellen Dudley

Frontispiece by Paul Bowen

\$10 paper/\$35 cloth

→ Volume VII.

FIFTH SEASON by David Matias

Frontispiece by Polly Burnell

\$10 paper/\$35 cloth

■ Volume VIII

MANDERLEY by Rebecca Wolff

Forthcoming

Circle paper or cloth for books.

Provincetown Artists Series

Writings by artists and monographs on distinguished older artists whose careers have not been summarized in a comprehensive catalogue

■ Volume 1

Life Colors Art:

Fifty Years of Painting by Peter Busa

Forward by Bill Jensen Introduction by Robert Metzger Curator's essay by Sandra Kraskin Provincetown Art Association and Museum exhibition catalogue, 1992

\$20, paper

■ Volume II Narrative Art

Peter Hutchinson in Retrospective

Essays by Brian O'Doherty and Ann Wilson Lloyd Provincetown Art Association and Museum exhibition catalogue, 1994

\$15, paper

→ Volume III.

Dissolving Clouds:

Writings of Peter Hutchinson

\$15, paper/\$50, cloth

Frontispiece by Peter Hutchinson

Mary Hackett: A Survey

Curated by Ann Wilson Lloyd with contributions by Keith Althaus, Michael Burkard, Jay Critchley, Jim Peters, Vicky Tomayko and Rosalind Baker Wilson Cape Museum of Fine Arts exhibition catalogue, 1996

\$20 paper

■ Volume IV

Journals of Myron Stout

Forthcoming

Edited with an introduction

by Christopher Busa

PROVINCETOW

Published annually since 1985, Provincetown Arts magazine focuses on artists, performers, and writers who inhabit or visit the tip of Cape Cod.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

One Year (single issue) \$10.00

☐ Two Years (two single issues) \$18.00

→ Three Years (three single issues) \$25.00

☐ Lifetime Subscription \$100.00

Gift Subscription \$10.00

We will include a card announcing the gift in your name

BACK ISSUES

		JJ02J	
U	1987	(Norman Mailer)	\$25
Ü	1988	(Robert Motherwell)	\$10
ū	1989	(Annie Dillard)	\$15
D	1990	(Joel Meyerowitz)	\$15
ט	1991	(Long Point Gallery)	\$10
٦	1992	(Stanley Kunitz)	\$10
u	1993	(Fine Arts Work Center)	\$10
ū	1994	(Mark Doty)	\$10
	1995	(Mary Oliver)	\$10
	1996	(Karen Finley)	\$10
	1997/98 (John Waters)		\$10
ū	1999	(Norman Mailer)	\$10
	2000	(Eileen Myles)	\$10
	2001	(Dugan & Shahn)	\$10
	2002	(Sebastian Junger)	\$10
	2003	(Hayden Herrera)	\$10
	Full Set Back Issues \$10		\$100
	Bookstore Discount 40%		

Please add \$3.00 for postage and handling, \$1.50 for each additional book or magazine.

TOTAL AMOUNT ___

Paid by __ check __ MasterCard/Visa __ AmericanExpress

CREDIT CARD NUMBER ____

Expiration Date ___

Press and your order to: Provincetown Arts Press

6 mmercial Street, P.O. Box 35, Provincetown, MA 02657 • (508) 487-3167

Provincetown Arts Press, Inc. is a 501 (c)(3) organization. Contributions above the cost of books and magazines are welcome and tax-deductible.

(6 or more copies)



ERNIE BYNUM



Ernie Bynum, "WHARF SERIES," oil on canvas, 26" x 24"

REPRESENTING:
JONATHAN BLUM
ERNIE BYNUM
PAUL DOWNS
JOANNE DUGAN
BONNEY GOLDSTEIN
LILLA GRANT
DECLAN HALPIN
JUDITH LAMBERTSON
TAKAHIRO MARUNO
LINN MEYERS
DAN RUPE
LES SEIFER
MATTHEW SNOW

ERNDEN FINE ART GALLERY

397 COMMERCIAL STREET PROVINCETOWN MA 02657 508.487.6700 888.304.ARTS

EMAIL: erndengallery@att.net

www.ernden.com

HANSHOFMANN



Landscape (Provincetown Harbor) circa 1938, casein on panel, 24 x 30"

PROVINCETOWN AND 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN ARTISTS INCLUDING: AUERBACH-LEVY · BASILE · BEAUCHAMP · BUSA · CAIN · CHAFFEE · DE GROOT · DICKINSON EISNER · FORSBERG · FREED · GIBBS · D.L. GREGORY · GROSS · HALL · HOFMANN HARMON · HARRISON · KNATHS · KUPFERMAN · LAZZELL · L'ENGLE · LOEW · MALICOAT · MARIL MANSO · MOFFETT · MCNEIL · ORLOWSKY · PREUSSER · SCHANKER · SHAHN STUBBS · TWORKOV · VEVERS · WALKOWITZ · WEINRICH · WEBSTER · ZORACH

ACME FINE ART AND DESIGN

38 Newbury Street Boston MA 02116 telephone 617.585.9551 email info@acmefineart.com www.acmefineart.com